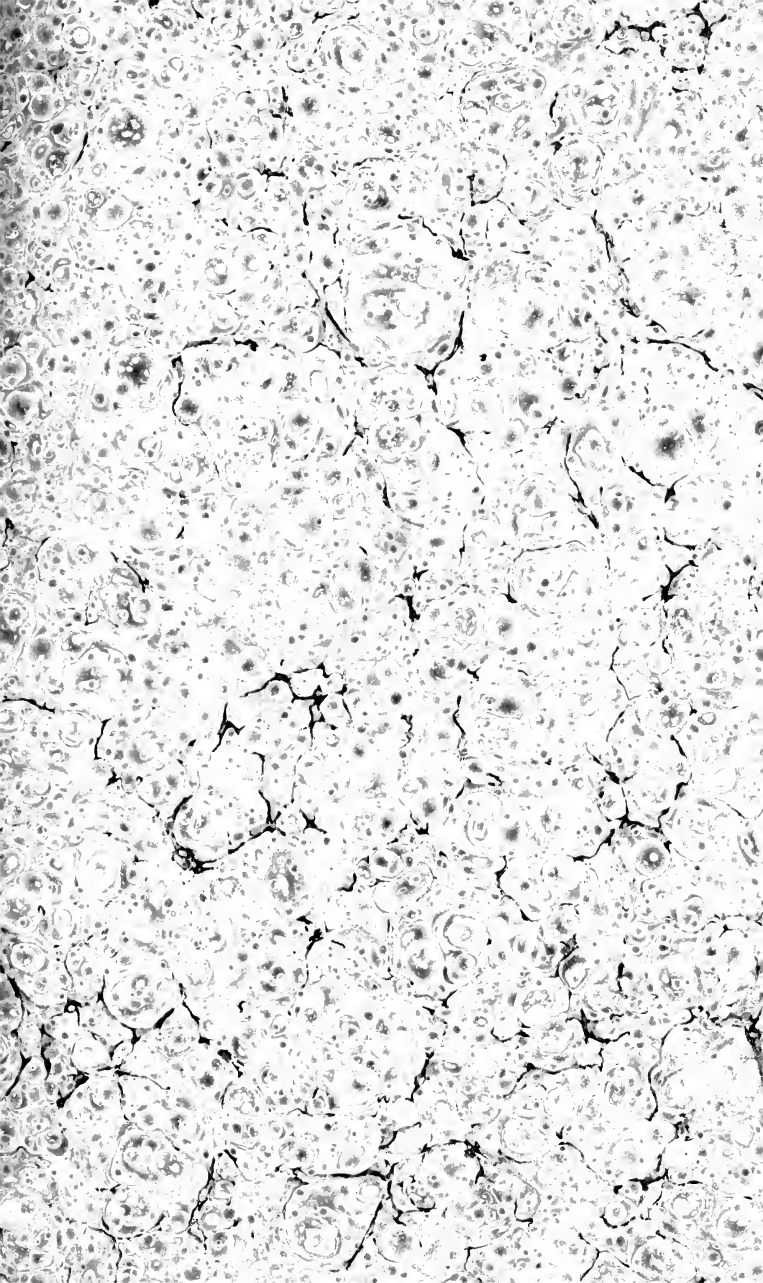


George Daniell.



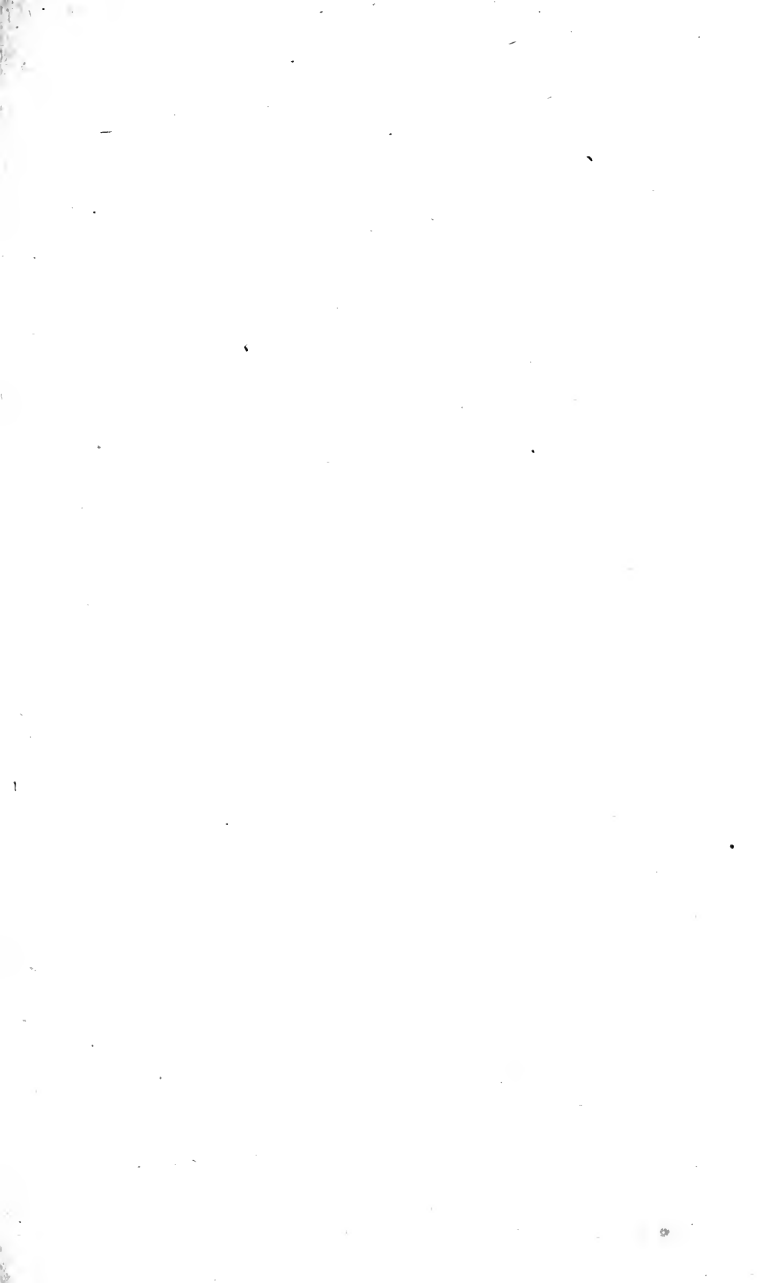
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CONTINENTAL
ADVENTURES.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium,
Logos ridiculos vendo.

PLAUTUS.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON & CO.

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1826.

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v. 1

TO MY READERS.

I DID not—like many amiable authors, write these pages purely from the benevolent motive of amusing your leisure hours ; for I wrote them to amuse my own. Nor do I publish them, like most diffident writers, “with sincere reluctance, and only at the reiterated and urgent request of partial friends”—I publish them entirely to please myself, and for the purpose of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing them in print ;—a delight, though unconfessed, so dear to the secret soul of an author !

“An author! But what author?”—methinks I hear you inquire; for as the first question always asked about a man, is—“Who is he?” not “What is he?” so the first inquiry about a book is, not—“What are its merits?” but “Who is the author?”

After all, however, what can it signify to you, my dear readers, who I am? I have a name, certainly—but what has my name to do with my book?”

A rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet.

Besides,

Authors you know of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal,
What these superior wits conceal?

The fact is, my noble, gentle, and simple readers, that I don't like to tell you my name, because I am afraid you won't like my book.

Some writers indeed—such as my distinguished friends, Dr. Dryasdust, Jedediah Cleishbotham, and Malachi Malagrowther, assume a mask in character ; but I must be content to shrink from observation under the unambitious domino of—The Author.

Perhaps I ought to apologize to you for my presumption in striking out of the high road of literature, into an unbeaten path (so far as I remember) ; and attempting to combine the real scenes and adventures of an actual tour, with a fictitious story and imaginary characters ; for the incidents detailed in these pages are true, the tale alone is invention.—But I am unskilled in the farce of affected modesty—am unconscious that there is any thing in the design, though much in the execution of the book, to require apology ;—and above all, I am quite certain that if it does not please you of itself, no apology that I can make for it will recommend it to your favour.

If, however, any marks of haste or inattention should appear in these pages, let them not be imputed to disrespect or arrogance. They have sprung from no presumptuous confidence in my own powers—no contemptuous disregard to the opinion of the public ; but from misfortunes which I could not foresee, and events which I could not controul. Little did I anticipate when writing these adventures, which formed the amusement of the last four happy months of my life, the scenes of long-continued domestic affliction which were destined to interfere with their intended careful revision, and even with the ordinary attention to the correction of the press. Certainly, this work has not exactly undergone the probation which Horace prescribes, before appearing in the world. But the alternative was—now, or never ; for the truth is, that so utterly unintelligible to others, is that system of hieroglyphics which I denominate my hand-writing, that it was quite certain the book never could be printed

after my death, and therefore I was extremely desirous to have it printed before I departed this life,—an event probably not distant. But other events, undreaded and unanticipated, were at hand, to destroy every plan and prospect of my life.

Yet even in my days of happiness, I must own, that I had a little work in 18mo. up in the nursery, which at times somewhat distracted my attention from this weightier work in post 8vo. in the library. This may seem trifling, but it is true. The workings of the human heart never can be uninteresting. It is them we seek through books of biography and tales of fiction. I loved my child better than myself. To have saved him I would (O how joyfully !) have made oblations of all my works, past, present, and future—have buried my praise in dust—sacrificed all my hopes on earth,—“fame, wealth,” and I fear “honour.”

The rigid moralist may frown—and he is in the right, but

He talks to me, that never had a son !

My heart and soul were with my first, my only, angel child. And now, even now,

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form—

Was it then wonderful that grief alone, filled my soul? That when those nearest and dearest to me were successively laid upon the bed of danger and of death, all else was neglected and forgotten?

With the private misfortunes of an Author, indeed, the public has no concern; but they are mentioned

here, lest defects, occasioned by sickness and sorrow, should erroneously be attributed to that carelessness and presumption, which success too often engenders.

To many, indeed, sorrow will plead no excuse for error ; but there are some, who will judge more leniently ;—some, who will forbear to visit with severe denunciation, any inaccuracies they may discern ; for they themselves have tasted of the bitterness of affliction—they themselves have known what are the sensibilities of a woman, and the feelings of a wife, a daughter, and a mother ;—and they can best understand the secret pangs of agony, which, since these trifling pages were written, have wrung the heart of

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wandered!

MOORE.

My native land—good night!

LORD BYRON.

Travelling in youth is part of education.

BACON.

IN a room strewed over with the usual elegant English litter of music, books, prints, cabinets, old china, new nick-nacks, musical instruments, and innumerable pieces of furniture—so that a foreigner, accustomed only to the immoveable tables and chairs of continental saloons, might, on first entering, be puzzled to guess whether he was in a drawing room, a

music room, a china shop, or an upholsterer's show room;—in this truly English apartment, were seated two young ladies—one of whom seemed intent upon her drawing,—the other, after a long silence, threw down her book—one of the innumerable new “Travels in Italy,” and started up, exclaiming,

Breathes there *a girl*, with soul so dead,
Who never to herself has said,
I'd like to see some foreign land—
Whose heart has ne'er within her burn'd,
As fast the chariot wheels have turn'd,
To bear her to a distant strand?
If such there be, go mark him well—

Her I mean—“but why ‘mark her well?’—
I'm sure she can't be worth marking or remarking
at all. What comes next, Georgiana?”

The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown.

“But how could such a wretch ever have any
renown to forfeit?”

“Why, Caroline,” exclaimed her sister,
laughing, “how can you, of all people, attempt
to parody those beautiful lines that I have heard

you repeat a hundred times, with such enthusiasm—spouting after them

O Caledonia ! stern and wild !
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood !
Land of the mountain and the flood !
Land of my sires !

“No,” exclaimed Caroline, “but now I exclaim,”

O Italy ! serene and mild !
Meet nurse for a romantic child !
Land of the classic field and flood !
Land of the great, the brave, the good ;
Land—

“Not of my sires—but of my desires.”

“Caroline, Caroline! you have certainly lost your wits,” said her sister, laughing.

“You are too flattering, my dear Georgiana, for I could not lose my wits, without having wits to lose—a supposition which is highly complimentary—any more than the wretch could forfeit renown, without having renown to forfeit.”

“Well, you really amaze me—I can understand people’s delight in returning to their

country—but not in leaving it. If all these raptures had been about visiting America, your native country”

“America *my* country ! I an American ! You might just as reasonably call a man a Turk, because he happened to be born at Constantinople, as call me an American because I came into the world in some queer corner of Canada. What ! because my father happened to be fighting *against* the Americans when I was born—which was the cause of my being born in their vile country—is that a reason for my being an American ?”

“I am sure I don’t know. Some reason there must be for your being so very extraordinary—so very unlike every body else. Now, you may be like an American for aught I know, for I know nothing about them, but you certainly are like nothing that I do know,—nothing earthly.”

“Nothing earthly ! then I hope I am like something heavenly,” said Caroline laughing ; “but then, if I am something heavenly, I must be something *immaterial* ; so, after all, the compliment is not so great.”

“Something, if not quite *spiritual*,” said Georgiana, “at least very *spirituelle*;—you know old M. Le Comte de Blacquiere used always to say, that Miss Caroline St. Clair was *de personne du monde la plus spirituelle*.”

“Yes, and mamma used always to tell me, for fear he should make me vain—‘The Count only means, by “*spirituelle*,” that you have great spirits, child. Don’t fancy he means you have great talent.’ But I would much rather have the one than the other; for, in my opinion, good spirits are far more desirable than great talents.”

“But you have great spirits at all times; though seriously, Caroline, I am astonished how you can have such spirits now, when you are on the eve of leaving your friends and your country.”

“And seriously, Georgiana, you talk as if I was going to Botany Bay,—instead of going to take the tour of Europe; going, at last, to see those enchanting scenes which I have read of, heard of—dreamed of—longed for years to behold. Of all sorts of affectation, I do most

cordially hate the affectation of sentiment. I shall leave my "country," as you pathetically term it, with the utmost insensibility—the most hard hearted indifference. And pray what should I bemoan myself about? Charles is at school, Fanny is at school, and you—if I had been going to leave you, indeed, at home and alone, it would have been widely different. But it is you who are going to leave me, and for ever!" —Here her voice faltered, her countenance changed, and she seemed, for a moment, to struggle with some suppressed feeling. But the smile beamed again over her cheek and eye, and with renewed spirit she exclaimed—"But, before I go, I shall see you married to the man you love; I shall see you in the possession of the happiness it has been the wish of my heart you should enjoy. You know how I should have rejoiced in your marriage, even had I been left without you at home and alone. But what would *home* have been to me then? How lonely, how blank, how cheerless it would become without you—the companion of my days and hours, of my thoughts and pleasures!

But, as it is, I have nothing to regret in leaving home, except my mother ;—and my mother”—

“ And my mother ! ”

“ And my mother, Georgiana—you know—I may say so to you—that she will not miss me much. She will go on leading the same life of gaiety, and enjoy it far more than when she had to push me on, and show me off, and annoy herself about my being fashionable and admired ;—and getting married ; for that is the plain English of it all. And—O Georgiana ! it is impossible to tell you what a relief it is to escape being hawked about in that manner.”

“ Nay, I am sure you never have been hawked about ; you never would. All my poor mamma’s ingenious contrivances to show you off—or hook you on to certain young “desirables” you are sure most undutifully to circumvent, with all the apparent unconscious simplicity in the world. And as for your accomplishments, I am sure you might as well have none—as far as the display of them goes. You never play or sing in public, and so far from exhibiting your knowledge in society, I must say for you that you do nothing but talk nonsense.

“A most rare and valuable accomplishment,” said Caroline, laughing, “you know it is only people of sense that can talk nonsense well—and I am sure it is better to talk it in any style, than to talk wisdom. There is nothing half so stupid as perpetually descanting about literature, and science, and learning, as people do in these days. I don’t know whether

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

“But I am sure it is a very tiresome thing.”

“A *little* learning may be tiresome, perhaps, but when people have a great deal, like *some people*, Caroline, I really think there is no occasion to lock it up so carefully, as if it was a crime; and, as mamma observes, all the pains that she takes to draw you out, are thrown away.”

“Certainly, my dear good mamma, with the best intentions in the world, has taken a world of pains, to no purpose. Her very anxiety to obtain her ends, defeats them. She might remember the words of Solomon, ‘surely it is in vain that the snare is laid in the sight of any bird.’ All her springes to catch woodcocks

have failed. Her traps are useless, and after all she is obliged to agree to your marrying a man for whom she never laid any trap at all—a man who, however rich, and estimable and agreeable, is, after all, only a man—not a man of rank, nor even a great man at all—but a man who, dreadful to relate, may be seen every day in a black gown and a great wig, cross-questioning vulgar witnesses in a dirty court of justice.”

“Yes, my marriage is indeed a sad blow to mamma’s ambition ! and if *you*, upon whom all her hopes are placed, do not make what she considers a good match”—

“Why, between ourselves Georgiana, I am convinced my mother would never have consented to my going abroad, if it had not been put into her head, that *abroad* was just now the best place for making a good match—catch—or whatever they call it—a notion, by the way, that has set many mammas and misses on their travels:—but it shall have nothing to do with mine. For what are men, compared to rocks and mountains? what are husbands to pictures and statues? No, no ! when I come back it will

be time enough to think of lovers and husbands, and such subordinate things."

"So you think husbands *subordinate* things, do you?" said Georgiana laughing. "If that opinion were made known among the gentlemen, you would be very little troubled with such 'subordinate things'."

The conversation between the sisters was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Balcarris, a barrister, a man of great talent and high respectability, who was on the point of marriage with Georgiana St. Clair.

Georgiana and Caroline St. Clair, were the daughters of Lady St. Clair, a fashionable fine-looking widow of five and forty, and a woman of the world. She had another daughter, Fanny, aged fifteen, at an excellent school, and one son, a boy, at Eton, heir to the estate. Her jointure was considerable, but her daughters' fortunes were only £10,000 each, and she was, therefore, doubly anxious they should marry well—that is, as to rank, fortune, and fashion; for these were the only objects she sought for them, as she had done for herself, in that indis-

soluble connexion which in youth determines the fate of life. Yet her own experience might have taught her the futility, even in a worldly point of view, of marrying merely for the sake of these considerations; for, after voluntarily sacrificing her attachment to her lover, because he had neither rank nor wealth, and marrying, for these requisites, General Sir Reginald St. Clair, who was old and ugly though sensible and good tempered; only two years after her marriage, her lover, by the death of his elder brother, came into possession of a large fortune, and not long afterwards, by the death of a cousin, succeeded to a title. This event was a dreadful blow to her. Her love and her ambition gave double poignancy to the bitterness of her regret; for she still loved him, and she knew herself to be passionately beloved by him. If, however, a latent hope that the good old General might soon drop off, and leave her a disconsolate widow to mourn his loss, had any place in her thoughts when she married him, she was grievously disappointed, for he survived their union twenty years, and made an indulgent

husband, and an excellent father. Whatever might be her feelings towards him, however, she had given him one instance of conjugal attachment, by following him to North America, where he held a high command, and was incessantly engaged in perilous and sanguinary campaigns. She had herself traversed a vast extent of that savage country, through its pathless woods and wildernesses, surmounting perils and privations, such as a female has rarely encountered. It was during her abode in America that Caroline was born, but she came to England with her mother at an age too early to remember the land of her birth. Caroline St. Clair possessed all the excellencies and all the defects that are usually attendant upon a generous and ardent character. No one knew their faults better than herself—no human being was ever more free from vanity and selfishness; more superior to envy, jealousy, and every base and little passion. Resentment, even for injury, could not find more than a transient place in her bosom; it was soon forgotten or forgiven, but kindness left a lasting impression

on her heart. For those she loved she was capable of any exertion, however great—of any sacrifice, however painful. With the most acute sensibility and most refined delicacy, she displayed that fortitude and courage, which minds of strong power and feeling generally possess; yet every part of her character was truly feminine. She seemed to have the mind of a man and the heart of a woman. Though her acquirements, even in this learned age, were extraordinary, she was unaffectedly modest and unassuming; and, continually measuring the little she knew with the immense stores of unexplored knowledge, no human being had so sincerely humble an opinion of her own attainments and talents as herself. All that is great, or beautiful, or sublime in the works of nature or of man, seemed at once to assimilate itself to her mind. Her taste was exquisitely and intuitively correct and highly cultivated, and her fondness for the arts almost amounted to a passion. Her acquaintance extolled her wit and talents. Her friends thought only of her virtues. In every exigence—in sickness and in

sorrow—they turned to her for support, kindness, and consolation. In domestic life, none was ever more amiable or more beloved; and it was in domestic life she shone the most. A writer whose life was spent with the most brilliant wits of the most polished courts,* beautifully says, “Je n’ai pas bonne opinion de ceux qui ne sont pas aimables dans leur famille. Sans parler du mauvais coeur que cela suppose, il faut en être peu riche, pour se montrer si économe d’esprit et de grace.” Such, indeed, was the native sweetness of her disposition, that those who might have been repelled by her talents, were attracted by her kindness of heart; and, above all, by the nature, and spirit, and originality of her character and conversation. Her vivacity and quickness of intellect were united to uncommon strength of judgment, power of discrimination, and high principle;—but she was too impatient of controul, too rash in resolution, too regardless of consequences and appearances,

* Le Prince du Ligne.

too confiding, too inconsiderate, and far too imprudent. She was not regularly beautiful, but she was strikingly elegant and graceful, and few were so engaging and fascinating. The irresistible witchery of her countenance, the ease of her motion, the fineness of her form, the life and animation that she diffused around her; and above all, the charm of her natural and undesigning manner attracted universal interest and admiration wherever she was seen, and the warmest affection wherever she was known.

CHAPTER II.

THE PASSAGE.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float,
Upon the western breezes.

Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets, and softer still, ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.

IN a few weeks Georgiana St. Clair was married to Mr. Balcarris, with all that privacy and absence of parade which characterize modern marriages.—After the ceremony, the happy pair were, as usual, whirled off as rapidly as a carriage and four could convey them, to country retirement, and perfect felicity; and in the course of a few days, Caroline set off for the continent, with her recently married friend and cousin, and her husband, Colonel

Cleveland, a noble-spirited and distinguished British officer, of high family and good fortune.

Instead of detailing, sentimentally, all the feelings and emotions of our heroine, on leaving her mother, her brother, (a fine manly Etonian,) her sister Fanny, a charming girl of fifteen, her home, and her country, for the first time; we shall favour our readers with an extract from a letter to her eldest sister, now a bride, Mrs. Balcarris, written from France; taking the liberty to begin according to the most approved canons of criticism "*in medias res*."

The separation from her sister had naturally engrossed some of her thoughts. After alluding to it she added—"After all, my dear Georgiana, we must endure some trials in this world, and trials of whatever degree, are better borne by forcing our minds from their contemplation, than by struggling to endure them. The true and only philosophy is the art of being happy—of gathering the roses of life, and leaving the thorns behind. What old philosopher was it that said, 'he would choose to be a Stoic in bearing the sorrows of life, and an Epicurean in enjoying

its pleasures?" Let me tell you, he was a very sensible old man—a thing that can rarely be said of any of your philosophers—who, for the most part, are great fools. They think themselves wise, indeed, because they are discontented, and do their best, not only to be miserable themselves, but to persuade every body else to be miserable too. They pervert and poison the best pleasures of our nature, like the reptiles that can find no other use in the fairest flowers, except to leave on them their venom. They are cynical ill natured creatures, and do nothing but grumble and quarrel with a world, which is far too good for them. For this, I maintain it, is an excellent world,—at the same time, I think it is only good on dry land, and good for nothing on water.

“You cannot conceive what a strange sort of feeling it is, that of seeing, for the first time, the shores of your country recede from your view, and launching out as it were on the broad ocean of life and salt water. I could have been very sentimental about it—only I grew very sick, and such was the tossing and tumbling we sustained, that all my companions in misfortune

shared the same fate. Certainly sea sickness, like death, is a complete leveller. I do not mean, merely because it levels every body flat and prostrate, and so levels all the persons—but because it levels all minds, and reduces to the same level all distinctions of birth, fortune, education, and character. We had on board this wretched little packet every gradation of rank and character, from the peer to the clown—from the grossest vulgarity to the highest refinement—from the lowest dullness to the brightest talent—from self-satisfied ignorance to self-distrusting genius; but all lay in perfect equality of mind, condition and misery—as well as posture.

“Certainly, but for sea sickness, the *mélange* on board our packet would have been inexpressibly amusing. First, there was a nobleman whose deeds and virtues are an honour to his country—who has devoted his talents and fortune to found institutions to enlighten distant countries and ages—who has revived once more the silent schools and deserted academies of Greece, and thus, in return for that guiding light which originally emanated from thence, has reflected

back a beam on the spot from whence it sprung. I need not say it was Lord G——d. In striking opposition to this truly noble British peer, was a long lank deplorable looking French nobleman, dressed in that dirty slovenly huddled-up style in which all ranks of that polished nation think fit to attire themselves when they travel. His withered physiognomy unwashed and unshaven, was enveloped in a night cap, which had once been white, on the top of which was stuck a greasy old green velvet travelling cap; a dirty silk handkerchief loosely tied about his scraggy throat, dirty stockings falling in wrinkles about his ankles, shoes which seemed never to have experienced the benefit of Warren's blacking, and a beggarly *capote* completed his apparel. His conversation which consisted of little else than such exclamations, or rather oaths, as '*Sacré! Grand Dieu! Peste!*' and '*Diable!*' with which he interlarded his helpless complaints and lamentations, was agreeably diversified by the disgusting habit of spitting all over the floor of the deck and cabin: yet this man was one of the Chamber of Peers,—one of the noblesse of France!

“Then we had a French Milliner, whose terrors about the ‘*Orage*’ we were encountering, and the ‘*Naufrage*’ that she anticipated, for the wind was high and contrary, were most voluble and laughable; while with querulous inconsistency she bestowed the most unqualified abuse upon the English Packet, English Captain, and all the English, for a pack of ‘*Fourbes*’ and ‘*Scélérats*,’ because they had refused to sail yesterday in a real storm—in which no ship could leave the harbour.

“But by far the most entertaining person on board was Miss Biddy Blossom. Indeed the whole family of Blossoms were excellent in their way, but Miss Biddy was the flower of them all. I despair of giving you any idea of her bedizened dress, her incongruous attempts to be ‘hiligant’ and ‘haccomplished,’ and the enthusiastic eagerness she expressed to go to *Ruin*, (*Rouen*) which called forth the sly assurance that she was in the high road to it. When young Blossom, her brother, who laboured hard to seem a man of fashion, and talked much of Bond-Street—as well he might, for it afterwards came out that he spent his days in measuring ribbons there—expatiated

in sentimental guise upon the ‘Holps, those *peelhisses* of natur.’ ‘Ah they are beautiful *pelisses* indeed,’ exclaimed Miss Biddy, ‘real French pelisses! I would not for all the world wear any thing but a pelisse of nature! They are quite the *hot tongue*.’

“What did you say about hot tongs, Biddy?” said her father.

“La papaw!” exclaimed Biddy, turning sharply round upon Old Blossom, who, with his claret coloured coat, his snug wig, and his red face, was by far the most respectable and least ridiculous person of the party; because he pretended to be nothing but what he was;—‘La papaw!’—and strait Miss Biddy began taking him to task, or as he called it ‘snubbing him’ for his ‘vulgarity’—a practice, indeed, in which all the young Blossoms seemed to delight; while the youth laughed aloud at his father’s *hignerance*. But the demon of sea-sickness put an end to our amusement, and reduced us, as I before observed—Blossoms and all—to a state of inanity. It is amazing what senseless logs we all became, and what selfish creatures it made of us. I scarcely think

if I had been told that one half of the creation had been swallowed up by an earthquake, it would have moved me to the least feeling. Nothing but the termination of our voyage and our miseries could excite the smallest interest ; and, after an extremely rough passage of twenty-one hours, blessed was the sight of the long, lank, petticoated men that came to pilot us into Dieppe harbour !—blessed the moment in which we set foot on the shores of France, (or indeed on any shores, for all would have been alike welcome), but still more blessed was that happy period when a French bed received us, after all our sufferings ! Most striking, indeed, is the transition a few hours spent in a half-alive state on board a packet make in every object which surrounds one. The country, the people, the language, the dresses, the manners, the houses, the furniture—all are different. It seems as if, like the sleeper in the Arabian Tales, we had been awakened in another world. But France is really a strange country ; in every thing as unlike England as possible. To my unspeakable amazement, I was awakened out of

my sleep this morning, by the garçon of the inn at my bed-side, making some inquiry about breakfast ; nor could any thing I could say, persuade him it was possible I could consider his visit as a piece of impertinence, instead of a piece of very polite attention, for which he intended it.

The moment we set foot on the slippery rocks in the harbour, our baggage was all seized upon piecemeal by a parcel of old women, whose wisened faces and grey straggling locks formed a curious contrast to the bright coloured cotton handkerchiefs tied round their heads. These old witches carried off all our heavy trunks on their backs with great composure, while a crowd of great strong men were standing idly looking on. In the streets, again, we met old women driving the carts ; and in the inn we found young men sweeping out the rooms and making the beds. In eating, nothing can be more dissimilar to our habits. Their dinner consists of at least a dozen different little dishes, or rather *plates* of things, instead of one substantial joint, and the fish is served up at the end of the repast,

while the cheese forms a part of the desert. Their breakfasts are composed of wine, or else beer and meat. When we asked for tea, they brought us some tea leaves boiled in a pan ; and when we told them we did not like it boiled, they sent it up infused in a pitcher of cold water.* They produced tumbler glasses for breakfast cups, and baking dishes for wash basins. Instead of an inn with clean, comfortable, small unpretending rooms, we had huge raftered chambers, dirty bare brick floors, dingy gilded cornices, and worn out silk damask hangings. In church we found the people walking about and talking ;—at the *Spectacle* they were sitting with as much mute solemnity as if they were hearing a sermon, though the actors were performing a *petite pièce comique*. At the séance of the Chamber des Députés, in Paris, that grave legislative body were more noisy, riotous, and disorderly, than a parcel of quarrelsome school boys ; and such was the clamour,

* Incidents which actually happened to the author on going abroad, immediately after the termination of the war.

confusion and rage amongst them, that we expected every minute to see them begin to fight it out. Here we saw a party of men in the street, playing at some game, as boisterous and noisy as so many little boys ; and further on we saw a little fellow smoking a pipe by himself, with all the solemn gravity of a man of sixty—his hair tied in a queue, a cocked hat on his head, silver buckles in his shoes, and dressed from head to foot in a little formal-cut suit of clothes. Conceive our amazement at the sight of a French Diligence, that tremendous machine ! inside of which I counted no less than sixteen persons, two of whom were fiddling for the diversion of the rest. Nor did we stare less at the huge jack boots and long floured queues of the French Postillions. But queues seem favorite articles here, for we saw a French countryman driving a pig, with a long queue and powdered head. Our astonishment was still greater at the figures of the Norman countrywomen, with their tremendous high white coiffures, their tight long waisted red jackets and mahogany coloured faces, mounted between two great panniers, *en cavalier*, upon asses—

which they often very coolly stopped to beg a few sous—while their necks were hung round with coral beads and gold chains, and their baskets well crammed with market stuff!—These women, by the way, though broiled and blinded by the sun, never wear a hat or bonnet out of doors, but in the close boxes of the theatre, and even when dining at the *Table d' Hote*, the unfortunate females were all suffocating under immense chapeaux.

“ Their agriculture seems to be carried on in the same novel style. All their ploughs go upon wheels, and their harrows have wooden teeth. We have repeatedly seen women driving the plough; and one of our friends assured me he had actually once seen a woman drawing it,—at least forming one of a string of three animals so employed, and the other two were an ass and a cow. We met a woman riding astride upon the bare back of one cart horse and whipping on the rest; and often have we seen the fair sex carrying the dung into the fields on their backs, and spreading it over the ground with their hands.

“ They give you nothing in France, not even a glass of cold water, without asking to be paid for it ; and if you sit down for a few minutes in a room at a post-house, they bring in a regular charge for the use of the apartment.

“ But my paper and your patience would fail, were I to tell you one half of the strange sights and proceedings we saw during a single day in France. I also spare you all description of the beautiful windings of the Seine, by whose course we journeyed ; of the views we beheld,—of the ancient cathedral of Rouen, the unrivalled Gothic church of St. Ouen, the tomb where ‘ the lion heart ’ of our Richard is said to slumber in dust ; of the spot where Joan of Arc was burnt for a witch ; of Mount St. Catherine, its ruined chapel and its prospect ; of the bridge of boats ; of the Museum, full of bad paintings ; of the curious little shops without windows, exactly such as, I believe, were common in England two hundred years ago ; of the narrow, dirty, dark, dull, miserable streets ; the high, antique, projecting, tottering-looking houses, in which every story jutting out further, amicably makes nearer advances to its opposite neighbour.

In short, I spare you a description of all the curiosities of the curious old city of Rouen.

“I will stop only to confide to you my unspeakable disappointment at the sight of a vineyard, which we beheld, for the first time, a few leagues beyond Rouen, and which I had expected to be the most beautiful and luxuriant object in the world—but it is frightful. It is nothing better than a dirty-looking field, planted with little low vines, like stunted currant bushes. A turnip field is indisputably a much prettier object.

“Our road led us by the deserted palace of St. Germain, which stands a melancholy monument of fallen greatness and regal splendour. Its once magnificent halls, the scene of the courtly chivalry of Francis the First, by whom it was built—the long range of ruined apartments and Chapel, which served as the last asylum of our abdicated James II. who here ended his unlamented and inglorious days, —the dilapidated Cabinet of Louis XIV. and the boudoir of the Duchesse de la Vallière, awakened many an interesting remembrance.

What would the vain, the all-conquering, the *grand* Louis have said, could he have seen Prussian and English soldiers revelling in his grands salons! Yet the doors were still chalked with the names of the British regiments and companies which had been so lately stationed here; and their recent orgies were still apparent in the half-burnt fire-wood scattered about, and the coarse wooden benches and tables, stained with their tobacco and liquor.

“The celebrated view from the terrace of St. Germain, though rich and extensive, is not to be compared to that from Windsor Castle, or Richmond Hill.

“At last we beheld the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalids glittering in the sun. Paris lay before us—that strange theatre of anarchy and despotism,—of gaiety and carnage,—of vanity and crime! We drove through the noble barrier of L’Etoile, and the Champs Elysees; and here we are at the Hotel des Bourbons, Rue de la Paix.”


CHAPTER III.



FRANCE.



Your Frenchman is a strange composition ;—his life is a jest.



It was no part of the plan of our travellers to make a long stay in Paris, nor is it any part of ours to follow them through the well known round of its sights. The public buildings and institutions, the national museums, the private collections of works of art, the Louvre, and the shops completely occupied their mornings; the theatres, the promenades, the public gardens, and the caffés formed the varied amusement of their evenings. The novelty of a Parisian life is

delightful to a stranger: it is one continued intoxication of the mind. A month passed rapidly away in the most amusing whirl of dissipation, which, unlike most hours so spent, left behind them a thousand delightful and instructive remembrances.

Once more they set out on their travels. We shall favour our readers with some account of their adventures and observations, culled from the letters of our heroine to her sister; taking the liberty—which we suppose they will, in turn, take with our own lucubrations,—of passing over whatever we deem to be uninteresting.

EXTRACT

FROM

LETTER II.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

“London goes a long way out of town with you. There is no end of the rows of houses; a stranger would suppose he was in it miles before he enters it—but Paris begins and ends with

Paris; and with Paris all amusement also ends. An air of desertion and dreariness immediately succeeds. Even on the great high roads, no crossing stage coaches flying along; no crowds of carriages, gigs, and vehicles of every description; no dashing horsemen nor thronging pedestrians cover the few great avenues to the French metropolis, as they overspread the innumerable labyrinth of crossing roads that branch out of our great city. Paris is but the capital of one country—but London is the capital of the world. Nor does the scenery of the country compensate for this unnatural absence of life and motion. There never was a country so devoid of beauty and interest, or so utterly unpicturesque as “La belle France.” The long undeviating strait line of the grande route, paved with dislocating stones, and bordered with formal rows of dwindled scrubby trees, extends, in perpetuity of weariness, through a bare unenclosed monotonous country, ill cultivated—in dirty patches of dwarfish vines or corn—without hedges, or fields, or pastures, or cattle—without cottages, or farm houses, or

villas, or country seats—without rural sights or rural sounds. The whole face of the country bears the marks of slovenly neglect, of heartless reluctant labour—of desertion and discontent.

The country people live congregated together in villages, generally built like little towns, of one narrow street, deep in filth, and lined with high, dirty, dilapidated houses, each of which, perhaps, may be inhabited by three or four different families, and the whole present the most disgusting appearance of misery and decay. The formal chateaux which occasionally stand close to these miserable little towns, are always inconceivably ugly, and almost invariably ruinous. What a contrast to the smiling cottages, the neat gardens, the snug farm houses, the rural villages, the beautiful gentlemen's seats surrounded with parks and noble trees, the green fields covered with cattle, the trim hedges, the rich cultivation, the lawns, and woods, and gardens—the beauty, and prosperity, and embellishment that animate the prospect in merry England !

“ Such were our reflections, (a poor disappointed set of travellers), as we journeyed through

the dreary lands of France. No longer did we wonder that, with the French,—Paris is the whole world—the centre of all attraction—the seat of all enjoyment—and that the “*campagne*” is but another name for banishment. In vain did we look for that gaiety and thoughtless mirth we had been taught to consider a national attribute of the French people. We saw no peasants dancing under trees—no parties of young and old singing and playing after their work at their cottage doors—no sounds of merriment and glee proceeding from their ruinous and cheerless habitations. On Sunday, indeed, the people, especially the women, were dressed fine, looked smart and coquettish, and wore more the air of a *fête*. But except in their dress, Sunday seemed little regarded. The labourers were working, the carts driving, and the country people ploughing as usual. The churches were empty and the shops open.—Punch and such other shews were publicly performing, even during the hours of morning service, and the Marionettes were enacting their wooden dramas at the very church doors. To

some it might be a day of amusement ; to none, it seemed one of piety.

There is, however, one point in which the English of all ranks would do well to imitate the French. They are, from the highest to the lowest uniformly attentive, accommodating, and polite, about those trifles which, after all, in their continual recurrence, make up a great part of the sum of human existence. They seem to have a real pleasure in obliging, and shew an alacrity in rendering any little service, and a complaisance and politeness of manner in performing it, which are particularly pleasing and prepossessing to strangers.

“ Another peculiarity is very striking in the lower and middle classes in France—that they all appear perfectly satisfied with their condition ; or, at least, never dream of rising above it. There is none of that envy, that aspiring to emulate the class above them, that aping of their superiors, that is so universal in England. The countryman never seems to repine, because he is a labourer of the earth ; the farmer never pretends to be a gentlemen ; the artizan never

ranks himself with the merchant ; the *Bourgeois* never seeks to be considered a man of fashion ; consequently the higher orders meet the lower with more familiarity than they do, or can do, in England, where there is perpetual danger of being confounded with them, both in their own estimation and that of others. Yet, if these classes of society in England escape the real evils of unsatisfied wishes, craving ambition, and vain longings after greatness, who would wish to deprive them of that strongest motive for human excellencies and exertion—honourable ambition ? The conviction that, to the very lowest rank of the community, the door is open to the highest wealth, honour, and distinction—and that talents, genius, industry, and virtue will force their way to them, is a stimulus felt through every class in England ;—and every man aspiring to reach something above him—to an increase of riches, rank, or consideration, is spurred on to continual exertion, and kept alive and happy by the great cordial of life—Hope.

“ There are, however, certain absurdities in France, which in England we could scarcely

believe it possible to exist. An instance of this occurs to my recollection at this moment. One morning, while we were in Paris, our Lacquey de Place did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. ‘He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got ‘his little affair’ over sooner.’ ‘Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs?’ ‘Pardonnez moi, Monsieur,’ said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand upon his heart, ‘but it was an affair of honour!’ And the man had actually been fighting a duel that morning with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with all the punctilios of men of

fashion. The beauty of fighting with swords rather than pistols, seems to me to be great ; for though often *piqués*, I understand combatants of all ranks from the highest to the lowest are rarely killed.

But, to return to our travels, “Fontainebleau” was our “way in France,” and a weary way it was. To be sure, the palace of Fontainebleau is a very fine palace, so are all the French palaces—far finer than any in England. But I own I am one of those who see our national inferiority in point of palaces with the most philosophic composure. Let France boast of her palaces—England of her cottages ! I never left a palace in my life without giving thanks that I was not obliged to live in it—that I was neither born a Queen, a Princess, nor a Lady of the Court—the three most miserable creatures, I am convinced, under the sun. In the palace of Fontainebleau we saw the fine rooms, fitted up with the most splendid furniture and decorations, which were the last residence of Buonaparte. Beside a couch stood the little table on which he signed his abdication, and there was the

memorable and marvellous pen with which he signed it—and which, though a hundred times bought and carried away by our countrymen, always contrives to find its way back to the same scrutoire. We saw the seat in the garden where he used to brood for hours in moody silence over his fallen fortunes. We also saw the apartments in which he imprisoned the poor old Pope for eighteen months—during which his Holiness never crossed the threshold. He had carriages at his command, but he refused to go out a guarded prisoner. The haughty insolence and contempt with which he was sometimes treated by Buonaparte, in his visits, as related to us, or rather confessed, by the man who shewed us the palace, (a staunch partizan and old servant of Buonaparte's, and like all his old servants, just going to be turned out of his place,) gave me a worse opinion of him than I had ever before entertained. He seldom or never visited him, indeed, except when he had some point to gain, and when he could not succeed in it either by promises or threats, he used to break out in fits of wanton rage, and treat the poor old man

with the bitterest invective and insult. But Buonaparte has now fallen, and we will let his faults fall with him. He laid out a "Jardin Anglois," which, though the prettiest I have seen, is any thing but "Anglois." They cut down some venerable old trees to make it more "Anglois," and embellished it with marble basins full of gold and silver fishes, and gilt rails, and plenty of statues. Nothing certainly ever was so hideous as the true French gardens. We passed on the road to Fontainebleau the grand chateau of Field Marshal the Duke of Ragusa, a great *triste*, forlorn looking abode. Inside, I make no doubt, it may be very fine, but outside it is most dolorous; surrounded by dirty miry lanes, formal avenues, clipped trees, and melancholy rows of Lombardy poplars, drawn up in strait lines, like the Marshal's files of grenadiers. Every thing is marked by a total absence of neatness, elegance, and taste—of cheerfulness, bloom and beauty. In fact we have visited many French chateaux, and found them all unsurpassable in ugliness and discomfort. In general they present the appearance of poverty,

neglect and decay—but even when modern and when money has not been spared, as in this case, it is laid out in formal flagged terraces, rising above each other in regular stages—in hideous water works and waterfalls stotting down stone steps—in cockle-shell parterres—artificial mounts, mutilated busts and ugly statues. Strait lines of soft sandy walks, in which every step sinks deep, divide these beauties. There are no parks or lawns—and if you do see a little square grass plot, it is covered with weeds. They clip their trees instead of their grass. But in fact, there are no trees. Even close up to the windows of a nobleman's house, the trees in the pleasure grounds are lopped into bare poles, for the sake of faggots. Nothing would reconcile me so soon to English coal fires as the state of the unhappy trees in France. Until we saw the forest of Fontainbleau, where trees are preserved for a Royal Chasse—I actually saw nothing deserving of the name of a tree in France. But even there, the trees, though extremely old and strikingly grotesque and picturesque in their forms, are stunted

and dwarfish, and do not grow into fine majestic timber. As for a grass field, I have never seen one. There are neither meadows nor pastures. One wonders where the animals are fed—and such animals! such cattle! such sheep! such pigs! Lean, gaunt, long legged, long backed, ravenous looking creatures—more like wolves than fat bacon;—and poor, miserable, scrubby ragged sheep—to which all the vituperative epithets in Virgil's *Bucolics* might be applied, and yet convey no adequate idea of their poverty and wretchedness. To every one who has the least of an agricultural eye, it is offensive to behold the miserable state of cultivation and the wretched stock in France. I say nothing of the picturesque, for it would puzzle even Dr. Syntax himself to find any thing approaching to it."

The rest of the fair writer's letter we take the liberty to suppress—from the supposition that the details of a journey through a country so dull to the traveller, cannot possibly prove very entertaining to the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

DISASTERS.

Wights !—that by land and water travel.
Your dire adventures I unravel.

LETTER III.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

“AN adventure! O rare and inexpressible felicity, in this smooth and safely rolling age—have I at last met with an adventure !—and such an adventure !—O ye hills, and above all ye ruts of Burgundy, it is to you I owe this piece of good fortune—the happiness of narrowly escaping breaking my neck, and actually breaking my two little fingers. Slowly and heavily did we rumble on, along the interminable

vista of the French Pavé—one filthy post house, and still more filthy village, still succeeding to another, more filthy and wretched still—without one object or event to break the dreary monotony of the way, till at last, in descending one of the steep hills of ‘La Haute Bourgogne,’ a tremendous jolt severed in pieces the splinter bar, which pierced one of the horses—the animal infuriated with pain and fear, bounded forwards, the vile French tackle, pieced and patched together with ropes, gave way, the pole struck the leaders, and down the hill were we precipitated—and overturned at the bottom with a tremendous crash, in the ditch. There we lay. I thought we should have been smothered with mud. At last we did get extricated, and, wonderful to relate, neither ourselves nor any of the horses had sustained any serious injury. Colonel Cleveland was a little bruised, Mrs. Cleveland a good deal shaken, and I, who was undermost, found my neck somewhat twisted awry. On examination, it afterwards appeared that I had broken—(1st.) one collar bone, and (2d.) two fingers of my left hand. The servants behind,

who were thrown off like shuttlecocks, had been received into the soft, rich, savoury bed of a large dunghill, from which they rose perfectly sound, at least, if not particularly sweet. But the carriage was completely shattered, and by no contrivance could be dragged further. We were a league and a half from the post we had quitted, (a wretched hole !), and two leagues from that to which we were going. It was quite dusk when the accident happened, and night was now fast closing in. In this predicament, we were standing by the side of the broken vehicle, deliberating what to do, and had determined upon sending the postboy forward on one of the horses to the nearest village, '*une bonne demie Lieu*,' in advance, to hire a cart while we walked on to meet it, leaving our servant in charge of the carriage,—but just as this resolution was taken, we beheld an English carriage driving down the same unlucky hill, with equal speed but better fortune, for it reached the bottom in safety, and would have continued its rapid course but for the natural sense of the postillions, who stopped of their own accord ; for the two men servants

behind stared at us with gaping mouths and eyes, but took no other notice of us ; and their master, who was asleep in a corner of the carriage, did not observe us at all. After a short parley between the postillions of the two carriages, a glass was slowly let down, something like a fur cap appeared at the window, and a voice was heard to say with remarkable deliberation,— ‘ Gregory ! Gregory ! What are these fellows jabbering about ? Why dont they drive on ? Gregory ! I say.’

“ Gregory now lowered his person from his elevated seat behind, and going up to the window explained the accident. ‘ What !—oh !—overturned !—carriage broken !—English ladies in the ditch did you say, Gregory ? Well then, open the door—I must get out ;’ and a tall figure, enveloped in an immense cloak, did actually get out, and advanced to us. It was so dark that it was impossible to see any thing further than the cloak and cap, but the envelope seemed of large dimensions, and very politely offered to convey us to the next post—an offer we instantly accepted. Mrs. Cleveland and I

accordingly got into the carriage with this large figure. Colonel Cleveland and 'Gregory' mounted the seat behind, and the other servant of the unknown remained with ours.

"Conceive the romance of this ! Shut up in a carriage, and at night, with an Englishman whom I had never before seen—nay, whom I had not yet seen, for it was dark;—who had come to my rescue—just in the critical moment of my first and only adventure—my preserver from desertion and distress !—my deliverer from the ditch ! It is a thousand pities I cannot record our conversation, or rather the conversation that passed, for my share of it scarcely amounted to monosyllables;—(but you know that is quite correct) ;—never to open my lips was interesting and modest, and quite *à la heroine*. Mrs. Cleveland indeed left no pauses in her narrative of this afflicting catastrophe,—so that I fear my touching silence was not sufficiently noticed—and scarcely could my deliverer find room to interpose the few necessary responses—which he uttered with remarkable deliberation. In this most interesting and romantic situation did we

reach the next post, when light broke in upon us, from a dark stable lanthorn, held by a dirty garçon. My deliverer, in attempting most gallantly to hand me out, grasped with such fervour my two unfortunate broken fingers, that I withdrew my hand with a sudden jerk, and a most unequivocal expression of dissatisfaction, which had such an effect upon him, that down he tumbled among the dirty straw in the stable yard—overset perhaps with the said bodily jerk—or with the mental shock of my displeasure—or haply with the first blaze of my charms, as seen by the dark lanthorn—who knows! Be that as it may, he was soon erected upon his legs again, with the assistance of ‘Gregory’—and I having in the mean time got out upon mine, we entered the post house—and I beheld—I beheld—yes, Georgiana, I beheld—a Lord! My preserver was a Lord!—for Gregory called him ‘my Lord!’ Could any thing be better adapted for romance? His figure was portly and commanding—perhaps what a satirist might call corpulent—but I call it important and great. He was a great Lord, and he moved with great

dignity and deliberation ; that was all I could see, for my neck still continued twisted on one side, and he was on the other ; and the fixed and determined manner with which I averted my face from him, must have given him a high opinion of my modesty and reserve. I now, however, began to complain of my twisted neck and broken fingers, and, with the most tender sympathy and compassion, he seemed to feel for my before unknown sufferings, and a surgeon was sent for. The operations upon the collar bone and the fingers not being very complex or difficult, were successfully performed ;—the rest of the party went to supper, and I went to bed.

There never certainly was a heroine so fortunate—(for a heroine I must be)—not only to be overturned on the hills of Burgundy, and to break one collar bone and two fingers (as if on purpose to make me interesting, and oblige me to wear my arm in a sling)—and to have a Lord—a great Lord—Lord Lumbercourt himself, come to my rescue and deliverance ;—but also to have the carriage so broken that it will take a whole day before the bungling blacksmiths of

this little town can patch it up to go on at all ! So that 'pour comble' of my good fortune, it is settled that Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland are to proceed in a chaise de poste, the only sort of vehicle that is to be had for travellers without their own carriage in France, and that I alone should be shut up with Lord Lumbercourt, tête à tête, in his easy carriage, in order that my broken collar bone may be less jolted. The foolish French surgeon wanted to keep us here all day—for his own benefit rather than mine—but I would not hear of remaining. Mrs. Cleveland, (considerate woman !) persists in refusing to incommode Lord Lumbercourt, (she means all the time herself), by taking a third seat in the carriage:—in fact, his Lordship does fill no inconsiderable share in his own vehicle himself. He is not young, Georgy—fifty winters, at least, must have settled on his manly brow. But that is all the better—it is new. In romances, young ladies always fall in love with young men ; and, to make the matter more tiresome, so do they also in real life. But my romance shall be different. On the strength of this

adventure I shall set up for a heroine myself—and then what a hero have I got in Lord Lumbercourt!—But I am just setting off with my hero, so adieu!”

Lyons, Thursday.

“Your imagination must aid you to conceive, my dear Georgiana, the delightful conversation that engrossed us by the way. The way did not seem long; in fact it was short. Yet it was so late before we had set off, that it was evening when we reached the barrier of Chalons sur Saone, when we were stopped, and informed, to our great amazement, that we could not enter the town, because the sun had set! Nor was this strange exclusion confined to foreigners. Two French Voiturier carriages, filled with French people, were likewise shut out. Loud and noisy were their complaints and remonstrances. At length, after much parley, we were all told we might go quite round the outskirts of the town, and enter by the south

side, which we were actually obliged to do—though how we should do less harm to Chalons by entering it at the south than the north side,—or how a few peaceable travellers should do any harm by entering, at any side, into a little country town in the very centre of France, and in a season of profound peace, would puzzle any rational being to discover—and all this because the sun was set, although it was still broad daylight ! But reason and remonstrance were vain, and after a most tedious circuit by a road so bad that we could only proceed at a foot's pace, and were every moment in danger of a second 'adventure,' we entered Chalons on its southern side.

“Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland, who had kept up with us in their droll little vehicle, were all along taken for ‘Le Valêt’ and ‘La Fille’ of *Milor* and *Miladi*—so you see I am *Miladi* already—happy omen ! Nay more—as we have resolved to proceed down the Saone to Lyons, in consequence of my broken bones and the broken carriage—Lord Lumbercourt, notwithstanding his aversion to the water, and fear of the gout, determined

to accompany us—and after breakfast we all embarked in the *Coche d' Eau* for Macon.

“It is really strange the suddenness, with which you are sometimes abroad, thrown into the most intimate and domestic intercourse with a perfect stranger.—We never saw Lord Lumbercourt till he picked us up on the road, and never since have we separated for a single moment from morning till night. We breakfast, dine, sup, travel, and live together, as if we were the nearest connexions. What with the charms of his conversation, and the amusing variety of French people on board, our voyage was very pleasant. There was an old French gentleman with the dullest, heaviest, red face imaginable, who after a little common place conversation had passed between us, between every pinch of snuff, of which he took an immense quantity, kept addressing me with the most rapturous and sentimental speeches possible, which were delivered with a gravity and composure, and an unmoved countenance, that were inexpressibly ludicrous. He declared that he had great reason to bless his destiny that had brought him

acquainted with so charming a ‘demoiselle,’ whose remembrance he would *conserver*, ‘*jusq’au son dernier soupir*’—that my ‘*beaux yeux*’ had lighted a flame in his heart, which would burn there so long as he lived—that my image should form the sole charm of his existence—and that he would live only to think of me :” &c. &c. &c.—To hear this old creature—who looked like an oyster—uttering speeches not the least *en badinage*, but in the most serious tone and manner—was irresistibly comic. You would have thought our separation must have been a most heart-breaking scene; instead of which he took leave of me at last with the most punctilious bows and formal compliments, but without a particle of emotion.

“Then there was a young Frenchman—an *Avocat de Paris*, a M. Berger, whom we surnamed the Gentle Shepherd—and who did his best to look interesting—and sometimes heaved a sigh—and before we had been an hour on board, he confided to Mrs. Cleveland and me the whole story of his hapless love. He had fallen ‘in love, very deep,’ with a young

lady (a perfect angel), and she fell in love very deep with him—but his friends did not think it a *bon parti* for him—and though he had neither father nor mother, had (he said) a good fortune, was his own master, and was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he had determined to conquer his ‘malheureuse’ passion, and reserve it for a ‘*bon parti*’—and in order to accomplish this end, he had resolved to ‘faire une voyage,’—which he was now doing expressly for the purpose of curing his love, and he calculated that it would cost him six weeks at least—before he was perfectly *gueri*—but in that time he so confidently expected the wounds of his heart to be closed—and that he had fixed to be again in Paris ! All this he related to us spontaneously—expecting our highest sympathy and admiration. There was nothing against the character of the young lady—no—she was faultless, spotless, angelic !—neither did it appear that she was in a rank of life inferior to his—but *his friends thought he might do better !* Marriages in France really seem to be purely affairs of convenience and interest—perfect.

bargains ! A married couple are matched just like a pair of coach horses, and their inclinations as little consulted.

“The most amusing person on board was a young, gay, gallant, handsome Frenchman—with a flow of spirits and of thoughtless vivacity quite French—and who had been married seven years, though he scarcely looked five and twenty, and was quite as great an admirer and follower of the fair sex—and quite as full of flattery, folly, and gallantry, as if he had never been married at all. There were two or three French ladies—but they seemed so indignant at our engrossing the whole conversation and attention of the gentlemen, that they kept aloof, and would have nothing to say to us.

“Our amusement was entirely derived from our companions, for the navigation of the Soane to Macon is extremely dull.—Its green heavy waters flow in a strait line through low, bare, shingly banks—devoid of wood, and wholly destitute of beauty. But we beheld, for the first time, to our unspeakable delight the Alps ! Their long, lofty, purple ridge, rising far above

the nearer hills, bounded the distant horizon ! —Certainly they formed the only interesting sight we beheld, until Macon, with its quai, its bridge, its churches, and houses, with lower, flatter, and more Italian roofs than any we had yet seen greeted our eyes. We dined at the *Souper* of the *Table d'Hote*, and were much amused with the lively rattle of our married French friend—and the sighing sentimentality of the unmarried ‘*Berger*.’


“ Our voyage down the Saone next morning to Lyons was, however, most beautiful. The broad waters of the Saone here flow majestically through a valley, the richness and beauty of which make it a second paradise. Its steep and picturesque banks, covered with the richest produce of nature—with vineyards and orchards, and all the luxuriant vegetation of the South—white houses starting from its wooded sides—rural villages reposing on its banks—grotesque rocks, romantic towers, and old chateaux crowning the lofty heights above the river—the varying summits of the romantic mountains of Dauphiné rising near to us—and the sublime ridge of the

Alps in distance, altogether formed a scene of which description can convey no idea,—therefore I will not attempt it. The day was glorious. To look around—to see the beauty and harmony of nature—the ærial tints that hung upon the mountains—the purple light that tinged the rocks—the brilliant sun that shone on the glittering waters—to live beneath that enchanting sky, and to breathe that balmy and invigorating breeze was in itself happiness.

“The approach to Lyons is beautiful, but the town is detestable.”

Probably the reader is of opinion he has got enough of this epistle.

CHAPTER V.



LYONS.



O Sacro, avventuroso, e dolce loco

Fresco, ombroso, fiorito e verde colle
Ou' or pensando ed or cantando siede
E fa qui, de celesti spirti fede
Quello ch'a tutto 'l mondo fama tolle.

Di pensier in pensier—di monte in monte
Mi guida.

PETRARCH.



PROBABLY the reader, particularly if of the male kind, and consequently averse to long letters—may be of opinion that we have already given him a sufficiently unconscionable dose of the last epistle of our fair heroine, but as we think she can give full as good an account of her own travels as we can do for her, we shall

proceed with our extracts from her letters—and the following, like all the rest, we give without either beginning or end.

“Without end!”—exclaims the scared reader—the volume ready to drop from his trembling hand.

Fear not—gentle youth!—to you the letter shall have an end—although it be not the end of the letter.—And here follows our

EXTRACT

FROM

LETTER IV.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO GEORGIANA BALCARRIS.

“Nothing can exceed the filth and wretchedness of Lyons—the second city of France, the vaunted capital of her rich southern provinces. The inhabitants of the poorest English village or market town, would disdain to inhabit a dwelling in its best houses and streets. The beauty and advantages of its situation, inter-

sected by two noble rivers—the romantic heights of Fourvieres rising from the Soane, amidst its vine shaded cliffs, embosoming the magnificent remains of mighty Roman aqueducts, sepulchres, baths and palaces—the rich vales and plains extending around it, bounded by the majestic line of the blue Alps, terminated by the glittering summit of Mont Blanc—all combine to render its squalid filth and dilapidated wretchedness more striking, disgusting and unpardonable.

Amongst all the sights we saw in this abominable city, none gratified us half so much as the interior of the noble Hospital, which annually receives upwards of 16,000 patients, and is conducted with the strictest attention to the cleanliness, recovery, and comfort of the poor sufferers.—Certainly, the first sight of a nun presented itself to my eyes under a very favourable—if not a very fair form, in the person of one of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, who here attend the beds of the poor, the sick, and the dying night and day ;—dedicating their lives on earth truly to God. They are bound by no

vows, which makes the constancy of their self-devotion more pure and praise worthy. Many of these sisters, now advanced in years, had passed their lives in this holy occupation. Some of them are very young, and a few very pretty. During the siege of Lyons by the Revolutionist Demons, while the cannon balls were actually shattering the windows and rebounding through the walls, these heroic women never left their post for a moment ; and affecting to relate ! not one of them was injured. Previous to the Revolution, this was the only hospital in France not disgraced by the most gross and inhuman neglect and mismanagement—but that is a reproach which no longer exists. Their dress is very singular and very clean, and I did not think it unbccoming—the extreme whiteness of their linen, which forms a great part of it, contrasted well with the dark cloth of their plain dresses. Excepting sustenance and clothes, these admirable women have only forty francs a year. I looked at them with veneration, and if ever I abjure the world, it shall be to become a ‘ *Sœur de la Charité*.

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when he became the favourite of the reigning prince, and first in favour and place; but he fell in love with ‘*La belle Allemande*,’—a woman without rank or distinction. Her virtue was proof against his attempts to seduce her—her heart was another’s;—yet her parents gave her to the Count in marriage, and losing all credit at Court, in consequence of this degrading alliance, he returned with his beautiful bride to this lovely valley.—She loved not its solitude and seclusion—she loved not her Lord—and he, discovering her secret intercourse with a young man—according to some accounts, her first lover, who had followed her from Germany; according to others, one of his own train,—immured her in this tower, and shut up her lover in the Chateau de Pierre Seise opposite.—The youth escaped from his prison, threw himself into the river—with the desperate resolution of swimming across and scaling the tower of his imprisoned mistress, who waved a white scarf to him from her grated window—but he was seen by the guards of the castle, and shot in the water before her eyes.

“Having been nearly torn to pieces by some ill-mannered curs, I was compelled to take refuge in a farm-house in this valley. Never did I see so dirty and slovenly a place—and its inhabitants were well suited to it.

“If the French people of all ranks were not as dirty as their houses and streets, one might have some patience with them. But so disgusting and unclean are their habits, so unpleasant their neglect of personal neatness, so offensive their continual outrage of all delicacy in their topics of discourse, that I marvel how they can have the effrontery to make any pretensions to refinement. And as to *their* ease and want of form, compared to our alleged stiffness and ceremony—to give you an instance of it—we were present at an introduction between two Frenchmen this morning, in which there passed more formal bows and scrapes, more set speeches and unmeaning compliments than could ever have occurred in England since the days of Sir Charles Grandison. Soon after—while we were eating ice in a Caffé, we were still more amused with an unexpected meeting between two fat old Frenchmen

from the provinces. They first stood still, uttering an exclamation—then advanced—then retreated a step or two—then took off their hats, and very deliberately embraced each other three several measured times—always receding a step between each embrace ; then they saluted each other with the same deliberation, on each cheek—and finally they sat down.—The Caffé was full of people, sitting looking on—and these two good old souls were going through this scene standing alone in the middle of the floor, their fat figures reflected from innumerable pier glasses.

“As to the vaunted bienséance and attention of the French to the feelings of others in trifles —(not to mention that they follow us about the streets, calling out ‘Les Anglaises ! les Anglaises !’—as if we were wild beasts)—I was astonished, last night, in the public promenade on the other side of the Rhone, to see the whole well-dressed crowd, male and female, suddenly take to their heels in one direction, and the cause of this *universal* rush was to stare at a woman walking, dressed in a Turkish turban ! This promenade, by the way, was the scene of

the horrible fusillades at the French Revolution, where successive thousands were massacred at once, by volleys of shot from their own countrymen. It is related of that monster, Collêt d'Herbois, that he was once informed that two unaccused persons had been, by accident, confounded in the crowd of victims, and dragged to the place of slaughter, and was asked if the execution should not be stopped till they were rescued—he replied, ‘Il ne vaut pas la peine.—Qu ’importe—qu ’il y en ait deux de plus ?’

“As Lyons had no charms—and the carriage, as yet, no wheels—Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland were easily persuaded to go down the Rhone to Avignon, in order to visit Vaocluse—and agreed to go in the *Côche d'Eau*—(our passage in the last having proved so pleasant)—but sorely did we repent ourselves of this undertaking. Multifarious were our disasters by the way;—for we were stuck fast in the rapid and shallow waters of the Rhone times innumerable—stopped by adverse blasts—stayed by perverse pilots—bewildered in thick fogs—starved with hunger—benumbed with cold—broiled with heat

—drenched with rain—and debarked and re-embarked so often, that we finally lost our food, sleep, time, and patience—and still we seemed to advance no further upon this intolerable river. Every thing proved a bar to the progress of the unwieldy machine in which, in an evil hour, we had embarked. It had to be anchored till a gust of wind abated—it could not move an inch when a partial river fog encompassed it—it had to be run aground to avoid the rapids—it had to be dragged, by main force, through the shoals—it had always either too little or too much wind or water to get forward—it had to wait for stray passengers—it had to send for fresh pilots—it had to take in or give out packages—it had always some new cause for delay—and, after an endurance of fifteen hours of this tedious operation—still we were stuck fast, helplessly, in the middle of the stream, without any prospect of advancing upon our voyage. Added to this, though the sun in the middle of the day had been intensely hot—the evening, like the morning, was piercingly cold and damp. A storm of rain came on, which drove us to the

crowded cabin, and its intolerable smells drove us back from its shelter, to be drenched on the deck. Finally, night was closing around us—we had got no dinner and had breakfasted at five o'clock—when we struck fast irrecoverably in a deep soft channel, out of sight of any human habitation,—and there the *padron*, or master of the boat, declared we must stick till morning. The scene of confusion and dismay which now ensued, could only have been equalled in a ship foundering at sea. The cries and lamentations of the women, the oaths and execrations of the men, the wailings of the children, the volley of abuse from the *padron* to the pilot, and the pilot to the *padron*—the loud rushing of the water past the sides of the vessel—the shouts of the boatmen—joined to the clamours of the people on shore—formed a combination of sounds of such dire distress—that one would really have supposed we were in the last extremity—instead of merely being stuck in the mud of a shallow river, where there was scarcely water enough to drown a cat. At last, like shipwrecked mariners, a boat was procured for our

rescue—and to see the struggle and agitation with which the terrified passengers tumbled into it, was truly ludicrous. One great stout man, six feet high, who had stood by me quaking with fear, and uttering unconscious ejaculations, in his hurry to get in, nearly knocked me down, and completely maimed my foot with setting his whole weight upon it, without stopping to heed my complaints. A woman left her child asleep behind her—and when we had nearly gained the shore, she suddenly started up, and seizing poor Lord Lumbercourt, who was next her, in a strict embrace, to his utter consternation,—exclaimed, ‘O mon enfant ! mon enfant !’ The boat was afterwards sent back for her ‘enfant’—and a walk of nearly a mile in the dark brought us to a miserable little village in the only Cabaret of which we all took refuge for the night. The kitchen was the only place it afforded to sit down in, and a sort of large cock-loft the only place to sleep in—the said cock-loft being furnished with divers most uninviting looking beds—usually tenanted by Roulières. The bed of the old Aubergistes, which stood in a closet,

they resigned in favour of Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland. I refused to accept the offered half of it with her, declaring, with truth, that I much preferred a little clean straw, which was spread for me in a place with a brick floor, on which I enjoyed a very comfortable repose.—As for poor Lord Lumbercourt, he slept on one of the uncurtained beds in the cock-loft;—on another reposed a young French lady close to him—so close that he declared he could have shaken hands with her, and the gentleman's discomposure at this enviable proximity was not more amusing than the lady's indifference to it. A promiscuous assemblage of Frenchmen and French women occupied the other beds. These French women were not in the least discomposed by sleeping in the same room with so many men—nor thought it at all disagreeable nor indecorous.—The old Aubergiste dressed us an excellent supper, the whole process of which we witnessed. Des côtellettes—Bouilli—pommes de terre frites—a poulet, a gigot of mutton, roasted—and some boiled fish—formed our repast—followed by a desert of cheese, pears, grapes and nuts.

“So ended the first day of our voyage—and fearful was the account of the ‘Naufrage’ which some of our companions related. On re-embarking next morning—we found, to our great amazement, an old French gentleman, whose unwashed face and black unshaven beard were of many days growth, and his long queue, once powdered, surmounted by a little old fur cap, added to the effect of his lean rueful physiognomy, and to his complaints, which he poured forth in the most comic manner—of his hard fate in having been thus abandoned the live-long night, in the midst of the waters. This unlucky old creature, in the confusion of the preceding evening, had been forgotten and left on board fast asleep, in the corner of his cabriolêt. He said he never awoke till it was pitch dark, and then the stillness and darkness which surrounded him, the loud rushing of the waters, and the confusion of his intellects, gave him the impression that he was *drowned*, and at the bottom of the Rhone—and when he came perfectly to his senses, he found himself uttering lamentable cries of ‘Je suis noyé—moi Je suis noyé!’ But no one answered to his

calls—and after roaring in vain for help till he was tired—he was compelled to pass the night alone, and hungry and supperless, on board the *Côche d' Eau*.

“The inhabitants of the South of France seem to be a much graver and less mercurial race than in the north. Although there were not less than two hundred people on board this unwieldy machine, there was no sound of laughter or merriment—no noisy chattering, such as you would expect among such a multitude of idle Frenchmen. Nine-tenths of the men were smoking—all looked dull—and the whole party seemed more like a set of phlegmatic Flemings than volatile Frenchmen. With such companions, you may suppose our voyage was not peculiarly amusing; however, in the curious medley on board this *Côche d' Eau*, there were a few with whom we could hold conversation—amongst the rest a young Frenchman of most sentimental temperament, who professed himself an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and while we were admiring the bold outline of the towering Alps—after evidently *creusant la*

tête, for the highest compliment he could pay them, he declared, with great energy, they were ‘*bien gentil*!’ an epithet which he had just before applied, with somewhat more propriety, to my bonnet. Another, on hearing we were going to Vaucluse, emphatically assured us that it was indeed well worth while. ‘*Je vous conseille,*’ he said, ‘*d’y aller—il vaut bien la peine—pour manger les Ecrivisses et les Truites de la Sorgue!*’—assuredly we should never have thought of this all-sufficient recompence.—At the same time I suspect there are some among our own countrymen—as well as this French acquaintance of ours—who would feel more attraction in ‘*les Ecrivisses et les Truites,*’ than in poetry and Petrarch.—A smart little French girl of sixteen, returning with her father and mother, after finishing her education at a Paris Pension, to her home in Provence, chattered away to me. I made many enquiries into the nature and extent of her studies, and found she had studied—orthography, (upon this she laid great stress),—and geography, (of which she had certainly a most original, but

somewhat confused notion.)—That she had, moreover, acquired a smattering of grammar—a considerable experience of dancing—a very little music—a good deal of embroidery—and a most complete critical and ardent taste for dress—and in this last accomplishment her whole soul and mind, thoughts and observation, seemed absorbed.—‘But what did you read at school—what books?’—‘Oh pour les livres!’—she read her lessons and school-books?—‘Mais par exemple—I inquired what were they about?—were they history?’—‘Ah l’histoire! mon Dieu—oui.’—She declared she had read three *gros* volumes of history nearly all through!—‘And what history?’—‘What history? she did not exactly know!’—‘But what was it about?’ It was about some kings and battles—but what kings and what battles she really could not say. ‘Did she happen to remember the author?’ ‘No—she was not sure that it had any author—Did not think it had.’ But she said, with great simplicity, that she had all the books that she had learnt locked up in her trunk, and she would go and fetch them for me to look at.—Not wishing to

penetrate further into the learned stores of a young lady who carried all her knowledge about with her in her trunk, we abandoned our learned discussion, and talked of caps and quadrilles—but our learned discussion on these subjects was speedily interrupted by being again stranded—and all patience abandoning us, we abandoned the *Côche d' Eau*, which nothing but the impossibility of getting Lord Lumbercourt's carriage out of it could ever have induced us to set foot in, this morning. We now were fain to betake ourselves to a small boat, less liable to such accidents, in which our party set off down the Rhone. Our progress was now more prosperous, yet Fate again conducted us for the night to an *Auberge*, already filled with travellers. But they were all men, and all Frenchmen, and nothing really could exceed their obliging politeness. They shifted their rooms, and packed, and arranged themselves so as to accommodate us; and three of those gentlemen, who had got possession of a tolerable room with three beds in it, finding that I had got a little wretched hole to sleep in, intreated me to take

their room—which they would resign entirely to me—(I marvel they did not offer me one of the beds.) Each of them reiterating, ‘Je me coucherais sur le plancher, moi—Mademoiselle!’ ‘Je me sacrifierai pour vous’—and most solicitous and urgent were they that I should accept their proffered offer. They were really a lesson to the selfish unaccommodating behaviour too often shewn by Englishmen, and particularly English travellers, towards ladies—they made me blush for my countrymen.

“Next morning, Lord Lumbercourt’s servant having brought up his carriage, we bade adieu to the Rhone without regret. We were much disappointed in its beauty. Its bare banks of naked rocks, interspersed with patches of vineyards, wholly unshaded by wood and unclothed by vegetation—its wide stony channel, through which its slimy waters flow in broken streams—its whitened shingly bed—and its total want of shade, of population, and even of animal life—give such an arid and sterile effect to the scene, that I should often have fancied myself in the deserted wilds of America, rather than the rich

valleys of the South of France. Sometimes an old chateau, or ruined fortress on the rock—with the abrupt picturesque forms of the cliffs, and the lofty grandeur of the distant mountains, presented a striking combination of scenery—but in general it was dreary beyond description. Mount Ventoux, the insulated and towering height which Petrarch once ascended, formed one of the most grand and striking objects of every view.

We passed close to the celebrated vineyards of the Côte Rôtie, the Hermitage, &c. but they are rich in production only, not in appearance; nor are these fine wines of the Rhone to be had upon its banks. Wretched was the stuff which was brought to us as Hermitage of ‘*La première qualité*,’ much to Lord Lumbercourt’s disappointment and dismay.

The Roman bridges of the Pont d’Esprit and the Pont du Garde, which we afterwards visited near Nismes, amply repaid us for all our troubles.

At Orange we saw the noble marble triumphal arch—the first monument I ever beheld of

the power and the magnificence of the ancient Romans. Its date is unknown—the triumphs it was destined to commemorate forgotten. Tradition assigns it to the victories of Marius over the Cimbri.—But neither of the great battles with those barbarians took place at or even near this spot—nor does the sculpture seem to be of the Republican age. On two of the sides, the beautiful bas reliefs which adorn it are in excellent preservation.—The fine remains of a Roman Theatre here, are so choaked up with prisons, paltry shops, and dwellings, hovels, out-houses, dunghills, and dirt of every description, that they can be only very imperfectly viewed.—O! this nation of vain and arrogant pretensions to taste—with how many offences against it may it not be charged!

“Night brought us, through intolerable roads, to the ‘Hotel de Petrarque et de Laure,’ at the little town of L’Isle, near Vaucluse, where we were regaled with quails, and with the ‘Ecrivisses de la Sorgue’—made into a sort of pasty or dish, for which this place is famous—and moreover we had the greater regale of good beds.

“A ‘league du pays,’ above four miles through a wild, bare, dreary, unpromising waste, led us to the vale of Vaucluse, for ever consecrated by the genius of Petrarch.—We wound down a short declivity, and beheld—

Fra 'duo poggi siede ombrosa valle,

Through which the deep crystalline waters of the rushing Sorgue ;—still the same

Rapido fiume che di alpestre vena, &c. &c.

dashes round the base of a tremendous precipice of solid rock, crowned by the ruins of a castle, at the base of which, and encircled by the river, stands the little village of Vaucluse, with its rural bridge, its olive mill, its old moss-covered church, and its humble cottages—enlivened by a meadow of the brightest verdure. The broad spreading fig-trees, with their ripened fruit, the vines clinging round the maple and mulberry, covering their foliage from top to bottom with curling tendrils, and rich purple clusters of grapes—the rapid course of the Sorgue, and the singular forms and gigantic masses of the steep towering precipices of rock—

formed one of the most striking scenes imagination can picture. It was impossible, without some emotions of enthusiasm, to behold the scenes immortalized by Petrarch, in the most touching strains of poetry—the

Valle, che di lamenti miei se piena,
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
 Fere silvestre, vaghi augelli e pesci
 Che l' una e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
 Aria de' miei sospir calda e serena ;
 Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci !
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci
 Ov' ancor per usanza amor mi mena.

“ But the ‘dolce sentier’—like all other paths of pleasure, terminated too soon. The vale of Vacluse is short and winding, and our steps were speedily arrested by the sight of that tremendous perpendicular barrier of rock which closes it, and from which rushes the fountain of Vacluse. At a height from which the lark, as she soars, is scarcely visible, and to which the eye, immediately below, can scarcely reach—towers the summit of this adamantine precipice ; and from the depths of the hidden cavern at its base—said to be unfathomable—

spring up, foaming into day, the waters of the pure green translucent Sorgue, and dash down the vale at once a full-born mighty stream.—A wild fig tree, springing horizontally from the rock, marks the highest point, to which the impetuous waters of the fountain rise. How often had Petrarch gazed upon it!—How often had the name of ‘Laura,’ breathed in the new born accents of immortal verse, mingled with the rushing of those enchanted waters!—But I will spare you all sentiment—and any more description. The pure bright green colour of this crystalline river is very singular, at least I never saw any at all resembling it. Need I say that we visited the humble house of Petrarch, which stands by the side of the stream, at the base of the precipice crowned by the ruined castle—anciently the residence of the proud Bishops of Cavaillon. The white-washed walls of his chamber are ornamented with old portraits of Petrarch and Laura.—We visited the laurel in his garden—said to have sprung from one of those he apostrophised so beautifully

Così creca 'l bel lauro in fresca riva.

Seated beside it, we eat the ripe grapes from his vines, and drank to his memory in the crystal waters of the fountain.

Having wandered

Per alti monti e per selve aspre trovo
Qualche riposo.

I seated myself like the poet, 'sopra l' erba verda,' and by the side of the 'acqua chiara,' beneath the shade of an aged pine tree, which I pleased myself with fancying might be the very spot of the valley Petrarch alludes to

Ove porge ombra un pino alto ad un colle.
Talor m' arresto ;

while enjoying myself here, with Petrarch in my hand, many were the serious warnings Lord Lumbercourt gave me, of the danger of catching cold by sitting on the damp grass.—But alas !—little did his Lordship know how much more damp was the fate that awaited himself—for in an evil hour, in attempting to follow me over the river upon some stepping stones—his foot slipped, and he fairly tumbled into the water, from which he was extricated by 'Gregory'—on whom he

loudly called—and other assistants: not however without being completely soused. A change of dry clothes from his carriage, and a blazing wood fire in Petrarch's kitchen, were immediately resorted to—and being once more restored to comfort, I sought to console him by the assurance that having been immersed in the waters of the Fountain of Vaucluse,—these '*chiara fresche e dolci acque*,'—he must be henceforward so deeply imbued with the genius of Petrarch—that all the springs of Helicon would fall short of such inspiration. But in vain was such consolation;—not to have been Petrarch himself would he, I am sure, have been reconciled to such a plunge. A glass of Eau de vie proved a much more effectual restorative. Still he could not forget his submersion, and during the whole day, and for many days after, did it form a principal subject of his conversation. Returning from Vaucluse on the direct road to Avignon, we crossed the broad white shingly ugly channel of the Durance, so famed in the lays of the Troubadours. No vestige of Laura remains at Avignon, the house has long since been destroyed, and her tomb was washed

away by an inundation. Avignon is the ghost, or spectre of a great city—grass growing in every street—no human being to be seen—the pavement echoing to our own hollow tread—the once splendid palaces deserted and tenantless.—Short as was our stay in it, it was longer than it deserved, and we returned to Lyons,—(you may be sure by land)—with all possible speed—excepting that we went round by Nismes—where the beautiful ruins of the Roman Temples far surpassed the high expectations which prints and descriptions had raised in our minds. They are wholly unrivalled by any remains of antiquity on this side the Alps.”

CHAPTER VI.

SEPARATION AND SWITZERLAND.

When young blue eyes so softly bright,
Diffuse benignly liquid light,
Ev'n age can see the smiling loves
And roguish Cupid's melting doves,
And raptur'd shrines in such a case,
Love's mercy seat and throne of grace.

Shine but on age,—you melt its snow,
Again fires long extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquifies.

GREEN.

O Switzerland ! thou lov'd romantic land !

EXTRACT

FROM

LETTER V.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

*“ Sans Pareil, on the Lake of Geneva,
near Lausanne, July 11th, 1816.*

“ You desire to know what I seriously think
of Lord Lumbercourt. Seriously ! Let me

consider !—Seriously then, I think him a very serious man. He is likewise a sensible man, and I am inclined to think him, on the whole, a very good sort of man—but withal he is somewhat dull. He is as heavy as lead.—He has a great deal of slow sense, sober judgment, and solid understanding—but not one spark of wit, imagination, taste, or talent. He can decide most correctly upon any tangible subject, or any plain absolute matter of fact ; but he will discern nothing that requires acuteness, penetration, ingenuity, or tact. After all, this solid judgment, that people extol so much, is certainly a powerful thing, but its mighty momentum, like a huge roller, wants the light lever of a little ready wit, to set it into action. People of strong slow judgment and capacity, like Lord Lumbercourt, perceive what is set before them, the outward face of the matter—but very often no more. They want penetration and tact, to discern, what the instinctive eye of talent instantly discovers, and their indolence of mind as well as slowness, prevents their exercising that labour of investigation—which alone could

supply their deficiency in acuteness and power of discrimination. But Lord Lumbercourt is really a man of strong understanding and high principle; and as far as indolence will allow him, kind-hearted and benevolent; though every thing that affects his personal ease and convenience, or physical enjoyment, is of the last importance to him—and like all those ponderous sort of persons he is very fond of good eating and drinking. I am sorry to say he has got a fit of the gout, whether in consequence of the cold air of the *Côche d' Eau*, or the cold water of the *Sorgue*, I cannot say—but I really am sorry for it.—I pity a poor helpless man, laid up alone in a comfortless hotel, in a foreign country, without a single resource in himself, without a friend near him, and without a soul to look after him except ‘Gregory,’ who is, upon all occasions, a much more useful and important appendage to his Lordship than his own right hand.—I pity him much, Georgiana,—and ‘pity you know is akin to love.’—Love! that word excites all your curiosity. I see your eager enquiring look—you know not how to frame the question in words

—but I divine it. Already have you settled in your own mind, that he is in love with me. You know indeed that I am not in love with him—but what of that?—You want to know, since I pity him, whether I will not marry him out of pure compassion—make myself a Peeress out of mere tenderness of heart—and jump into possession of fifteen thousand a-year out of the excess of my generous disinterestedness.

“If I do, I must volunteer this heroic act of self-immolation—which will, I suppose, make it more heroical still. I must make the offer to him—for out of the excess of his modesty, I presume, he has made no such offer to me—nor indeed any offer at all—which I know is what you want to be at—and instead of suffering under the pangs of love—he is suffering under the pangs of the gout—which I take it are much the more acute of the two.

“And now, my dear Georgy, that I have told you what you *said* you wanted to know so much—viz. my opinion of Lord Lumbercourt—I will tell you what you want to know still more—his opinion of me. Know then, that

he thinks me a very strange—but somewhat amusing sort of creature. I serve to please him, just as a rattle does a child. It makes it open its eyes and prick up its ears, and laugh—it scarcely knows why, just as I do Lord Lumbercourt. I give him sensation—and he will therefore miss me much more than more important things. He may say of me, as Prince Henry said of Falstaff—

I could have better spared a better man.”

* * * * *

We must here beg leave to interrupt the young lady.—Lord Lumbercourt certainly could better have spared any body. It very frequently happens that quiet grave persons of dull spirits, are the most pleased with the society of those whose gaiety and vivacity would seem the most at variance with their own character.—But it by no means always happens that the predilection is mutual. It was not Caroline St. Clair’s grace or beauty that attracted Lord Lumbercourt—for he had seen thousands more beautiful—and

his heart was case-proof against the attractions of pretty girls;—it was her lively powers of conversation, her unfailing spirits, her unconquerable good humour, her indifference about personal convenience, her warmth of feeling, her sweetness of disposition, her witty remark, her inexhaustible resource, and the perfect ease and simplicity of her open and generous character. He saw and felt that she was conscious of having nothing to conceal—that she was natural because undesigning;—and that, unlike some young ladies of the present day, whose sole aim in all they do, and say, and think, is to get married—she was not thinking of the matter. The sunshine of her smile, and the laughing light of her dark blue eye, had a charm for Lord Lumbercourt beyond the most splendid array of dazzling beauty and displayed accomplishments he had ever beheld; and she had engrossed his whole thoughts—seized his whole affections, and made him as much in love as a man of fifty can possibly be—long before she left him in solitary dullness at Lyons, to groan under the gout and sigh for the lost charms of her lively society.

Having now taken upon us to elucidate certain particulars, which our heroine could not or would not so well explain herself, (not that we would presume to hint that she had the remotest suspicion of the matter),—we shall now, having thus faithfully fulfilled our duty as careful commentators, allow her to resume the thread of her own story.

* * * * * * *

“Our affecting parting being over, we proceeded on our journey.

“The road from Lyons, till the grand defile of the Jura admits you into Switzerland, is as dull and monotonous as the rest of France—not a single tree to be seen. But the sublime pass of Fort l’Ecluse, where the mighty waters of the Rhone are condensed into a channel of scarcely twenty feet—the celebrated Perte du Rhone, where it is wholly lost to your sight, and the whole woody and highly picturesque scenery from thence to Geneva was truly delightful.—But Geneva is a vile place—not so dirty but nearly as ugly as any of the French towns. It differs, however, from every town—it is to be

hoped,—in having huge ungainly projections from the roofs of its houses, five stories high, sticking far out into the streets, propped up by long slim poles, presenting an indescribably mean and awkward appearance. Its dull disagreeable streets are carefully shut out from all view of the lake—or of any thing but their own intrinsic dullness and deformity; and as to the Rhone issuing from the lake in a narrow confined spot, hemmed up by dirty mills, nothing can be less romantic or beautiful—whatever extravagant ecstasies certain poets and tourists may chuse to fall into at the sight of it;—though certainly ‘the water,’ as Lord Byron says, ‘is blue,’ as far as that goes.

“But if the town is hideous, the country is enchanting. Certainly going from France into Switzerland, is like passing through purgatory to get to paradise. And Switzerland is an earthly paradise. The majestic trees, the verdant fields, the blooming enclosures, the deep blue waters of the wide expanded lake, its richly cultivated shores, with picturesque cottages, cheerful country houses, sweet villages and hamlets reposing on

its banks ;—the woods, the rocks, the half-seen opening vallies—the lofty mountains—the Alps in all the majesty of nature—the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows.—No ! vainly should I seek to give you an idea of this land of surpassing beauty !—All that is lovely, romantic, glorious, and sublime in the works of nature, are combined in these scenes of varied enchantment !

“ Nothing can be more animated than the scenery of Switzerland. The whole country is overspread with rural habitations. Here you see the wealthy substantial farm house, compactly built of wood, with its steep projecting roof, covered with wooden shingles, secured with poles and stones—unpainted, but well varnished with its own native brown coat of exuded resin ; perchance carved over with quaint texts of scripture, and always sheltered under venerable umbrageous walnut trees—from the fruit of which the peasants extract their oil.—Turn aside, and there, in a deep pastoral valley, at the base of some beetling mountain, which seems to threaten its humble roof with the

terrific avalanche—stands a sweet lowly cottage, filled with busy inmates, and surrounded with every appearance of rural labour and contentment. —High above, perched on some ærial summit, accessible only to the shepherd and the chamois, you behold the Alpine Chalet, or mountain dairy, tenanted only in summer, while the cows are grazing on the hills.

All the Swiss passionately love the country. Every gentleman has a *Câmpagne*, or country house, in which he spends the whole summer and generally indeed the greatest part of the year; and though perhaps not always in the best taste, these Swiss *Câmpagnes* have an air of habitation, of neatness, cheerfulness, and happiness about them, which forms a striking contrast to the *triste*, miserable, dilapidated and deserted Chateaux of France.

In fact, to the French, Paris alone is enjoyment—the country is a desert. They live only in a crowd, and in public—they delight in show and dissipation—their great study is effect—and their superlative felicity consists in attracting admiration and making a sensation. Now this can

only be done amongst strangers—consequently the French labour more to please the world—that is the mass of their acquaintance; the Swiss live more for their families and friends. The Swiss are far more domestic and retired in their habits, and more attached to all the pursuits and pleasures which make home happy. They are far more like the English. They are fond of gardening, and walking, and riding;—of reading, and drawing, and music;—of study, and science, and literature.

“The Swiss women are generally well educated and well informed—and by no means display that excessive personal vanity and passionate love of dress and admiration—which characterise the French. Need I say that they are much more moral in their conduct.*

* On this point, which has been warmly disputed, one very conclusive fact may be cited. The proportion of illegitimate births in France averages “one in eleven or even more;” in Switzerland it is only “one in fifty-seven in the towns; and in the country one in ninety-four.”

Vide Simond's Switzerland, vol. 1, p. 51.

“Mrs. Cleveland’s mother, you know, was a Swiss lady, and we have been staying with two Swiss families, relations of hers, ever since we arrived in this delightful country, so that we are completely domesticated with the Swiss, and have had full opportunity of seeing their domestic characters and habits—*au fond*.

“In a day or two we are to remove to a delightful Câmpagne, or villa near Lausanne, which Colonel Cleveland has taken for the summer, and which justly merits its name of ‘Belle Vûe.’

“Perhaps you would like to know something of the minutiae of our daily life, as it passes with our amiable Swiss friends the Delemonts. We breakfast alone, for the family hour of breakfast is much too early for Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland; and indeed with the Swiss, like the French, breakfast is a very slight affair, consisting of little more than a cup of coffee, and is scarcely considered as a meal. All the morning the mistress of the house is sedulously employed in attending to her domestic concerns, and in superintending the education of her daughters.

We dine at three, a late hour for this country. Coffee immediately succeeds; and after a little lively talk, the party usually disperse—some to amusement—some to study or employment. In the evening we take a walk, and always prolong it till the last golden hues of sunset have faded behind the mountains. At night we all assemble to tea—or rather to the *Gôûter* as the evening repast is called—which consists of a sort of mixture of tea and light supper. Bread, butter, and cakes of various kinds—sweetmeats, pastry, ripe fruit, and confectionary, overspread the tea-table—and a very pleasant banquet it invariably proves. The family circle is almost always unexpectedly enlarged, at this re-union, by some friends dropping in,—for the Swiss, and indeed all foreigners, very sensibly make their calls upon each other in the evening, instead of breaking in upon the pursuits of the morning—like the English, to the mutual annoyance of the visitor and visited. After the tea-table is cleared, the party amuse themselves with needle-work, music, conversation, chess, &c. as they please—and separate at the hour of repose.

“ In winter, the Soirées or evening parties, are very frequent—and the amusements consist of music, dancing, cards, conversation, &c. I am inclined to suspect they are rather dull. At least in the few Swiss parties I have seen, there seems to reign an extraordinary degree of stiffness and constraint—the ladies seated in a formal circle, as used to be the custom in England fifty years ago, can only converse with their next neighbour, and the gentlemen keeping in a close knot together, without courage to break this chilling spell, talk of politics—or some subject purely masculine.—This icy reserve and formality in their parties, present a striking contrast to the ease and gaiety of their social domestic circle. But I ought not to judge of Swiss Soirées, because, at this season, every one being in the country, there are few regular parties. I am certainly disposed—very illiberally you will say—to attribute the superior morality and good habits of the Swiss to the Protestant religion.—Of the Catholic Cantons I have yet seen nothing—but do we not invariably see, in all Protestant

countries, the superior state of morals—in England, Scotland, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Sweden;—and their degradation in France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal? Though a Protestant country, however, Sunday is not kept here in the same strict manner as with us. After the time of divine service, recreation seems to be the universal object of all ranks—and you will be shocked to hear, that cards are often played on Sunday evenings, even in the houses of the most pious and orthodox Swiss Protestants. Yet it is not a day of labour, or a mere holiday;—a day in which religion has little or no share, as in France;—neither is it a day devoted to brutal debauchery, or gloomy ascetical privations, in one of which extremes it is unfortunately too often spent by the labouring classes in England. Indeed, even among the middling and higher classes in our own country, who keep Sunday strictly, I have often observed that it is felt to be a dull day—and spent in listless idleness, and yawning conversation;—as if rational employment and innocent enjoyment were not more consonant to the spirit of the gospel, and the

benevolence of the Divine Being, than sluggish indolence and gloomy dullness. The Evangelical sect, indeed, think that Sunday ought to be entirely devoted to religious exercises.—But the bow cannot be always bent—the mind cannot dwell for ever on religious abstraction with advantage—neither is it required of us. Our Saviour expressly tells us, we shall not be heard for our ‘much speaking’—and prescribes to us the shortest and most simple, yet most comprehensive form of prayer that ever was framed;—while he especially forbids us to ‘use long prayers as the Pharisees do—and vain repetitions.’ The fervent prayer of true devotion, breathed from the heart in few and unstudied words, we are taught to believe will be heard at the throne of grace, while hours spent in mere formal lip-worship, will be unavailing. Sunday here seems divided between religious duties and innocent amusement—and though I certainly disapprove of cards, and think them a very unfit mode of employing Sunday, I cannot see that innocent recreations—such for instance as are practised in England on Christmas Day—would be at all

unbecoming the evening of the day of rest, of rejoicing and of thanksgiving—when its serious duties were performed. In short, I think *gambling* a very good thing—but *gambling* a very bad one.

“ But the party are all ready to set off on an excursion by water, across the Lake to the rocks of Meillerie—where we are to dine—and eat cold ham and chickens very sentimentally, in honour of Julia and Rousseau—so adieu !”

EXTRACT

FROM

LETTER VI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

“ Martigny, July 18th, 1816.

“ We have had several delightful expeditions among the lakes and mountains of this romantic country, either on mules, or in a Char à banc alias a Char à côté, a merry little vehicle—something like one half of an inside Irish jaunting car, the seat being sideways, and hung so low that you can step out and in without stopping the horse. It is in fact the only description of carriage that is adapted to this mountainous country. Seated in one of these conveyances, fancy Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland—and in another Mademoiselle Delemont and myself, all setting off from Lausanne, in the dawn of a beautiful summer morning, for the great St. Bernard, and the vale of Chamouni, an excursion of ten days. Not an attendant of

any kind with us,—for there is no plague among the Alps equal to ladies' maids; and gentlemen's gentlemen are not much better. Leaving these incumbrances behind, we trotted along a narrow paved road, which lay through the vineyards by the side of the lake, but far above its level, enjoying the magnificent prospect of the mountains of Savoy, and the rocks and woods of Meillerie, on the opposite shore. We passed through Vevay, and climbed up a long hill to visit Clarens, which ill repaid our labour—for notwithstanding all the rhapsodies of Rousseau, echoed by Lord Byron in praise of its beauty and enchantment—it is one of the poorest and ugliest villages in Switzerland: and the *Chateau de Julie*, the house where Julia herself lived—is the most common, vulgar, bourgeoisie looking place you ever beheld—stuck upon the top of the hill, without a tree to shade, or a spot of turf to grace it.—One cannot conceive it possible that it could ever be inhabited by any person of taste. But these poets are sad story tellers! Conceive how I strained my longing eyes for the first view of the Castle of Chillon—expecting from

Lord Byron's description, to see an ancient Gothic Castle frowning over the Lake—with its towers, its battlements, and fortifications!—What was my disappointment to be shewn a mean paltry modern tenement on the water's edge, with whitewashed walls, a red tiled roof, and plain ordinary dwelling-house windows!—I could scarcely believe my senses.—Certainly never was the name of 'Castle' so misapplied. Neither is 'the dungeon' a dungeon,—inasmuch as we found it full of fresh air, and the sun shining into it. It is very lofty, and the walls 'and the floor so damp' of 'this dark vault,' were perfectly dry as well as light.—most certainly it is *not* 'below the surface of the lake,' much less could they have heard the water 'knocking over their heads,'—and really, considering that it is a prison, I think it is rather an agreeable one. I know that I should prefer it very much myself to Newgate or Bridewell—the only two places of the sort with the interior of which I am acquainted. To me the view of the mountains and woods, and lake—with the 'white sails' skimming past—which

the prisoner enjoyed by mounting up to 'the barr'd windows'—would have been a great recommendation ;—and surely it must have been an amusement to him to see that

The fish swim by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all.

Not to mention the 'small green isle,' with 'the three tall trees upon it.' But talking of trees reminds me of Lord Byron's indignation about a few trees at Clarens—(where he says all 'the trees take root in love,') but those few trees—which were dignified by the name of 'Le bosquet de Julie,' were, it seems, uprooted 'long ago, by the *brutal selfishness* of the Monks of St. Bernard, to whom the ground appertained—in order to enclose a vineyard for these 'miserable drones of an execrable superstition.' How disgraceful is such intemperate abuse of these poor monks—who have scarcely any other possession than this little spot of ground—and no other for a vineyard ! They use it to make wine indeed—but it is only to pour it into the sinking heart of the poor traveller, perishing

amidst Alpine storms—and to save whom, they brave danger and death, sacrificing youth and health, and social enjoyment—voluntarily submitting to solitary exile amidst the horrors of eternal winter—and cheerfully enduring such poverty, privation, and hardship, as religion alone could strengthen them to support ! Yet this life of severe self-denial and active virtue, could not save them from being stigmatized as the ‘miserable drones of an execrable superstition,’ and guilty of ‘brutal selfishness!’ And this merely because they once cut down a few of their own trees ! Should Lord Byron himself ever ascend St. Bernard, he must be indebted to the aid and hospitality of these ‘miserable drones’—for without it he would inevitably perish.* I speak feelingly on this subject, having been myself, as you will hereafter see, saved by their active humanity from perishing in the Alpine storms. But to proceed.

* The whole of this passage was written before Lord Byron paid the debt of nature.—But truth forbids that it should be cancelled—while his illiberal censure remains in a work so widely disseminated through the world—as his poems.

“ At Villeneuve we left the head of the lake, where the Rhone falls into it, and slept at Bex—an excellent inn—the best in Switzerland. We were silly enough to go and explore some neighbouring salt ‘mines,’—as they call them—but instead of crystalline chambers and transparent columns of spar, as our fancy had represented—we found nothing but dirt and salt water—from a subterraneous spring of which the salt is prepared. How desirable it would be to call things by their right names!

“ I spare you all description of our journey next day, though we passed through the curious rocky pass of St. Maurice, where the valley of the Rhone, confined within two enormous precipices, is crossed by the single arch of the Roman bridge of St. Maurice, two hundred feet in length, thrown from the Dent de Morcles to the Dent du Midi—though we travelled up the Valais, of which such enraptured descriptions have been written—and though we actually saw the beautiful waterfall—with the truly elegant name of the Pisse-Vâche. We arrived early at the little uncomfortable inn of Martigny, where we slept. Just as we were going to bed, our fat

landlady walked into the room, declaring that two English gentlemen had just arrived, who required that I should give up my room to them.—Colonel Cleveland flew into a rage at this impudent demand, and forthwith a bitter battle ensued between him and this old virago—which was at length appeased by my insisting upon resigning the disputed apartment to these two most courteous knights ;—having first ascertained that there really was no other bed in the house for them, and that my apartment, in case of need, contained two.—To me the inconvenience was nothing, as Mademoiselle Delemont gave me a share of her bed. Her room adjoined that which I relinquished, and of which the two gentlemen speedily took possession, and, according to the custom of the country, sat down in it to eat their supper.—So thin was the wooden partition that divided the two rooms, that it was impossible not to hear every word they said. One of the voices I instantly recognised—(who do you think it was, Georgiana ?—guess !)—and their conversation, which at first was upon the events of the day—

at length turned upon their own private concerns, and became so interesting, that no noise or sound I could make seemed to make them sensible of my near vicinity. Mademoiselle Delemont had fallen fast asleep; but as I could not submit to act the part of a listener to a confidential conversation between two friends—which, however, I would have given the world to have heard—I summoned courage, at last, to rap against the wainscot, and request them to speak lower. I spoke in French, in order to spare them the uneasiness of supposing that they had been overheard by an English ear. I never remember doing any act of virtue that cost such an effort of resolution, and yet I felt as much ashamed of it—I scarcely know why—as if it had been the most audacious action possible.—It was well they could not see me, for I felt my face burn like fire—and my heart beat as if it would come out of my side. They spoke to me very politely in return several times,—but having, in answer to the fear they first expressed of having disturbed me—uttered a laconic and scarcely articulate ‘non Monsieur,’ I spoke no more.

“Of course what I did overhear of this interesting conversation, I must not tell to any one, not even to you my dear sister,—and if I did, the mountain would produce a mouse. One thing only I may tell you, that they were not speaking either of you or me.—‘But what then,’ you will say, ‘could have interested you so much in it? Was it?’—It is in vain to ask—I answer nothing :—and now cruelly leaving you devoured with curiosity, which you know^d is destined never to be gratified—any more than my own,—for I heard enough only to excite curiosity, not to satisfy it I have only to say—good night.”

Having great sympathy with the disease of curiosity, with which we are many times grievously afflicted ourselves, we have compassion upon that of the reader, and therefore take upon ourselves to relieve it by the information, that the conversation which these two gentlemen were holding, when the fair Caroline so self-denyingly warned them to desist, or at least talk in a lower key ;—seemed to relate to some project of marriage which the gentleman she did not know, seemed to be earnestly pressing upon

him she did know, and whom she had at once recognized. This said project did not seem much to the taste of her acquaintance, although he spoke in high terms of the fair lady that was recommended by his friend. Her surname was not mentioned, though her christian name the ears of Caroline plainly heard was 'Susan.' And this 'Susan' the unknown was strongly urging his friend to marry without delay.

"You will marry her some time, Lindsay, and why not now? You say you have no preference for any other woman—you never have had a mistress, nor any foolish low entanglement, nor low attachment of any sort; and you, who could never look on a woman with the eye of desire, except she were possessed of elegance and refinement—why on earth should you hesitate now to marry a charming woman, whom you have so long admired and esteemed—who is so much attached to you, and in every respect so deserving of you? Your Father, whose strongest desire is that you should marry"—

At this moment, Caroline succeeded in interrupting their conversation, before she learnt

more. Why she should be interested in the gentleman's sentiments or projects on the head of matrimony we cannot say—further than that we have always remarked that the subjects of love and marriage are universally the most interesting to all young ladies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAIN AND MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

Loud roar'd the tempest, the night was descending,
Alone, o'er the mountain, a fair maid was wending ;
Long has she wander'd, her sinking heart fearing,
Wild rolls her eye, but no help is appearing ;
No kind star of light through the dark sky is beaming,
No glimpse of the cliff where the watch-fire is gleaming.

Anonymous.

It was a friar of orders grey,
Went forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in pilgrim's weeds.

Then stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Within this cloister wall ;
See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

Ballad.

LETTER VII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

“ Convent of St. Bernard, July 19.

“ BEFORE day break this morning, I was
roused by the bustle our neighbours made in

rising—and being determined, since I was thus prevented from sleeping myself, that nobody else should sleep in peace—I got up, awakened Mademoiselle Delemont, knocked at Mrs. Cleveland's door, and made that necessary clamour for breakfast, without which we have long since found that breakfast is not to be had. In spite of all my exertions, however, and the neighing or braying the mules made at the door—prophecically foretelling, I suppose, in the mule tongue, the evils that were to follow our delay—it was long past seven o'clock, a very late hour for beginning a Swiss journey, before we actually set off—mounted for the first time in our lives upon mules, each mule adorned with bells, which kept up such a tinkling that we could not hear ourselves speak—especially as the stupid animals cannot be induced to go in any other fashion than in a long string one behind another—so that, however large the party, you might almost as well be alone, except for the conversation of the guides, who walk by your side, and are extremely intelligent, entertaining, and indeed well mannered. We had not pro-

ceeded far, before Mrs. Cleveland stopped to exchange mules with her husband, being frightened at the refractoriness of her own. The exchange was accordingly effected, one of the guides keeping close to her bridle, and leading her mule over every bad step. But we had not advanced two hundred yards further, when she again called out,—‘ Good God! Oswald, I shall be killed! Let me get off.’—and off she got in a moment. ‘ There is no managing these horrid mules,’ she exclaimed.

“ Colonel Cleveland laughed, and said,— ‘ It is all from want of practice, my love.—If you had had a mule to manage all this time, instead of such a docile animal as *me*—you would have been quite up to it.’

“ ‘ I think, Adeline,’ I said, ‘ it partly arises from your managing the mule too much. It is in vain attempting to manage these sort of animals at all. Let them have their own way entirely—and you will get on.’

“ ‘ Get on! I shall be thrown off!—It is such a vicious skittish brute,—the more I hold it in the worse it behaves.’

“Perhaps that is the very reason, thought I,—but I said—‘Well then, suppose you change with me—I’m sure mine is quiet enough, at least.’

“‘But I don’t like to break your neck any more than my own, Caroline.’

“‘O ! never mind that ; I think I should like your’s better than this.’—Accordingly we exchanged steeds—as it proved, much to our mutual satisfaction. But Mrs. Cleveland found the side-saddles so uneasy, and the pace of the mules so fatiguing, that she was still only able to proceed at a foot’s pace ;—and we had not proceeded many miles further, before another misadventure, arising from another mule’s misbehaviour, occurred.—As we were crossing a mountain stream, Mademoiselle Delemont’s mule, probably in order to cool itself, for the day was intensely hot—very deliberately laid itself down in the deepest part, without seeming, in the least to advert to the trifling circumstance of her being upon its back—and began to roll itself in the water, apparently much to its own satisfaction. By the activity of the guides, she was instantly

rescued, without any other damage than being completely soused over head ;—and she was the first to laugh at her own irresistibly laughable, but extremely disagreeable adventure. It was doubly distressing, because not one of the party had brought any clothes whatever, excepting what were necessary for the night. The water into which she had fallen, flowed immediately from a glacier, consequently was literally as cold as ice. She had previously been extremely heated, and she now turned as pale as marble—her teeth chattered in her head, and she trembled from head to foot. Having sent Colonel Cleveland and the guides quite out of sight, and retreated with her behind a rock, I persuaded her instantly to let me pull off all her dripping clothes, and to put on the change of linen and stockings she had provided for the next morning, and having made over to her one of my own petticoats—by which means we had each one—I composed for her a close upper garment in a minute, of a large cloth cloak, which luckily had sleeves, sewed up in front, (you see the good of always carrying a needle and thread), which I

had hung over my mule's back, as a protection for myself against the polar climate of St. Bernard at night. Her long wet hair we tucked up under a night cap, upon the top of which was stuck one of the guide's hats—and thus curiously equipped, she again mounted the delinquent mule, and we proceeded on our way.

“We stopped at the first cottage we came to, which was the little Alpine inn or *chalêt* at St. Branchier. There we got poor *Mademoiselle Delemont's* wet clothes dried,—made her swallow some hot spirits and water, and there we all dined—if dinner a repast could be called, which consisted of fine mountain strawberries and cream, bread and milk, cheese, butter, and eggs. At length we set off again, and being advised by the guides to push on as fast as possible, to escape the peril of being benighted amongst the rocks and snows which lay hid between us and the Hospice of St. Bernard, I led the way with my mule, which was by far the most brisk animal in the party. We proceeded at a tolerable rate till after we passed the hamlet St. Pierre, and soon after-

wards the region of all human habitation. The narrow path now became more steep and rugged at every step—in many parts it was almost precipitous. At length all traces of any track ceased. I stopped and gazed around—but I was alone ; no human being was near me—and the savage rocks, rearing their gigantic points amidst the vast imbedded masses of snow, that seemed as if they had lain unmoved from creation, and the white summits of the frozen Alps, towering far above them, now dimly seen through the fast gathering stormy clouds, that darkened the closing sky—were the only objects that met my view. The roar of the milk white torrent of the glacier, and the wild scream of the eagle as it passed me at a vast distance, seeking the refuge of its inaccessible eyrie—were the only sounds that met my ear. I stopped—expecting every moment that my companions, who I supposed were almost close behind me, would come up. But the rocks and winding path made it impossible to see any part of the path I had come. I listened—but heard no sound of their approach. The blackness of the

heavens spread all around, excepting where one spot of deep angry red from the now sunk sun, shot a stormy glare that looked awfully portentous. In a few minutes darkness seemed all at once to overwhelm me—the clouds descended around me—and a tremendous blast, rushing down from the very summit of the Alps, and driving before it a furious storm of snow and hail, whirled around my head. I really felt appalled—my blood froze in my veins with cold and horror, and the icy chill of the piercing wind penetrated my very soul. I did not doubt that I had wandered from the path, and lost myself amidst the impassible heights of the Alps. I remembered something like a path I had passed, that diverged from what seemed to me then the right one—which I now fancied I should have taken, and I was confirmed in this belief by my companions not coming up—although I had stood there many minutes—which then seemed to me as many ages. Nor did I see any thing of the houses of refuge, which I remembered to have heard were built in every passage of the Alps for the shelter of the perishing

traveller. Convinced I had lost the road, and anxious to regain my companions, I instantly attempted to turn back, but in vain. The mule resolutely refused to face about, and stood immovable as a pillar of rock, wholly unmindful of my exertions with the whip and bridle. I found, too, that I could not, for a moment, face the fury of the blast, which was behind me, so that I had no alternative but to stand still and perish of cold—or go on, and probably break my neck. I chose the latter, and abandoned myself entirely to the guidance of the mule—who I had no doubt had often been at the convent of St. Bernard before—and might, I hoped, in his sagacity, find his way to it again—as the only chance of saving myself in the horrors of this storm. I was rejoiced to see him prick up his ears, and set forward with considerable spirit, but darkness thickened around us, and the tempest increased in fury. The mule now tottered among broken slippery rocks—now plunged into the drifting snow—from which it extricated itself with great difficulty. But what was my horror, when I suddenly found by the

motion, that the animal was going down a steep declivity—‘Down! down to destruction!’ I thought—for well did I know that St. Bernard was on the very pinnacle of the Alps, the highest habitation of the Old World—how then could the way to it be *down*? I convulsively grasped the bridle and stopped the mule—the next step might be my last—might precipitate me over a precipice, hidden by snows, into a bottomless abyss—on the very brink of which, perhaps, I now stood. I could not see one foot before me—yet what was to be done? To turn back was impossible—to stand still certain death: Cold, icy cold, had already benumbed my limbs and crept to my very heart—yet to go on—my very soul seemed to shrink from the horrible death that seemed to await me. The next step might plunge me into destruction! O, the horrors of that moment!—in solitude and darkness, and amidst the howling storm—alone—lost on the pathless precipices of the Alps! I called loudly and repeatedly for help—but no sound was returned except the redoubled roar of the storm. Desperately nerving myself with courage, I urged the

mule forward—expecting every uncertain step the animal made, would precipitate us to destruction. But still a few paces—still a few paces more—and then it stood stock still—snorting and immovable.

“Now—now I felt myself on the utmost slippery verge of that tremendous precipice—down which the smallest motion would hurl me to destruction. Shuddering with horror, my head turned giddy—and my senses nearly deserted me, as I still grasped the bridle, and determined to wait there for succour—in the faint hope that the assistance my friends would surely send out to seek me, as soon as they reached the convent, might find me before I perished. But cold, icy cold, seemed to freeze my blood, and I felt I could not long resist it. At that very moment, when despair seized me, I fancied I heard a human voice—I cried with the loud voice of despair—but in vain;—I listened again—no sound did I hear, and my heart sunk within me. All was silent. Then again I heard the sound—again I shouted repeatedly and incessantly—and after an interval

of agonizing suspense, voices—human voices behind me greeted my ear,—and two travellers on foot—attended by a guide, carrying a sort of horn lanthorn, came up to me. You may conceive my feelings—but no!—unless you had been on the mule's back yourself, you never could,—unless you had been like me, lost amidst pathless and inaccessible Alps, alone, in the darkness and horrors of that howling storm, and shuddering on the brink of that unseen precipice—unable either to retreat or advance a single step—you could not conceive my feelings,—when thus unexpectedly snatched from the instantaneously impending and horrible death which awaited me. And all this unutterable joy arose from the appearance of three men and a lanthorn,—which certainly at any other period of my life would not have afforded me a ray of satisfaction. They had not heard my cries—the blast which bore their voices to me, had swept mine away before it, from them—and their astonishment at the sight of me sitting upon my mule, alone in the dark, in such a storm—surpassed description. I found that I

was in the right road to St. Bernard—where they were going—and their lanthorn revealed to me that instead of being on the brink of a precipice, as I had concluded—I was stuck fast on the margin of a stream of water, now choked up with snow, which flowed at the bottom of that steep short declivity down which the mule had carried me—so much to my horror. But the animal showed his sagacity in not going into the bed of the brook, because he never could have got out again at that part of its channel, where it is usually crossed, from the drift of snow. The guide however of these travellers soon found a safe passage a little higher up.

“But my fears—relieved for myself—were now awakened for my friends, of whom this party had seen nothing, and I could not but fear that they had lost their way, and that some dreadful accident had befallen them. But I was re-assured, first by the assurance of the two gentlemen that they had come up the mountains in a different direction, having been geologising ; and had only joined the direct path from Martigny to St. Bernard, a little below this spot—so that

it was probable our party were still behind them—and next by their guide, who when he heard what men were with them,—declared that no mischief could possibly have befallen them with *Pierre* and *Jaques* for their guides.

Clearly the best thing we could do for them, was to endeavour to reach the convent as fast as possible, and send them out assistance. I wished to dismount and walk, being nearly frozen—but the guide recommended me to trust to the mule's feet rather than my own—the storm and snow drift rendering walking both difficult and dangerous; and sensible that I should materially retard their progress on foot, I retained my seat, though my benumbed limbs were nearly frozen. One of the gentlemen, whom I had immediately recognized, though he evidently took me for an entire stranger, walked close by my side, wrapped me in his cloak, of which he divested himself, and supported me the whole way, with the most attentive humanity. We had not gone far before the barking of dogs saluted our delighted senses—and the advance of two glimmering lights, and the shouts that

were interchanged on both sides assured us we were near the convent, from whence a party of Lay Brethren had come forth in the storm, with their dogs, to look out for unfortunate travellers. I intreated the good brothers to go forward to meet my friends, which they promised to do as soon as they had assisted us up the last ascent, rendered dangerous by the storm, to the convent—which, after a severe struggle with the fury of the elements, we at length accomplished in safety.

The Prior and Monks met us at the gate, and as the lights they bore flashed upon my face, I remember Mr. Lindsay exclaiming, as I was lifted from my mule—‘Good God, Miss St. Clair!’ I should have fallen upon the ground, my benumbed limbs being wholly unable to support me, if he had not caught me and supported me upon a chair—but I was not insensible, though nearly speechless.

‘Good heavens ! she is dying—she is dying! Help! help! water, Heathcote!’

His friend snatched from the table a horn full of cold water, and held it to my stiffened lips, but

I would swallow none of it, so he dashed it over my face, which sent a fresh chill through my benumbed frame. At length Mr. Lindsay called out for 'wine !'

'Brandy,' said the Prior, 'Brandy !' running into the room, with some hot brandy and water in his hand, which he put gradually into my lips with a teaspoon. Under this treatment I soon revived, and as soon as I could speak, I desired succour might be sent out to my friends, which was immediately done. The storm party however returned, in about half an hour, bringing with them Pierre, one of our guides whom they had met, and from whom we learnt, that alarmed at the tremendous threatening of the storm, Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland and Made-moiselle Delemont had turned back before they gained the Alpine region, where its fury reigned, and taken shelter for the night at the little châlet of St. Pierre. Their fears for me had been at least as acute as mine for them. The guide indeed seemed transported to find I had reached the convent in safety, for his alarm he assured me was excessive, at finding I had proceeded

forwards through the storm alone. But anxious to exculpate himself and his colleague from the apparent neglect of not taking better care of me, for which the two English gentlemen called him to account, he justly blamed the slowness of the other two ladies, by which we were benighted—and the impossibility of leaving the bridle of ‘Madame’s’ mule for a moment from her timidity, besides that one of the guides was constantly employed by Mademoiselle Delemont, who is a great botanist, in gathering plants for her from the rocks—and that they were burdened with a basket of wine for ‘M. le Colonel’—and with the baggage of ‘Madame sa femme ;’—so that it was impossible for either of them to leave the other ladies, or to come up with me, when I was once separated from them. He blamed my imprudence in advancing so far before them—which I had done inadvertently—since he observed if the ‘Chevaliers’ and their guide had not providentially overtaken me, I should in all probability have perished in a snow drift.

In an hour or two the storm abated, the tempestuous wind no longer howled round the

convent walls, but swept past in sullen moans. The courageous Jacques set off again on foot to St. Pierre, lighted by the waning moon which had now risen, to carry to my friends the news of my safety. I soon completely recovered—and after all my perils and sufferings, I passed an uncommonly pleasant evening—the very remembrance of my desolate condition amidst the pelting of the pitiless storm, perhaps giving tenfold zest to the blazing wood fire, on the ample hearth, and the hospitable supper-table in the refectory of the good Monks.—The Prior and one of the other three Monks, who supped with us, were men of very superior mind and information—unceasing flow of conversation, and the most polished and gentlemanly manners; much more like men of the world, imbued with the tone and air of good society, than solitary anchorites—living at the summit of the Alps, among the eternal snows of the Great St. Bernard.

Mr. Heathcote, whom I never saw before, seems to possess great abilities and knowledge, but not such brilliancy of talent and conversation as his friend Horace Lindsay, who I remember

was a particular favourite of yours and mine, which was by no means the case with all stars of fashion. But he was the favourite of all the world, excepting indeed of my mother, who never seemed to like him, and never invited him to the house, which, considering that he is the only son and heir of Lord Montford was rather surprising. I suppose she thought him unattainable.

It was certainly very strange, that a man whom I saw for the last time at Lady S——'s brilliant assembly, I should next meet in a snow storm on the Alps, and spend the evening with him in the convent of St. Bernard, at the very summit of the habitable world.— I was the only female, not only in the party, but in the convent. I cannot say, however, that this gave me any distress, nor even any embarrassment; and the singularity of our situation, the novelty of the society of the Monks, and the amusing conversation of the English travellers, made the evening pass so delightfully, that I was sorry when it was necessary for me to discover it to be time to retire to my own room.

I passed the night beneath a quilt of eider down—a light warm coverlet used in many parts of Germany and Switzerland as a necessary defence against the extreme cold of winter. This comfortable covering, I observe writers of travels always choose to call a feather bed, though it bears no resemblance to one—and they complain of being suffocated beneath it, while I only longed that this were larger, for it was rather too short, and that instead of one, I could have got three:—for so piercing was the cold, that any number would have been acceptable.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARMONY AND DISCORD.

Hark!—what harmony is this ;
Which strikes the list'ning sense ?

Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

GRAY.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt,
Ah me ! how is that rugged heart forlorn ;
Is there—who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ? BEATTIE.

LETTER VIII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Martigny, July 20.

HAVING inquired from the Prior before we separated for the night, the hour of matins, I attended them next morning in the Church of the Convent, grateful to have an opportunity

of joining in public worship—from this—the highest dwelling-place of the earth, consecrated to Him who made it—and offer up the fervent thanksgiving of my heart to that Almighty Power whose mercy had delivered me from the perils of the tempest of the night.

After service I accompanied the Prior, who is passionately fond of music—into the organ gallery—where, at his earnest request, I played and sung an anthem, and some sacred music. I found on leaving it, that Mr. Lindsay, and lastly Mr. Heathcote, had been my auditors—the sounds of the organ guiding them to the church on descending to the refectory. Mr. Lindsay expressed his surprise that he had never heard me sing or play in any of the musical parties in which we have met in London. I could not help laughing, and asked him ‘if he had ever thought upon any of those occasions—that he had not had enough of music!’

‘Enough—too much!—to perfect satiety of such mechanical performances as one is doomed to hear for ever in those assemblies—where every fair executor is emulously labouring to execute something so difficult—that as Dr.

Johnson said—one is sorry it is not impossible:—but of music—real music—music which speaks to the soul—I never can have enough. How can you answer it to your conscience, to rob the world of the exquisite enjoyment of hearing you sing ?’

‘If you think it is *exquisite*,’ I said, laughing, ‘it is because you hear it in this lofty church—and feel that you are listening to it in the convent of St. Bernard, on the summit of the Alps ! If you had heard it in a London drawing-room, you would have thought it just as tiresome as any of the music of which you complain so feelingly.’

‘Impossible!—do not traduce my taste and discrimination so much!—I should not be capable of feeling the heavenly enjoyment of true music if I could, in any situation, mistake what I have just heard for that laboured, tortured, artificial system of sounds—that passes for music.’

‘Music is indeed a heavenly enjoyment’—I replied. ‘It is the only thing on earth which even the imaginations of men have deemed worthy of having a place in heaven.’

Mr. Lindsay looked at me as if struck with the remark—at last he said—very seriously—
‘Yes—Miss St. Clair, there *is* one other thing on earth which the imaginations of men have placed in heaven—and without which there would be no heaven for us.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Woman! with whose enchanting form alone, our imagination peoples heaven.’

‘That is very flattering to us indeed,’ I said, laughing—‘but are there no men there?’

‘Why no—I never fancy any men there—I suppose men are converted into women before they can be admitted into heaven.’

‘Heaven keep me away from it then, I say,’ exclaimed Mr. Heathcote—‘I beg to decline that transformation.’

‘But don’t you fancy heaven full of angels of light, and cherubims, and seraphims?’ I enquired.

‘As to cherubims—I always fancy them little rosy chubby children—flying about in the air;—and as to seraphims, I have no very

clear idea about them—except that they are dressed in blue, and blowing trumpets.’

‘Like hussars’—said Mr. Heathcote.

‘And as for angels,’ continued Mr. Lindsay—not heeding him—‘with thousands and ten thousands of which the grand empyreal vault of heaven is peopled;—when we try to figure angels—our fancy only represents women—or rather some one woman—some being whose form and countenance realize all that our fondest fancy can paint of heaven.’

‘O Lord! Lord!’ exclaimed Mr. Heathcote—‘what stuff!’

‘Acknowledge its truth, Heathcote! you yourself, even you—rugged of soul as you are—must acknowledge that when you fancy angels, it is in the form of women.’

‘Well, if it is; all the evils and mischief in *this* world are caused by women—so it is but fair they should make some amends for it in the other.’

‘You wretch!—you monster!’—exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, ‘do *you* dare to vilify woman?—

do you presume to breathe a syllable against the power and purity of that benignant being who has civilized the world, and humanized man? Do not you allow that her blessed influence alone'—

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros?

‘But you are not worth notice.’

Then turning from him he said very seriously to me—‘Now Miss St. Clair, there is one thing which I am anxious to know, and which you can tell me—and I think you will tell me truly.’ He seemed to expect an answer.

‘Certainly—if I tell you, I will tell you truly.’

‘I am sure of that—but I want you to promise to tell me.’

‘Why if you are so anxious I should promise beforehand—it must be because you think if I knew what it was, I would not tell you—so I think it will be most prudent not to promise—till you tell me what it is.’

‘I want to know, whether when women fancy what angels are like, they fancy them like men.’

‘To be sure they do—you simpleton,’ said Mr. Heathcote.

‘Be quiet Heathcote!’

‘Let me consider—what *do* I fancy angels like? Not like a man certainly,—far fairer—and softer—and more slender—and more beautiful,—and far more graceful too—very unlike a man—I cannot fancy a man an angel at all.’

‘Then you fancy them like women too,’ said Mr. Lindsay—‘with all the softness, and beauty, and delicacy, and purity of your sex.’

‘No not exactly like women either—though more like women than men—but something more beautiful, and far more etherial.’

‘I can fancy nothing more beautiful—more enchanting!—I fancy angels with the same form—the same grace—the same heavenly expression—the same soft blue eyes—the same curling hair’—

‘And the same petticoats,’ said Heathcote.

‘No—not the *same* petticoats,’ said Mr. Lindsay, joining in our laugh—‘far shorter’—

‘And more transparent I suppose’—said Mr. Heathcote.

‘Suppose,’ said I, ‘we leave the angels for the Monks;—and go to breakfast, for I rather think they are waiting for us.’

‘To breakfast—with what appetite we may’—repeated Mr. Lindsay, mechanically, as if he was thinking of something else.

‘My appetite, I know, is very good,’ said Mr. Heathcote, as we went into the refectory.

At breakfast, he still kept harping upon the ‘heavenly’ conversation we had had, and rallying his friend on his total unfitness for any society except that of angels and women—whom he had satisfactorily proved were one and the same thing—‘That is, you affect to think so,’ he said, ‘for you cannot seriously think that women are by nature the equals of men.’

‘Not the equals!’—exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, —‘they are our superiors in all the noblest qualities of our nature,’—and he poured forth a most eloquent eulogium—to which I regret I cannot do justice—‘upon that sex to whom life, in its every stage, owes its consolation and its charm,’ ending it with some lively remarks, and with quoting from Burns:—

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes O,
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses O!

Mr. Heathcote, however, still continued to inveigh against women, and certainly his unmerciful strictures did not spare us.

Mr. Lindsay, who proved a most eloquent champion of women, told him 'he was like the serpent, envying the paradise he could not enjoy, and threatened to lampoon him as he deserved, for his illiberal sarcasms against our sex.'

'For God's sake, only don't put me into rhyme!—I hate that;' said Mr. Heathcote.

'Then I will assuredly put you into rhyme,' replied Mr. Lindsay. 'I should be as bad as you, if I could passively sit to hear you abuse women. You know that he who listens:—

Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
 Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
 Qui nequit; hic niger est;—*

* Hor. I. Sat. IV.—81.

‘No ! I will try, at least, to revenge the cause of women.’

‘You ought to be in too ‘heavenly’ a frame of mind, after that ‘heavenly’ conversation, to harbour thoughts of revenge,’—said Mr. Heathcote, with something very like a sneer.

‘It is not wonderful our conversation should have been heavenly,’ I observed, ‘considering we are all of us so much nearer heaven than we ever were before.’

‘Or ever wish to be again,’ said he.

Thinking this discussion shut the good monks out of the conversation, I turned to the Prior, and while talking to him, Mr. Lindsay left the room, and Mr. Heathcote—who does not speak French fluently—soon sauntered out of doors, and had just sauntered in again, when Mr. Lindsay returned, holding in his hand a much scrawled sheet of paper, which he triumphantly shook at Mr. Heathcote—challenging him to answer it if he could. He then read the following ‘rhapsody,’ as he termed it, in praise of women, which I copy for you, as I know you will be curious to see it.

LINES,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOUL ASPERSION THAT ALL THE
EVILS WHICH HAVE DESOLATED THE WORLD HAVE
ARISEN FROM WOMAN.

O fairest of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! creature, in whom excels
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet ! MILTON.

—— We should be brutes without you.

Yes ! brand the recreant with eternal shame,
Whose perjur'd tongue profan'd blest woman's
name !

Let every voice on earth the charge repel,
Breath'd against heaven itself, and forg'd in hell !
Let every arm be rais'd to hurl from high
The caitiff wretch to scorn and infamy.

Base as the senseless clod from whence he sprung,
Love's finer chords his savage heart ne'er strung—
Love's heavenly power his grovelling soul ne'er
drew,

To honour, faith, and virtue's empire true.—

Be it for ever his unpitied lot

To be by woman slighted and forgot ;

Be it his cheerless isolated fate

To meet, through life, with woman's scorn
and hate,—

Unblest to live—unmourn'd to die, alone,
To love a stranger—and to hope unknown !

Ye sacred Muses! tune the heaven strung lyre
To lofty strains of more than mortal fire !
O'er all the earth your song accordant raise,
And let the witching theme be woman's praise !
That theme so dear shall find e'er long its part,
A chord responsive in each human heart.
Is there a man at woman's very name
Whose bosom does not glow with kindling flame?
Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy state may be,
Still gentle woman must be dear to thee ;
Had she not nurs'd thy wants and still'd thy fears,
What cold neglect had chill'd thy infant years !
How joyless and unblest thy youth would prove
If unendear'd by her devoted love !
What could the cheerless gloom of age beguile
Unbrightened by the sunshine of her smile?
In grief—where would thy drooping spirit rest,
If unsustain'd by woman's pitying breast ?
How dear in every tie of social life,
As mother, daughter, sister, friend, and wife !
'Tis man she lives to bless, or dies to save,
His solace from the cradle to the grave ;

In him she lives, she moves, she breathes alone,
For him she loves—she scorns a monarch's
throne.

She, like the silver crescent of the night,
From man, her sun, receives her milder light,
Shines by reflexion in his brighter rays,
And triumphs in his proud superior blaze ;
Constant her round of duty to perform,
Dispels the gloom and laughs away the storm ;
Shines, when all else is dark—sole blessing given,
Shedding, o'er earth, the light brought down
from heaven.

O skill'd by nature, with endearing art,
To bless with happiness each manly heart ;
Thy angel power through life attends us still,
To heighten every good and soothe each ill !
O thou ! who giv'st our morn of life its charm,
Our youth its transport and our age its balm ;
Whose 'witching power the proudest can controul,
Whose very glance speaks to the inmost soul !—
Woman ! on whom our hopes—our fate depend,
Our trust, our blessing, comforter, and friend ;
In sickness or in sorrow's saddening hour,
The heart best feels thy soft consoling power.

In vain for wealth or power from thee we rove,
Earth has no gem so rich as woman's love ;
Without thee blessings want the power to bless,
The world would be a barren wilderness.
Should tyranny inflict the drearest doom,
That man could suffer on this side the tomb,
'T would be—*condemn'd* to revel in delight,
Where laughter wing'd the day and sport the night ;
Where Fortune heap'd her store of golden
treasures,

And Fancy pour'd her inexhaustless pleasures ;
To live—a monarch on the brightest shore,
Where woman's smile should bless his heart
no more.

Shades fresh as spring, and bowers like Eden fair,
Could boast no charm if woman were not there.
For man there blooms beneath the upper skies,
No paradise, unblest by woman's eyes.
Then hail CHIEF GOOD ! to man in mercy given,
The last and dearest of the gifts of heaven !—
Sent down to soothe, to succour, and to save,
To smooth life's dreary pathway to the grave,
O dearer far than ought on earth beside,
Be still my cherish'd bliss—my hope—my pride !

Should unpropitious Fate in vengeance shed
Her blackest vials oe'r my suffering head,
And far from me each earthly hope be fled ;—
All other joys my heart could well resign,
And smile at poverty if thou wert mine ;—
No grief should blast my unembitter'd lot,
Wealth, power, and splendour, be at once forgot ;
Safe from the wreck I'd clasp thy angel form,
Secure from ill—nor heed the raging storm ;
And bending low to heaven's supreme decree,
Be rich in all—possessing only thee !

The first part he directed against Mr. Heathcote, who in vain attempted to interrupt him with 'I'll indict you at the Old Bailey—I positively will.' His threats were completely overpowered by the powerful energy with which Mr. Lindsay poured forth his torrent of vituperative verse.—The change of voice and expression, when turning to me—as the only woman present, he commenced the theme of women's praise, won even Mr. Heathcote's attention. When it was ended, however, the latter exclaimed—'Aye, aye, that is all very

fine—but I never heard such scurrilous stuff—such vile low-lived rascally abuse as you have levelled at me—all because I don't think women regular angels. I'll indict you at the Old Bailey. I'll cast you in £5000 damages for defamation.—Let me see, 'perjured,'—that means a liar! 'Recreant'—that means a coward! No, I must fight you for that—the Old Bailey wont do. And then I am 'a caitiff wretch'—Am I? 'sprung from a clod of the earth,'—Why what an abominable falsehood!—when you know we count great, great, great, great grandfathers in a direct line almost up to the conquest!

'And I maintain you are sprung from a clod of earth—pray *what* are all those great, great, great, great grandfathers of your's now,' said Mr. Lindsay.

'What are they now?'

'Yes! what are they turned to now?'—repeated Mr. Lindsay.

'Why—to dust I suppose'—

'So from dust you came.'

'But I would have you know that the dust of my ancestors is very honourable dust—very respectable, gentleman-like sort of dust.'

‘And I would have you know that a clod of the earth is very respectable dust—highly respectable gentleman-like sort of dust—and that the said clod is of full as high antiquity as any of your great grandfathers.’

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn’d to clay,
May stop a hole—to keep the wind away—
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to guard the winter’s flaw.

‘So that you acknowledge you are sprung from nothing but dust—nothing but a vile clod of earth after all.’

‘I wish my old ancestors heard you! However, I will leave them to settle with you for that—their ghosts may torment you for it—its no particular affair of mine. But I’ll indict you—I am determined I will—I’ll cast you in £5000 damages for defamation.’

‘Nay,’ exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, ‘I’ll cast *you* in damages for defamation before any court in Christendom—defamation against the best and fairest of God’s creatures.’

‘I said nothing against the ‘creatures’ (as you call them,—observe I never called them by such names)—I only said what is perfectly true, that those ‘creatures’ were at the bottom of all the mischief that has ever been in the world—and I’ll prove it. Was not Paradise lost by a woman?—Was not Troy lost by a woman?—Was not Rome lost by a woman?—Was not’—

‘Hold your slanderous tongue Heathcote!—You are like those reptiles that choose the fairest flowers, to leave their venom upon.—None but cowards abuse women.’

‘Reptiles!—cowards!—nay then I must have satisfaction—nothing but cold iron can settle that.’

‘Then,’ said I, ‘taking up the poker and tongs, which in this polar region, though near the chimney, were as cold as ice, ‘here is cold iron ready for you—fight it out by all means, directly.’ They both laughed, but Mr. Heathcote said, ‘No, no! bullets, bullets! we must have bullets.’

‘Then suppose you go out with each a monk for a second, you will have plenty of

snow balls for bullets, and there are air guns in abundance.'

'No! on second thoughts, he does not deserve the satisfaction of a gentleman, after such bad language;—besides I should get nothing by it, except getting my brains blown out, for he is a terrible shot. But at least he might have used the language of a gentleman.—Why do you really pretend to call *that* a lampoon?'

'No, no! you were much beneath a lampoon, nothing but sheer abuse was fit for you; to waste wit upon you, would be to throw pearls before—you know what, Heathcote.'

'Go on, go on! but if I am not up with you for all this, I—'

He was interrupted by the Prior, who asked us if we should like 'to take a walk into Italy,' which, though it sounded like a very tremendous undertaking, was accomplished in a few minutes by following a path which he had caused to be made through the fresh fallen snow for my accommodation, till we reached what he informed us was Italian ground. Thus

for the first time in our lives, we found ourselves in Italy, and surrounded with deep snow, in the middle of July. On all sides of us we beheld snow—nothing but snow;—mountains of snow and ice—excepting where the naked summits of perpendicular rocks reared their dark heads amidst the dazzling whiteness of the scene. The site of a small reputed Temple of Jupiter was pointed out to us, and the Prior informed us that the ancient Celtic natives of this neighbourhood used to worship the deity of the mountain, under the name of the God Pen, and the image of a handsome young man :—that the Romans transformed this gothic divinity into Jupiter Penninus, from whence the name of the Pennine Alps. The name of ‘Pen’ for mountain is still universal in Wales, Ireland, Cornwall—wherever the Celtic language maintained its ground. In Scotland, ‘Pen’ has generally been modified to Ben—as Ben Nevis—Ben Lomond, &c. He assured us that the little Temple and Statue of Jupiter Penninus were not destroyed until St. Bernard, in the tenth century, fulfilled his mission of preaching

forty years among the rude mountaineers, who were still idolaters when he converted them to Christianity, and levelled every trace of pagan worship with the dust. We took up a piece of a Roman brick, said to have belonged to the Temple, and admired its freshness and preservation. But what is the antiquity of the works of man, compared with that of the works of nature; of those mountains of eternal ice which rose around us, and which had accumulated—unchanged—untrodden—undiminished—since the deluge! We walked to the little frozen lake, embosomed in rocks, which was one sheet of ice. We looked at the little spot the Monks call a garden, now covered deep with snow. We visited the dogs who sleep beneath the same roof as their masters, and explored all the curiosities of St. Bernard. Lastly, in an evil hour, we went to visit the Charnel House, a small building, with iron grated windows, within whose walls repose the uninterred bodies of the poor wanderers who have perished in the storms of those terrific regions. Earth does not cover, fire does not consume, water does not

engulph their stiff and pallid corpses. Years pass over them in vain.—Time here loses his power to corrupt and destroy.—The intensity of the frost preserves the rigid limbs and ghastly countenances of these unintombed corpses, unchanged as when the icy hand of death first congealed them—and so far as human power can see, their mortal remains may never taste of dissolution until ‘the earth and all that it inherits,’ shall pass away.

Mr. Lindsay and myself went into this receptacle of the dead, and having gazed for a few minutes at its ghastly tenants, were turning to leave it, when the massive door was flung to in our faces, and the rusty key harshly grated as it was hastily turned in the lock. Mr. Heathcote’s face, looking at us through the iron bars of the window the next moment, explained the cause. I implored to be let out, remonstrating that, however justly Mr. Lindsay might deserve incarceration, I had done nothing to merit such a penance, and that it was unjustifiable to punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty.

‘It all comes of keeping bad company, Miss St. Clair. Let it be a warning to you to chuse your associates better. I can’t let *you* out and keep him in—and I must be revenged upon him.’

‘And dost thou really suppose, thou ignoramus in revenge,’ said Mr. Lindsay; ‘thou most bungling and obtuse blockhead! that it can be any punishment to me to be shut up any where with such a companion?’

‘I should think it a punishment, past all endurance, I know, to be locked up in that cold hole—with—with—an angel for a companion, Miss St. Clair.’

‘But we shall be angels in good earnest;’ I expostulated. ‘We shall be frozen to death. I am benumbed already. The frost has taken hold of me—mortification will seize me.’

‘I have no doubt of that,’ exclaimed Mr. Heathcote, laughing; ‘I meant you should be mortified.’

‘Seriously, you don’t mean to leave us here to perish. In half an hour’s time we shall be in a state of mortification,’ I said.

‘In less, I should think ;’ said Mr. Heathcote, laughing as he left the window—‘your mortification must be already begun.’

‘Recollect—you will have our lives to answer for—you will find this no joke. Only try the intensity of the cold for a single moment yourself, and you will be convinced we shall very soon be frozen to death,’ I exclaimed, wishing to frighten him, and perceiving he wavered, although he still sauntered away from the grated window.

Mr. Lindsay did his best to console me—and keep me from the cold.—‘A little patience, and we must be liberated,’ I said. ‘Even if Mr. Heathcote does not feel ashamed of his silly schoolboy frolic, the old monks are sure to come in pursuit of us—and besides, Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland will certainly soon arrive.’

‘In the mean time I owe him a pleasure I little expected!’—said Mr. Lindsay.

‘Little did either of us expect, I dare say, to be so soon consigned to a charnel house,’—I said, laughing.

‘But what a scene is this for *you*!—and what a scene to contemplate! What a contrast

between *you*—glowing with animation and life—and those stiff, cadaverous, horrible spectacles of death !

And yet ‘to this complexion we must come at last,’ I said, smiling.

‘Impossible ! I could fancy you cold, pale, stretched in death—inanimate as marble—but never *thus* !

Never can death’s effacing fingers,
Sweep the soft lines where beauty lingers;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first last look by death revealed ;

‘I can fancy you beautiful in death.’

‘You are very obliging,’ I replied, laughing—‘but I have no fancy to be beautiful in that way—however we are certainly near enough to death now, if that would tend to make us more beautiful.’

Our conversation then turned upon beauty—and theories of beauty,—and upon Taste; but all we said on those inexhaustible subjects I have not patience to tell you—neither do I recollect any thing being said particularly worth mentioning. In the middle of it, and while Mr. Lindsay was most eloquently supporting and illustrating an

ingenious theory he had advanced, on Taste being the latest and highest acquirement of mind, and not an endowment of nature—I saw, to my great joy, Mr. Heathcote approaching.

‘Hope nothing from him,’ said Mr. Lindsay—‘I know him well.—If he once determines upon any thing, nothing can change his purpose. Even if he was ashamed of it he would still persevere in it. He would die, sooner than own he had been in the wrong.’

‘He seems to be one of the many who could pardon a serious injury, sooner than a trifling degree of ridicule, I observed.’

‘Yes, his great horror is being laughed at, imposed on, or duped.’

‘Then let us dupe him!’ I exclaimed. ‘I should enjoy taking him in,—and getting ourselves out. Let us make him believe we are dying of cold—freezing.’

‘But how?’ said Mr. Lindsay, ‘it will be vain to tell him so.’

‘We must not speak a word, we must act it,’ I said, sitting down on the ground where Mr. Heathcote could just see me through the

grate, my head leaning against my hands and knees, my body stiff and seemingly insensible.

‘Admirable!—you seem perfectly frozen; But what must I do?’ exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, trying to imitate my position, but most unsuccessfully. ‘He will find me out directly.’

‘Suppose you go into this corner, where he can not exactly see you, but where he will naturally suppose you to be lying—I dare say you will not like to enact a dying scene. There, that will do. Hush! not a word! he is just here.’

He looked anxiously in—spoke—tried to laugh—called loudly upon us by our names—entreated us to answer;—but all in vain. Mrs Siddons, as Hermione, was unquestionably more graceful, but could not be more immoveable, more completely like a statue of stone than I was.

‘Good God Almighty! they are frozen!—insensible!—I have killed them. Lord! Lord! what a fool I was! Lindsay! speak, I say!—Speak, man, for God’s sake!—come out, can’t ye!’ he exclaimed, as he shook, and rattled, and bungled at the lock. The rusty key snapped in it. ‘Confound the key!’—he exclaimed.

‘Confound your stupidity!’ burst from Mr. Lindsay,—or would have done, had I not instinctively laid my hand upon his mouth to keep him silent. To my inexpressible amazement and confusion, he rapturously held it there with both his hands, covering it with kisses. I never remember to have felt so completely overwhelmed and agitated. I could not speak—I trembled from head to foot. At length, having by a strong effort disengaged myself from him, I actually burst into tears. You know I do not easily weep, but I must have been suffocated with the contending emotions that throbbed in my bosom, had they not found this relief. He bent over me—he soothed me—he supported me—(I could not prevent him)—but it was with a delicacy and a respectful tenderness that left me no room for resentment or complaint. He execrated himself for having called forth my tears—he implored my forgiveness again and again—he vowed he could not bear to exist under my displeasure.

‘Nay do not turn from me—let me support you!—Fear nothing from me, dearest Miss St.

Clair. By heavens! I would die ten thousand deaths sooner than violate, for a single moment, the deep, the devoted respect, I feel for you. O Miss St. Clair! words cannot express the admiration—the esteem—the ardent respect with which my whole soul is penetrated for you. Speak to me!—look at me once more!—O do not turn so disdainfully away from me! Say you will forgive me! Indeed it was the place—the moment—the suddenness of—of—O Miss St. Clair! I must have been more or less than man to have felt that hand upon my lips, and not have held it there with ten thousand kisses! O *you* cannot conceive the tide of feelings’—

‘I cannot—I will not listen to this,’ I exclaimed, recovering myself and proudly disengaging myself from him. ‘Mr. Lindsay, you forget yourself!’

I will not—I would not for ten thousand worlds offend you,’ he replied—‘Believe that it was unpremeditated—that it arose from the irresistible impulse of the moment. Tell me only you believe me—tell me you forgive me.’—

I need not dwell longer on this scene, my dear Georgiana; and indeed I cannot relate it

even to you, without feeling covered with the most painful confusion at the recollection of it ; but from you I have promised to conceal nothing, and minutely to relate every little circumstance that concerns me ; and I must not break that promise, whatever embarrassment I may feel in keeping it. I have not, however, kept *all* my promises so well, I believe, for I promised Mr. Lindsay to forgive him—and to forget it ;—and *that* I find I cannot so easily do.

The appearance of Mr. Heathcote, his clothes all white with the falls among the snow he had got in his haste, followed by two of the Monks—their black robes flying in the wind, armed with all sorts of restoratives, and hurrying down from the convent,—to my unspeakable relief, put an end to our *tête a tête* and our imprisonment. Almost at the same moment, Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland, and Mademoiselle Delemont, on their mules coming up to the convent, arrived just in time to witness our liberation.

‘ Why what is all this ? ’ exclaimed Colonel Cleveland, ‘ You saw them frozen to death ! quite insensible !—like marble you say !—I must say I never saw any thing less like marble in my

life. Cheeks like the rose !—eyes full of fire !— I don't think they seem very insensible. There seems to have been no freezing here. But how the deuce did they get in—and why did not they get out?'

The matter was now explained, and Mr. Heathcote looked quite as silly as could be desired, the laugh being completely turned against him. But his meeting with Colonel Cleveland, who proved to be an old acquaintance of his, served to relieve him from the intolerable embarrassment of being laughed at. After taking a short rest and some refreshment, the last arrived party, accompanied by Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Lindsay, as well as myself, took leave of the good Monks, and left St. Bernard; having first deposited a very ample mark of our gratitude for their kindness and hospitality, in the money box of the convent.

The forenoon was now so far advanced, that it seemed probable we should be again benighted before reaching Martigni; but as we were going from the region of tempests, down to sheltered vallies and genial climates, this signified little; and as Colonel Cleveland had

sent for Chars à banc to meet us about half way, where the road becomes practicable for these carriages, our journey promised to be much more expeditious and prosperous than that of yesterday. We stopped only on the way once for half an hour, which we employed in eating strawberries and cream, while the Chars were getting ready. Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland took Mr. Heathcote into theirs, while Mr. Lindsay escorted Mademoiselle Delemont and me in the other; and so fast did we get on, that we reached Martigni just in the last fading twilight of a beautiful summer evening.

You will probably long since have discovered that these were the two English gentlemen who so civilly turned me out of my room. It proved, however, that they knew nothing whatever of the transaction, for they had sent on one of their guides to bespeak beds at the inn, and as they were shown into my relinquished apartment the very moment they arrived, without knowing any thing of the previous disturbance the old hostess had raised, to ensure their accommodation, or rather her own profit—they were utterly uncon-

scious of having inconvenienced or displaced any one. Luckily the adventures of the expedition to St. Bernard, and the delight of meeting unexpectedly an old friend in Mr. Heathcote, and of talking over old English friends and adventures, completely drove from Colonel Cleveland's mind the recollection of the quarrel about the bed room. I saw, from the enquiries they made, that both Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Lindsay concluded that Mademoiselle Delemont was the lady who had slept in the room adjoining them, and who had desired them in French to speak lower :—but I had cautioned her not to mention that I slept with her; and as she told them ‘she heard them only make a great talking, but could not hear the words,’ and as they found she understood English very imperfectly, they seemed quite satisfied that their conversation had not been overheard.

Who should we find at Martigni but poor Lord Lumbercourt ! He had arrived two days ago, and finding we had set off on this excursion, he had followed us in his comfortable chariot, fully but vainly expecting to overtake us,—and

here he had spent the whole of yesterday alone, in this dreary comfortless inn—execrating Swiss inns—Swiss roads—Swiss mountains—Swiss drivers—Swiss horses—or rather want of horses—and every thing Swiss.*

It appears that Mr. Lindsay is the nearest relation Lord Lumbercourt has in the world. His father's eldest sister married Lord Lumbercourt's father, a man much older than herself, and his Lordship was their only child; so that Mr. Lindsay is his first cousin. I cannot say, however, that the Peer seemed much overjoyed at this unexpected meeting.

Great was his Lordship's dismay when he found that we were going to-morrow morning, again to mount our mules, to cross the Tête Noire, and go through all the Alpine perils,

* No post horses are kept in Switzerland. Travellers are obliged to hire them *en voiturier*, by the day's journey, and send them back—which makes travelling rather slow, (though it never can be tedious to the lovers of fine scenery,) through those few parts of this romantic country in which it might be practicable to travel with English expedition—and in English carriages.

and passes, and hardships of an excursion to Chamouni. As it was equally impossible to transport either himself or his chariot, or even 'Gregory'—those three inseparable machines—across the sublime precipices and snow covered pinnacles which divide us from Chamouni, and which are accessible only to the footing of the cautious mule, or the active pedestrian—it followed that his Lordship had no other alternative than to return back the road he came, or proceed forwards up the Valais to the Simplon, there being no other carriage road whatever. The chance of a heavy rain, which would, of course, spoil our Chamouni party and enjoyment—alone seemed to give him any satisfaction—and he caught at every indication of it, and watched the moon and the clouds—(which I dare say he hardly ever contemplated in his life before)—with most perceptible anxiety that the evil might happen which we were dreading. Mr. Lindsay, who with Mr. Heathcote had come from Geneva through Chamouni to Martigni, determined to return with us, and see the sublime scenery of this astonishing valley again ;

being quite convinced, he said, that it would have a totally different effect when viewed, travelling in the opposite direction :—and as he and his friend had crossed the Col de Balme, and we meant to cross the Tête Noire, the descent into the valley would, at all events, be quite new to him. Mr. Heathcote having once declared ‘that for his part *he* would not go’—was immoveable in his resolution ;—and all the arguments of Mr. Lindsay and Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland, and all the sweet engaging smiles of Mademoiselle Delemont, were lavished upon him in vain. ‘Upon the impassive ice the lightnings played.’ Colonel Cleveland seemed much disappointed by his determined refusal, and Mr. Lindsay was evidently vexed—‘You think, Heathcote,’ he said, ‘that to be obstinate must be wise—to be obliging must be weak—and to be good humoured must be foolish. It is well that you are so well satisfied with yourself—we must try to be as well satisfied without you.’

LETTER IX.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

*Belle Vue, near Lausanne,
July 31st, 1816.*

In spite of Lord Lumbercourt's malicious wishes, the morning arose bright and beautiful—but alas ! even when the cup of pleasure seemed most within our reach, it was dashed from our lips—and my cup of tea had well nigh fallen along with it, in my consternation,—when, as the more active members of our party were sitting at breakfast, Colonel Cleveland entered with an overclouded countenance, and announced the dismal tidings that Mrs. Cleveland was so stiff, so bruised, and so completely ‘knocked up’ with the fatigues of the two preceding days, that she was wholly unable to undertake another *mule* expedition. The undisguised exultation of Mr. Heathcote, the ill-repressed satisfaction of Lord Lumbercourt, mingled with bungling attempts to ‘regret

the pleasure we had lost'—and to be 'very sorry for the cause'—together with the disappointment of the rest of the party, you may easily imagine.

When Mrs. Cleveland appeared, she was so good-naturedly sorry to be the cause of this disappointment, that she actually used all her powers of persuasion, to induce me to go to Chamouni with Mademoiselle Delemont, escorted by Mr. Lindsay, both of whom seconded her intreaties with all their soul and all their strength,—but they might as well have talked to the winds. Not the inexpressible and longing desire I felt to visit Chamouni, nor any other temptation of pleasure could have induced me to have taken such a step.

'It would not be the thing, certainly—it would be quite out of the question in England,' repeated Mrs. Cleveland, 'but here it would be quite different. Nobody would think it odd—nobody would think it improper—indeed, nobody at Chamouni would ever know Mr. Lindsay was not your brother.'

'Or your husband,' said Mr. Heathcote.

The blushes that covered my cheeks at this speech I would have given the world to

have repressed, had it been possible—that he might not have had the triumph of having caused them. How completely are we at the mercy of men, even of those who are perfectly indifferent or contemptible to us! How truly are we dependent beings! Something Mr. Lindsay said, I did not distinctly hear what, made Mr. Heathcote, in turn, blush crimson,—but, as I shut the door, I heard Mr. Lindsay say, ‘*I would not have stood that look for a thousand pounds.*’

‘But I can stand many things that you cannot, I flatter myself,’ said Mr. Heathcote.

‘You do flatter yourself,—and a man had better flatter any body else than himself’—retorted Mr. Lindsay.

Their recrimination was cut short by the bustle of departure. Mrs. Cleveland, in consideration of her fatigues, occupied the unenvied seat in Lord Lumbercourt’s carriage, which I had formerly enjoyed. Colonel Cleveland and Mr. Heathcote took possession of one char; and Mademoiselle Delemont, Mr. Lindsay, and myself, the other.

Our journey back, by the very same road we had come, presented, of course, nothing new for remark or description; except that—in examining the tower of St. Tryphon, near Bex, built by the Romans, we employed some of the leisure hours which Swiss travelling affords—whether from the pure love of antiquarian research, or the want of something else to do, I will not say;—and moreover, that we visited the Château de Roche, the residence of the celebrated Haller,—which, but for the remembrance of that great philosopher, would certainly ill have repaid our pains. After a very pleasant journey, we reached home to dinner the second day, without any adventure.

Lord Lumbercourt, Mr. Heathcote, and Mr. Lindsay staid a few days with us—that is, they slept at night at the inn at Lausanne, but lived all day at Belle Vûe—and the day was never long enough for our water parties on the lake, our walks, our rides, and our drives to the romantic scenes, and the magnificent points of view in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, which are indescribably various and beautiful. The

view from the signal station we returned to admire again and again with renewed delight; and never, at sunset, did we fail to turn our steps to behold that glorious prospect from the terrace of Lausanne, high above the blue waters of the Lemman Lake—with the woods, the rocks, and the towering summits of the snow-white Alps rising from the opposite shore, and catching the last glowing changeful hues of the evening sky—which is surely unsurpassed in beauty by any other scene on earth.

Our evenings were generally spent in music, in which Mrs. Cleveland and sometimes Mademoiselle Delemont assisted. I generally accompanied them or myself on the harp. Mr. Lindsay wrote songs, and I set them to music and sung them.

Day after day did Mr. Heathcote urge, complain, and insist that they must, without delay, prosecute their tour of the Grisons, the Glaris, the Grimsel, the Gemmi, and I know not how many other G——'s, and that he could not, and would not wait a day longer; and reproached Mr. Lindsay with having persuaded

him to come from England to take this tour with him, and now deserting him in the middle of it. 'You promised you would go through the whole with me—you promised we should make it out before the shooting season began,' he repeated

'He knows he has me in his power,' said Mr. Lindsay, 'and like another Shylock, he duns me incessantly with 'my bond, my bond!'—'Well, according to 'my bond,' I must go.'

And accordingly at last they did go.—And perhaps it was as well.

Short as our acquaintance has been in duration, we certainly know each other better by living and travelling a week or two together from morning till night, than we could have done after years of acquaintance in England; and had this incessant intimacy continued, I might perhaps have found his society a dangerous enjoyment, for he is possessed of very uncommon talents and powers of pleasing—and he is one of the very few young men I know, who with rank, fortune, fashion, and great personal advantages,

is entirely free from vanity, and is not intoxicated with these envied distinctions. He estimates them as they deserve, but he has nobler qualities and higher objects of ambition. In short, he is so very interesting and superior a character, that though I cannot honestly pretend that I am *glad* he is gone, I will honestly own to you that I am quite convinced it is better for me that he is:—for Mr. Lindsay, while he avowedly seeks my friendship, himself feels that I can never be more to him than a friend; but as friendship with young men—more especially *such* a young man—is not the most prudent thing possible for a young woman—I shall take care never to be more to him than an acquaintance. In plain English, Georgiana, Mr. Lindsay never will marry me. You may trust to my penetration and sincerity on this point. I am not, and cannot be mistaken. I know that it is true—and you know that I would not say so to you if it were not true. But I tell you so, dear Georgiana, at once, plainly, in order that you may not indulge your quick fancy with building any castles about me and Mr. Lindsay, which I

know you would be apt to do. Such being the case, though you will acquit me of the weakness and folly of falling in love with a man whom I know has no thoughts of me—and though I have too much pride—if not too much sense—to allow my heart ‘unsought, unwoo’d, to be won’—yet I might perhaps have found in time, that his too delightful society made that of others distasteful. A person accustomed every day to Champagne, would find small beer a very vapid beverage. Therefore, I repeat, it is as well perhaps for me that he is gone. And now it would be as well for me, perhaps, if I were gone too—to bed—so good night, dear Georgiana.

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLAND.

God made the country and man made the town.

COWPER.

O how cans't thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland—the resounding shore—
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
O how can'st thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!

BEATTIE.

Two days after their departure, Colonel Cleveland received a few hasty lines from Mr. Lindsay, written from Geneva, on the evening of the day they had parted, to inform him that Mr. Heathcote, on his arrival there, had found

a letter at the Poste Restante, announcing the intelligence that his father had been seized with a paralytic attack at Cheltenham, and was considered by his physicians to be in great danger, and that in consequence of this distressing intelligence, they were both on the point of setting off for Paris on their way to England. Accordingly that very evening, the two friends took their departure as fast as six horses could carry them. But as six French horses, on French roads, are by no means equal in speed to four English horses on English roads, the progress of the travellers by no means kept pace with the anxiety of Mr. Heathcote—who had heartily execrated French cattle—French tackle—French postillions—French imposition—and French *ways* of all sorts—a thousand and a thousand times before they reached Paris—where an inevitable delay respecting passports bid fair to detain him—execrating every thing French—at least twenty-four hours longer. But here we must leave the two travellers for the present, and return to our friends near Lausanne.

‘So they are gone to England,’ said Colonel Cleveland, folding up the letter which he had been reading aloud.

‘Ah! they are gone to England, so we shall see no more of them,’ exclaimed Lord Lumbercourt, with evident marks of undissembled satisfaction.

‘Indeed!—shall we see no more of them?’—said Mrs. Cleveland, ‘what a pity!’

‘Vat a pity tis inteed!’—said Mademoiselle Delemont—‘bot I tink we sall see som more of dem.’

‘You think we shall! But you don’t understand, my dear Mademoiselle Delemont, that they are gone back to England,’ said Mrs. Cleveland, speaking very distinctly.

‘Vell—bot I tink dat dey—no—dat iss von of dem will com agen.’

‘Come back here again—back from England! what just as the shooting season is beginning?—when they will be just in time for the moors?’ exclaimed Colonel Cleveland, with a look of amazement at such a proposition. ‘No, that they won’t—I’ll answer for it! No, no!—

O that I could have the first week of it only !
—Eh Adeline ! Don't you wish you were back
in England—if it were only just for one week ?

‘ No, that I don't ! for I am sure it would be
many a week before I got you away again.’

‘ I believe it would—I believe it would,
Adeline—for you know after partridge shoot-
ing and pheasant shooting, hunting would be
coming on.’

‘ I think, Colonel Cleveland,’ said Caroline
smiling, ‘ you may say with the poet,—

England, with all thy *sports*, I love thee still,
My country.’——

‘ Ay, better than any other country, a million
times over.’

‘ And you love the country for the sake of
country sports—don't you?’

‘ To be sure I do !’

‘ I don't believe one English gentleman out
of a hundred, would ever live in the country at
all, if it were not for country sports,’ said
Caroline. ‘ They never go to the country, if
they can possibly help it, till shooting is about
to begin, and they come away as soon as ever

hunting is over. They would never go at all—the country would be deserted by the fashionable world—like the country in France or Italy—if it were not for country sports.’

‘But the ladies, what do the ladies do?—They don’t go to the country to shoot and hunt,’ said Col. Cleveland.

‘O where the gentlemen are—there will be the ladies also,’ said Caroline, laughing—‘But the attraction of shooting and hunting is the reason why the English turn summer into winter, and winter into summer, a proceeding inexpressibly puzzling to uninitiated foreigners.’

‘Because foreigners are fools, and don’t consider our climate,’ said Colonel Cleveland. ‘Who would submit to be pent up all winter in the fogs and dullness of London, where one never sees the sun?’

‘Not I—I dislike London in winter much—but I dislike it in the middle of summer still more. I cannot endure to be immured in its smoke, and dust, and confinement, during the few delicious months when the fields, and trees, and flowers, and the whole delightful face of nature, are resplendent in freshness and beauty.’

‘ So, then you like the country all the year round !’ said Mrs. Cleveland. ‘ And yet how often have you made me laugh with your pictures of its dullness—of the dullness of country visiting for instance ?’

‘ It is laughable—in recollection, at least—for in actual experience there is nothing less amusing in the world.’

‘ Why I thought you had a very good neighbourhood in Westmoreland, and a very good society, and a great deal of visiting,’—said Colonel Cleveland.

‘ So we have ;—far too good a neighbourhood, and far too much visiting,’ said Caroline. ‘ But without knowing what it is, you can never conceive it. Suppose us going to dine at some house seven or eight miles off, where the good primitive people keep what they call very good hours—that is, waste half the day in eating and drinking—which is the laudable custom of Westmoreland—for they are unmerciful enough to ask you at five o’clock, so that you must go to dress before the day is half over, in order that you may toil over long hills and through bad roads by the appointed time. There you meet

a set of highly dull and respectable people—who talk of the weather, and the crops, and the times, and the game, and hunting, and the sport they have had in the morning, and the next Quarter Sessions—until at last dinner is over, and the ladies retire;—and *they* talk of the badness of their servants, and the perfections of their children—or the respective merits of their milliners—till tea is over. Then a whist table is put in action, and one part of the company play, and another yawn over it;—and they literally play *long* whist, for there seems no end of it. Then, at last, home we come again, over the same weary roads and hills, and get back again just at bed time, after spending eight or nine mortal hours in this improving and agreeable manner. O! I have been often ready to ejaculate, with honest old Soame Jenyns:—

Defend us all, ye Gods, though sinners,
From many days like these—and dinners!

‘But have you no pleasant young people?’

‘No, very few. The young ladies are but insipid common-place sort of concerns—and as to young men, they are so rare that they are

perfectly raree shews; and think themselves such prizes, and are evidently so persuaded that every woman they meet must be longing to marry them, that they are rather disagreeable than agreeable additions—even to such society.’

‘But a little flirtation with them would be a most laudable recreation. It would be a good thing to make their hearts ache.’

‘It would be most undesirable—for what a plague they would be! Besides, it would be impossible: even ‘the dear delight of giving pain,’ could not be enjoyed, for alas!

With every grace of nature and of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
The brutes insensible our power defy,
To love—exceeds a squire’s capacity,—

At least in Westmoreland.’

‘And yet you like this place!’

‘I like to live there—but certainly not to dine out;—for the only pleasure of the day is the moment one gets home at night.’

‘But why do you come home? Why don’t you stay all night?’

‘Worse and worse ! Then half the next day is lost too ! No !—a country home is delightful, but country visits are intolerable. No society is so delightful, as that of the friends and associates you really love, staying with you in the country, or you with them—but it is a bitter penance to visit people, merely because they live within so many miles, and have so many acres,—not because they have so many qualities or attractions. And that they live near one, is often enough to make one wish them at Jerusalem.

‘But I think country balls must be very pleasant—where you know every body, and every body knows you.’

‘A county ball ! Fortunately a rare event with us ! When this ^{collection} ~~purgation~~ happens, you travel over the same weary hills and roads, with the difference of going at night and coming home in the morning, to meet the same good sort of people—in whose faces you have been ready to yawn in their own houses :—you enquire after people you dont care for—talk to people you dont like—and look at people, not worth seeing. You have bad music, bad dancing,

and stupid partners :—and you go to bed when you should get up.’

‘ And is this all your gaiety in the country ?’

‘ All !—the attempts of people in the country to emulate the gaiety of town, always remind me of the ass in the fable’s awkward endeavours to ape the graceful gambols of the lap-dog.’

‘ Why Caroline ! who would have thought you so difficult to please ? You neither like London nor the country !’

‘ On the contrary I like them both with all my heart. The country—not for the sake of country visiting, certainly—but for its own true pleasures ; pleasures which never tire. Of London pleasures one does tire—at last ; but I delight in London for a time ; and I like it best during our long bleak pining spring, when nature and the weather are in opposition, when the days are so long they have no end, and you are compelled to look out till nearly bed time on the cheerless prospect of leafless trees and blighted blossoms, and a chilled withering earth. I have often seen the ground covered with snow in the middle of May ; that delightful

month of which the poets sing in such raptures ! I like London then. There is no society equal to London society. Its pleasures are inexhaustible.’

‘ And yet, Caroline, between ourselves, I do think the envied people who take the lead and give the tone to London society, are far from happy. They affect gaiety and vivacity, to be sure, but they cannot conceal their real unhappiness and discontent.’

‘ O ! people that live as they do—entirely for display—must be unhappy every where. The fault is not in London, but in themselves. They seek society as they do a glass—not for itself, but for the image it gives them back of themselves. London is delightful for those who only want to enjoy it, but miserable for those who want to shine in it. Delightful for those who wish to see ; miserable for those who live only to to be seen. They force themselves on the stage, and fatigue themselves by representation, ‘ and fret their little hour,’ for the amusement of the others ; and perhaps are assailed by hissing and hooting, and derision. There is Lady ——’

The conversation here turned, (as conversation often does), from general observations into a more *piquante* dissection of individual characters ;—which, no doubt, would afford great amusement to the fair friends, but would prove very dull to the fair reader. We therefore hold it unnecessary to record it.

It may be observed that Miss St. Clair's spirits did not seem much affected by Mr. Lindsay's absence. Whether or not she did feel any sensation of disappointment at his rapid flight to England, without uttering one expression of regret at departure, or wish to return, we dare not presume to guess ;—but certain it is, if she did feel it, she had too much spirit to shew it—too much pride to own it—and far too much sense to indulge it.

CHAPTER X.

CHAMOUNI.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land
Emongst wild hills set—like a little nest,
As if it had by nature's cunning hand
Been choycely picked out from all the rest,
And lay'd forth for ensample of the best.

SPENSER.

Musing meditation most effects
The pensive secresy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds.

AFTER many delays and changes of plan, the day was at last fixed for the excursion to Chamouni by way of Geneva, and the party accordingly set off, in an open barouche, in high spirits, for that celebrated valley of mountains. So wonderfully has nature hidden this secluded recess, that it is said actually to

have remained wholly *undiscovered* until the middle of the last century—unknown even to the Swiss themselves. Two enterprising English travellers were the first who penetrated its unexplored depths, and proclaimed the sublimity of its unparalleled scenery to the world.*

We deeply regret that the irrecoverable loss of Caroline St. Clair's letters to her sister, during this little tour, obliges us to supply the blank with our lame and imperfect history, since it is impossible for us, with all our ingenuity and knowledge, to know so well what the travellers saw, and what they thought, as they did themselves;—although we ought to blush for our deficiency in this respect, since certainly many writers seem much better acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of those whose histories they relate, than the said personages were themselves:—and indeed it is quite common

* So says M. Ebel—Vide Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse. Pococke the traveller, and Mr. Wyndham, were the English gentlemen who first visited it, in 1741.

in this well-informed age, to find that your neighbours know far more of your affairs than you do yourself.

It had been settled that Mrs. Cleveland and Lord Lumbercourt—neither of whom could undertake any of those adventurous exploits of Alp hunting usually performed at Chamouni—nor yet scale the sublime passes which divide its upper extremity from Martigny, should ~~quickly~~ *quietly* return to Geneva together, by the road they came, after visiting all the accessible wonders of the valley :—while Colonel Cleveland, with Miss St. Clair and Mademoiselle Delemont, were to explore every Alp and glacier accessible to human or mulish foot—and crossing the Col de Balme, return by Martigny to Lausanne. Nothing can be more opposite (in character) than the opposite shores of the Lemane Lake. On the Swiss side, where Vevey and Lausanne stand, there is an endless succession of vineyards,—invariably the most tame and unpicturesque of all scenery—of towns and villages, and *campagnes*, and gardens, and stone wall enclosures, while not a tree is to be seen.—On the

Savoy side, the Alps—‘the’ *pyramids* ‘of nature,’ rear their crystal ‘needles’ to the skies;—rocks piled on rocks are strewn around, and ancient woods of oak and chesnuts, the most picturesque of all trees, now climb the dark sides of the hills—now bend their drooping foliage over the waters of the lake.—Consequently the ugliest side is much the prettiest—I mean to travel or live upon;—for while Savoy beholds only the homely hard-working face of her opposite neighbour,—the Canton de Vaud, happily losing sight of her own plain visage, contemplates the fine features of the opposite beauty.

It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the attention of our travellers, during their first day’s journey, which terminated at Geneva, was continually drawn to the mountains of Savoy—more especially towards its close, when their eyes were incessantly rivetted upon the ultimate object of their excursion, still far distant, yet alone distinctly seen—the mighty Mont Blanc—his awful head, hoary with the silver whiteness of age, outstretching his giant

length far along the opposite side of the lake, and piercing with his hundred heads the bright blue arch of heaven ;—as if, like another Atlas, his lofty-pointed pyramids were the pillars of the firmament, and he the Colossus of this world, stood alone, looking down on the Alps themselves, his children,—surrounding him in seeming reverence ;—while man—to whom ‘ the whole earth, and all that it inherits,’ are subject—is compelled to gaze like a humble worshipper, at the footstool of his throne, nor ever presumes, in the madness of his ambition, to lay claim to one inch of that undisputed territory which the monarch of mountains calls his own.

The travellers, on their way to Geneva, stopped at Coppêt, the residence of Madame de Stael, but as she was not there, and as it possesses no intrinsic interest, their curiosity was soon satisfied—if not gratified ;—though there is always a charm in seeing the habitation and apartments, which are the home of genius. They proceeded a few miles beyond Geneva, to visit Ferney, the celebrated abode

of Voltaire—where all the traces the philosopher has left behind him, serve but to mark consummate vanity, bad taste, and bad feeling.

Next morning they set off on their way to Chamouni, at an early hour—for even Lord Lumbercourt could be early, when roused by a powerful stimulus,—whether that stimulus was the sight of the frozen glaciers, or the sunny smiles of Miss St. Clair, we pretend not to decide.

Leaving on their right the broken perpendicular sides of Mount Salève, they reached the Sardinian Douâne—at the frontier of Savoy—which was already crowded with the carts and anxious faces of the poor peasants—waiting the vexatious examination, and dilatory permit of the Douaniers, to pass the barrier. While the patrician vehicle of the English travellers was only delayed for a few moments, these poor people were left waiting.—They said they were often detained for half a day on the most frivolous pretexts; from the mere wanton love of power, the insolence or indolence of office, or some of the manifold abuses to which all such oppressive and impolitic restrictive institutions are liable.

On entering Savoy, the appearance of the country immediately changes for the worse—wretched villages, filled with squalid, beggarly inhabitants, and surrounded by neglected ill cultivated fields, proclaim too plainly the condition of the people, and present a striking contrast to the prosperity and happiness of Switzerland on its very borders, although possessing over it no physical advantages. Climate, soil, situation, and natural resources being the same in both states, the difference between them—which is that between misery and prosperity—between poverty and plenty—must be attributed to moral causes; and nothing can more strongly exhibit the evils of despotic government and Catholic religion in one state, and the benefits of free administration and Protestant faith in the other.

Gôîtres and Cretinism, the scourges of the Alps, seemed to abound as they advanced: increased probably by the bad food and clothing of the people. It was melancholy to see the helpless appearance and disgusting gestures of the poor creatures that stood gaping with the vacant stare and glazed eye of diseased idiotism,

as the carriage passed. The contrast of the extreme flatness of the road, with the tremendous mountains, close above and around you, through the romantic defiles of which it beautifully winds, amidst scenery every varying, yet ever grand—forms one of the most striking features of the drive. At the little village of Contamine, the high conical mountain of Môle rises directly before you. Further forward, upon the summit of a towering rock, which seems to hang in air, stand the ruins of the Château de Faucigny; and some of the bloody tales of terror and oppression which tradition has attached to its shattered walls, would form as fit a subject, as its wild Alpine situation a scene, for one of Mrs. Radcliffe's terrific romances.

Another change,—and you pass through the little town of Bonneville, with every thing in miniature!—Its Place Publique, its Hotel de Ville, its promenade, and its ‘rangs de beaux peupliers!’ Scarcely have you passed through its streets and shops, till nature resumes her Alpine majesty.

Cluse stands in a most romantic pass. To the right an immense gorge opens in the

mountain, down which, in the wilds of this savage solitude, once stood the famous convent of the Chartreuse du Reposoir. The mountains which now bounded the view, were covered with lofty woods, the narrow valley shone in the brightest verdure, the sunbeams glancing on the jutting rocks far above, and on the wild stream as it dashed along in its deep stony bed, formed a thousand beautiful accidents of light. As the travellers, following the course of the rapid Arve, winded along through the valley, the scenery every moment increased in grandeur. Well may this pass be called 'one of the noblest gates of the Alps!' Strait before you, barring all apparent possibility of passage up the deep narrow defile through which the road winds, the Alps, those tremendous ramparts of nature, rise in embattled grandeur; piercing the blue skies with their pointed needles, their crystal pyramids, and glittering cones, in every grotesque and varied shape—the lower region of their precipitous sides overhung with wood, or beetling crags—leaving yawning caverns and grottos, half-seen amongst their rugged cliffs, almost

above human ken, and accessible only to the eagle's flight.

Of these, the most considerable is the cavern of Balme, at an immense height above the valley, but accessible, although it does not repay the labour of the ascent. Further on, is the cascade, or *Nant d'Arpenas*—upwards of eight hundred feet in height—but formed by a stream deficient in body of water, which falls over a broad naked rock. As they advanced, Mont Blanc, rising in dazzling majesty, terminated the view.

On the left appears the glacier de Buet; where an unfortunate Danish traveller perished a few years ago. In ascending the glacier, the ice gave way beneath his feet, and engulfed him in its yawning abyss, at the depth of more than a hundred feet. His monument stands upon the way—a beacon to warn travellers.

It was with regret—regret seldom felt when a journey, however pleasant it may be called, is ended—that our travellers stopped for the day at the little inn of St. Martin. But it was not with regret that they sat down to dinner, disco-

vering that they were very hungry—and that even the Alps themselves were very unsubstantial fare. Then, when dinner was over, how delightful was their evening walk to Mont Rosset !—But the magnificent prospect they enjoyed from thence—and the resplendent spectacle of the sun setting upon Mont Blanc—no power of language, nor even of diviner poetry, can describe. It left upon the minds of those who beheld it, an impression time can never efface. There is, indeed, no spot from which Mont Blanc, that ‘monarch of mountains,’ appears in greater majesty than from here. It is impossible to describe its sublimity. Deep rooted in the mysterious foundations of the earth, it stands the monument of nature—the mightiest of her creations; alone, left through successions of revolving ages, unaltered, unrenewed, while all else changes and perishes—to proclaim the sublimity of her works and the magnitude of her power. Upon its lofty seat her throne is established—upon its hoary summit, uninvaded by mortal tread, she sits in sublime contemplation, to view the subject world she has made, extended at her feet.

The real summit of Mont Blanc—its highest point—is not seen from St. Martin's. It is that summit called the Dôme de Goûté, which here terminates its gigantic elevation.

Carriages are left at St. Martin's,* and next morning our travellers—like other travellers—took chars à cotè for the rest of the journey. But fearing the courteous reader may be wearied with descriptions of scenery he cannot see—as much as Sancho Panza was with enumerations of dishes that he might not eat—we forbear to descant upon the inexhaustible beauties of their route. We pass by, undescribed, the crystal pool or lake of Chède—like the emerald haunt of fairies—with its beautiful waterfall;—the Pont des Chèvres and the Chûte d' Arve, which is not so much a cascade as a furious torrent, rushing down a headlong descent in one

* Near the little town of Sallenches, a quarter of a league from St. Martin's—are the baths of St. Gervais, sunk in a deep ravine at the base of the Alps. The water is a very strong and very hot sulphurous saline spring—similar to Harrogate in its qualities, and to Bath in its temperature.

continued roar of foam;—the deep ravine, choked with huge fragments of rock, down which rages the dark rolling torrent of the Nant Noir :—the ruins of an Alpine castle, the Chateau St. Michel, perched amongst rocks and precipices, and roaring waters and woods of pine, the haunt of prowling wolves and wheeling eagles :—we pass by the ruins of a mountain called the Aiguille de Varens, or Anterne, which, by the yielding of the strata beneath it, fell, or rather sunk down upon the vale, the éboulement continuing many days, during which the air, even to Chamouni, was darkened and choked with the thick dust of the crumbling mass, and the roar of the falling fragments sounded like incessant peals of thunder. The black and broken wrecks still lie scattered for miles over the blasted face of nature. We pass by the view from the Pont de Pélissier, beneath which roars the impetuous Arve,—the deep sunk basin of Servoz, once said to have been a lake, that emptied itself by forcing through the rocks at its lower extremity, and buried beneath their ruins the ancient town of Dionysia—with all its inhabitants—which remain beneath the surface to this day. We spare the reader the fatigue of the

long ascent from the vale of Servoz to the summit of the last ridge ; and, finally, the descent into the vale of Chamouni. All this temptation to fill pages upon pages with descriptions of the picturesque, the beautiful, the romantic, and the sublime, we resist—and confine ourselves simply to record that our travellers found themselves at last in the enchanting vale of Chamouni.

This singular valley lies close along the very base of Mont Blanc on one side—on the other of Mont Breven, whose summits, to appearance, scarcely less lofty and precipitous, are called the Aiguilles Rouges.—It extends, like a narrow verdant pathway, between two stupendous walls of ice, which, like towers of Babel, reach even to the skies. The peaceful beauty of the vale, its rich verdure, its lowing herds, its scattered cottages, its fruitful orchards, its ripening fields of corn, compressed as it were between these sublime ranges of Alps, and in actual contact with their eternal snows—present a scene so striking—so unlike any thing else on earth—that the dullest of mankind cannot behold it without astonishment and admiration. At

the first glacier,* and all the glaciers in their progress up the valley, the travellers left their chars to wonder and to gaze. The glaciers are vast accumulations of ice, that fill the deep fissures in the precipitous sides of the mountain, and tower far above their cavities. By the slow dissolution of their lower extremities in the warmth of the summer, and the force of their own tremendous masses, they slowly move downwards into the valley, with a regular hissing noise—their projecting pointed extremities, like enormous plough shares, tearing up huge rocks and ancient trees, and houses, and harvests, in their relentless progress—and threatening at last to choke up the valley, and form a bridge of ice from mountain to mountain ; a danger which their more rapid dissolution, as they descend deeper into the vale, alone can avert. Nothing can be more wonderful than the sight of these tremendous icy engines—

* The glacier des Bossons.—The glacier des Bois is the finest in the valley.

cutting their slow way through fertility and beauty. You may watch the very flowers that bloom at their edge, till they are buried beneath their broken masses. Their surface is the very reverse of the smoothness or the colour of ice—heaved up into towering columns and broken pyramids, and heaps of the most grotesque form—and yawning with deep chasms and horrid cavities that would swallow up whole armies. They are covered with such quantities of broken rocks and soil, and earth through which they work their way, that their lower parts no longer retain any trace of whiteness or transparency, but present a dirty disgusting mass, scarcely to be recognised as ice.

Having arrived at the Prieuré de Chamouni, the rural village which may be considered the metropolis of the valley, and secured apartments at the Hotel de Londres, which, in proof of its appropriate appellation, seemed crowded with Londoners—they set off to ramble in search of Alpine views, until the dinner hour of the Table d' Hote should summon them back.

At the distance of about a mile from the inn, they suddenly heard, as they passed a wood of pine trees, the shrill voluble lamentations of a female voice, mingled with the hoarse laughter and exclamations of men. They hastened to the spot, and beheld a female, perched high upon a part of the shelving projection of a crag, with broken rocks and hanging bushes above her on one side. At a little distance on the other, stood the apparent object of her terror—a reverend he-goat, who having stationed himself upon a point of rock, was peeping over it, in grave admiration of the extraordinary spectacle she presented—and a neighbouring red cow, at the extremity of the crag adjoining the hill, seemed also looking at her with some surprise. For her flimsy tawdry gown torn into tatters, was ‘streaming like a meteor to the troubled air;’ at every flutter catching afresh upon the briars and brambles which dangled down from the rock above her—her transparent gauze Paris bonnet, bedizened with artificial flowers, and her lace veil, were so

entangled in a thick mass of briars, that her head was held completely fast by them; while she kept struggling to liberate herself, and screaming out ‘Save me! save me! murder! von’t nobody save me! The wile beast vill kill me, I know he vill—the great horny monster! O dear! O dear! I shall be eat up alive by the camel!’ This ‘camel’—(probably she meant chamois)—or ‘great horny monster,’—alias the he-goat—continued to look at her in his phlegmatic manner, certainly not paying less regard to her distress than the men she was adjuring for help—who were standing below her at the bottom of the rock. Two of them were in convulsions of noisy laughter, the third was gravely expostulating with her.

‘Dinna loup Miss Beedy, ye canna won down ava.’ Just had still wi’ ye a wee bit—canna ye bide still? The puir beast winna stick ye—Haud a wee, and I’ll come up by till ’ye by the back side o’ the craig, and bring ye roond—ye maun gang the ither gate, I’m thinking.’

‘The cow! the cow!’ exclaimed Miss Biddy.

‘Hoot, hoot, dinna fash yourself wi’ the puir coo. Dinna greet:—noodinna greet, ma wooman!’—he exclaimed, as Miss Biddy’s lamentations became louder and louder at seeing him disappear round the foot of the rock. But clambering up by its opposite side, which, resting against the steep hill, was a much shorter and easier ascent than the face of the cliff—he gained the top with much more agility than his sturdy square built figure seemed to promise, and called out from the rock above her—‘Here ! gie’s a hand, ma’ dow.’ ‘Na, na,’ seeing Miss Biddy vainly attempting to tear away the tattered gauze bonnet—‘Ye maun just loose the bonnet I’m dooting’—and the strings being untied, and the goat making a sudden motion with his head as if he meditated a leap, Miss Biddy gave a simultaneous scream and spring, and aided by the Scotchman’s brawny arm, was placed at once by his side on the top of the crag ; but the bonnet, with all her ‘heid gear,’ as the Scotchman called it, including the little wig that formed the front, and all the engaging ringlets that had but a moment before played round Miss Biddy’s fair cheeks, was

left behind—sticking fast in the brambles—while Miss Biddy's own lank, thin, dishevelled locks—which had been combed back from her forehead, and were pulled down by the violent separation between the head and bonnet, dangled woefully about her ears—like long candle ends.

The good natured Scotchman, however, though wholly unable to refrain from joining in the universal laugh this exposure of Miss Biddy's bare head excited, having assisted her past her enemies, the cow and goat, and down the other side of the rock, to her friends at the bottom, returned to the shelf of rock she had occupied, and having extricated, by main force, the tattered wreck of the bonnet—the tenacious briars still retaining the chief part of the flowers and veil, and much of the gauze, as their own spoil—he returned it, with its dangling ringlets, to Miss Biddy's bare head.

To account for Miss Biddy's being thus left, like Andromeda on the rock, to be devoured by the monster of a he-goat—till another Perseus, in the shape of *Andra' Macgregor*, came to her rescue—we must observe, that one end of the

long ridge of rock on which she was found, joined the hill behind—and in descending this hill, she had wandered along this very tempting looking terrace, ‘unting views of the Holpes,’ she said, when suddenly the ‘orrid camel’ appeared—which had been hidden by the trees—just ready to jump upon her and stick her; and when she turned screaming, to fly from this ‘horny monster’—lo! another ‘horny monster,’ in the shape of a cow, which had strayed from the hill side to the end of the crag, confronted her and obstructed her retreat; so thus placed between Scylla and Charybdis—the cow and the goat—she ran forwards and scrambled down to the extremity of the rock, from which she could neither get backwards nor forwards, and where the briars caught her hat and wig, utterly destroyed her flounced and furbelowed gown—and held her in bodily fear and thralldom, until released by the gallant prowess of ‘Maister Andra’ Macgregor.’

Her brother and his cockney friend,—with that ill-bred inattention to ladies, which vulgar young men always think ‘the thing,’ had left her

to go ‘holp-unting’, along the ledge of rock by herself—and walked on strait down the hill;—from the bottom of which they had stood laughing at her situation. The good-natured Scotch farmer, who had got acquainted with ‘Mees Beedy’ and the whole family party, the day before, had been drawn to the spot while walking near, by her cries—just before our travellers arrived.

‘O Miss, is it you?’ exclaimed Miss Biddy, when having shaken herself after her disaster, and, volubly told the story of her dangers, she recognized in Miss St. Clair, her former fellow passenger in the packet from Brighton to Dieppe.—‘Who’d have thought of meeting you here among the Holpes?—Gracious me!—Well, I declare, Miss, I’m so glad to see you. It’s quite romantic—is’nt it?’

But without waiting for any answer, she began with,—‘O dear! O dear! only do look, Tom!—Look at my *noo* gown!’ and Miss Biddy’s lamentations over the destruction of her finery, were not less long and loud, than they had been about ‘the camel.’

‘Why, Mees Beedy, if you’d had a bean looking Leghorn hat till your heed, and a dooce sensible like silk goon till your back—like them ladies—instead of a’ yon freepery, you wad na’ ha’ been reeven to rags, like a randie.’

‘Frippery, indeed!’ exclaimed Miss Biddy; whose rage at this disparagement of her finery, could scarcely be restrained within decent bounds;—all the services the good-natured Scotchman had rendered her, from this moment being completely cancelled in her eyes by that single word—‘Frippery, indeed!’ and straight-way she poured forth an angry torrent of volubility upon the unlucky Scot, that lasted long after he was out of hearing; for, having vainly endeavoured to mollify her with a—‘Weel, weel! I didna’ ken ye’d hae’ been sae ang’red,’ he walked away from the storm he had unwittingly raised.

At the Table d’ Hote, young Blossom and his friend, whom he designated as ‘Mr. Whitestaple,’ or as he called it ‘Vitestaple, an eminent silk-mercier from Vood Street,’ found fault with every thing and every body. ‘The vine

was winegar,'—'the wedgittubles vorse than vormvood,'—'and the weal not worth heating.'—Then, as to Chamouni, 'the vooden ouses vere orrid, the vinders igh, and the vomen ideous.'—The honest Scotch farmer they pronounced 'wulgar,'—and Lord Lumbercourt they decided upon being 'werry wulgar indeed.' This opinion, which probably was founded upon the redness of his Lordship's face, and a certain tendency to corpulence, was expressed loud enough to catch Caroline's ear, who was opposite to them, and enjoying their anticipated discomfiture, from the discovery of who he was, she instantly addressed him by the title of 'My Lord,' so as they could not fail to hear it.

'Lard, Brother !' exclaimed Miss Biddy, *nudging* young Blossom with her elbow, 'do you know *that's* a Lard ?'

'Don't nip my *harm* so, Biddy !' exclaimed he.

'La Tom ! now ow can you be so frumpish ? What arm can there be in touching your harm ? One would think you were made of hegg shells.'

Caroline happened to be seated next the honest Scotch farmer, and though his manners and dialect were certainly much broader and

more vulgar than most of that highly respectable class in his own country, yet he had all the acute remark, strong shrewd sense, sound judgment, and accurate extensive information, which distinguish his countrymen; and the nature and the sagacity he shewed in seizing the main points of a subject—the originality of his ideas, the genuine good humour, and even the broad Scotch of his conversation, amused her extremely:—even his vulgarity being that of his language and country, and being wholly free from affectation and pretence, had nothing in it disagreeable or disgusting. He was a man apparently about forty-five, had, by some extraordinary chance escaped being married—and having made a good deal of money, he had left the management of their extensive farm 'till his brither, and just come ower to-spy the ferlies of the countries he had heard and read so much about.

The rest of the party, besides the hopeful family of the Blossoms—consisted of several highly respectable English—divided into little knots of Papas, Mammias, and Misses—well dressed, well behaved, but remarkably insipid. There were two young Germans, very ill dressed,

who spoke a little very bad French—and seemed to be very poor, and deeply tinctured with German enthusiasm and philosophy. There was one Frenchman who talked in the style Frenchmen often talk of ‘L’ Aimable Vallée’—and the ‘jolies montagnes.’ Another, a genuine *Badaud de Paris* on the contrary, with a most piteous shrug exclaimed—‘Mais mon Dieu! quel pays!—quels chemins affreux!—quels lieux Sauvages!’—and constant were the prayers he put up to be once more safe restored to Paris. There was also a Russian Count, a young man of elegant person and manners, and princely fortune. He was deeply regretting the whole of dinner time, that he had not arrived at Chamouni in time to have accompanied a young Englishman who had set off in the morning on that arduous and perilous undertaking—an expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc—and whose success seemed deeply to interest all the people of the valley. Mine host, who was waiter in chief—and all the other waiters—and all the guides—and all the peasants of Chamouni, talked with enthusiastic wonder of the extra-

ordinary feats of courage and agility this same 'Milor Anglais' had performed in a Chamois hunt, two days before, which he had undertaken with some of the most enterprising guides and hunters over the most inaccessible of the icy heights of the Alps; and in short, the whole valley rung with his praise. But nobody at Chamouni (as usual) knew his name—for English names foreigners can never master—nor was his name to be found in the book inscribed with the names of all mine host's guests:—for 'Milor' had taken up his abode at a cottage in the valley, on purpose, it was said, to shun the crowds of English at the inn—for which proceeding most part of the said English at the inn—very charitably concluded that 'Milor' must have some reason not very creditable to him.

Before sun set the mountain party, with 'Milor,' that were scaling Mont Blanc—were seen to have gained the high perpendicular rock of Le Grand Mulet, on which they were to pass the night—and some rockets let off from this situation by the guides after dark, had a peculiarly fine effect, viewed from the valley.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MONTANVERT AND MER DE GLACE.

Here—on snows where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we lightly tread
And leave no traces ; o'er the savage sea
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment.

LORD BYRON.

AFTER breakfast next morning, Colonel Cleveland, Miss St. Clair, and Mademoiselle Delemont, set off for the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. To their utter astonishment, Lord Lumbercourt appeared, mounted on a mule, with a face full of anxiety and care—but

most determinedly buttoned up for the exploit, in great coats and resolution, and attended by Gregory, looking most ominously solemn, mounted on another mule.—But alas ! the poor Peer ! Scarcely had the mule carried him up one third of the steep ascent that mules usually go—before—his back nearly broken with attempting to stick upon the animal—his gouty joints dislocated with its motion, and his nerves shattered with the sight of the giddy precipices on which he hung—he was fain to give up the project, and turn back,—to which, perhaps, he was the more inclined, from never having been able to come up with Miss St. Clair, who from the beginning got far before him.—Thus his Lordship, like

The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Went up the hill and then came down again.

But he did not find this coming down again so easy an undertaking. The descent was fearfully giddy—and, while he was sitting repentingly on a large stone, resting from his fatigues—with Gregory a little behind him, on another—both knight and squire looking wistfully, with

most rueful countenances, over the steep mountain's side which they had to descend, their ears were assailed with the sharp shrill sounds of a female voice approaching them, and Miss Biddy Blossom, heard long before she was seen, at length appeared, dismounted, and attended by her two elegant 'beaux'—who, with the utmost awkwardness and difficulty, contrived to stick upon their mules—while she was slowly clambering up the rugged ascent on foot—and talking all the way with all her might.—When she reached Lord Lumbercourt, to his unspeakable consternation, she threw herself down on the ground by his side—exclaiming—'There now—I v'ont go no further vid you, I'll keep vid my Lard—so I vill.'—But 'my Lord,' shrinking from her, said he was sorry he could not have the honour of attending her—as he was going down to Chamouni again.

But Miss Biddy declared that then she would go down too—for, indeed, the 'orrors of the vay' quite made her 'vaint,' and Tom did nothing but laugh at her—and she was certain

she should take 'the asterics' if she vent
vid them—so she vood go with 'my Lard'—
The unfortunate Peer was nearly driven to the
extremity of his complaisance. Ever since Miss
Biddy had discovered him to be 'a Lord,' she
had pestered him with her civilities—assailed
him with her flatteries—entertained him with her
conversation—appealed to him with her inquiries
—and chased him about into every corner with
her assiduities. She had been most unmercifully
polite to him. And now that he found, in
addition to all the terrors and difficulties of the
descent—that she was to be inflicted upon him
—he stoutly inclined to rebel, and made every
excuse and remonstrance that it was possible
for man to make to escape the burden. But in
vain. Miss Biddy stuck to his skirts as perti-
naciously as a bur, and finding nothing could
shake her off, he was fain, with a heavy heart,
to set forwards in her company, attended by
Gregory,—both in obvious alarm for their own
necks at every step they took, and wholly re-
gardless of the safety of Miss Biddy's.

To recount Miss Biddy's freaks and fears, and follies and fancies, during this disastrous descent, or the sufferings of the unlucky Peer, under the grievous burden of herself and her nonsense—since no description can convey an adequate idea of the extent of either—would be vain. While internally quaking for his own safety, and exerting, in a state of the most painful tension, the whole faculties of his mind, soul and strength—his eyes, hands, knees, and heels, in order to preserve his own equilibrium on the mule's back, and the mule itself erect on its four legs—his attention was every moment claimed by Miss Biddy's shrieks and exclamations—so shrill and piercing, that it was impossible to disregard them—while to make the matter worse—as that hopeful sprig, young Blossom, had taken the only guide his party had brought, up the mountain with him, the whole services of Lord Lumbercourt's guide, which ought to have been directed entirely to himself, were monopolized by Miss Biddy and her mule—which she durst not ride, so that he had to lead it—as well as Miss Biddy herself; and though not famed for docility,

the mule proved by much the most manageable, and indeed reasonable, animal of the two.

In vain did she talk to the guide, and in vain did the guide talk to her—it was impossible for either party to comprehend the other—for Miss Biddy's French was of a description which could only be interpreted at the '*Haccademy*' where she was '*Hedicated*'—and bitter were her complaints of the guide's *stupidity*, 'who,' she said, 'couldn't understand *poor* (pure) French at all—and could talk nothing himself but his own *pattens*.' Now his '*pattens*,' as she termed the *patois* of the peasants of Chamouni—happens to be very good French—wonderfully so, considering their remote, mountainous, and alien situation. Indeed, it is singular, that while the most refined Parisian can easily converse with these intelligent Savoyards—he can neither understand, nor be understood by a great part of his own countrymen—particularly those of Provence and Languedoc, where the remains of the *Langue d' Oc*, the ancient language of the Troubadours, still continues to form the common dialect of the peasantry.

Not one step could Miss Biddy move without vociferating ‘O Lord! my *Lard!* I can’t cross this ’ere vater!—My *Lard!* my *Lard!* I niver shall get down that rock. O Law! *them* briars!—O Lord! I shall be killed.—O Lord! I shall fall down ’ere!—O Law! only look at me—my *Lard!* I can’t get over ’ere my *Lard!*’ Then she saw a shepherd’s dog at a distance, which she was sure ‘Vas a volf.’—And anon she spied a shepherd, sheltering himself under a projecting rock below them, who she was positive was ‘*a* Banditti,’ and she ‘vouldn’t go near him.’ But as the guide said a heavy shower was coming over the mountains, Lord Lumbercourt having warned her of it, left her to her freaks, and sought to share the shepherd’s shelter. Before he reached it, however, the sky darkened, the thunder pealed through the sky, the lightning flashed, Miss Biddy screamed, which frightened Lord Lumbercourt’s mule;—the mule kicked—which frightened Lord Lumbercourt—his Lordship nearly tumbled off—and was fain to dismount; the rain poured down in torrents, and poor Miss

Biddy was thoroughly soused. Yet no entreaties could induce her to go near 'that banditti,' till she saw Lord Lumbercourt very quietly creep in beside him, when she hastened to join him with her dripping garments. The storm though violent, was short. In a quarter of an hour the clouds rolled away, the thunder ceased, and the sun shone out. Chilled with the wet—stiff with the mule—and benumbed with his constrained posture under the rock—poor Lord Lumbercourt crawled out and attempted to walk;—consequently he became a more easy prey to Miss Biddy—who fastened upon him still more affectionately—adhered to him still more closely—and persisted, in spite of Lord Lumbercourt's fretful assurances to the contrary, in believing that he had chosen to walk solely out of courtesy to her, and love of her company. As the idea—'He may be in love with me, who knows?'—crossed her mind, Miss Biddy simpered, and smiled, and then sighed,—and threw languishing looks at the shivering Peer; and thoughts, tender and romantic—and a regular fit of the sentimental now came over

her; and she began to talk much of the ‘Holpes,’ and how she had had no *hidear* they were so *igh*, so much *igher* they were than Box *ill*—which she had seen when going to Brighton.’

As ill luck would have it, they passed an opening like a cave, shaded by a horizontal tree, that wreathed its old roots into the rocks just above, and spread its arms most picturesquely over the entrance, reaching nearly to the ground. This struck Miss Biddy’s romantic mood. She was certain this cavern was something ‘wery mysterious—like the Castle of Hudolpho;—and only look, my *Lard!*’ she continued, ‘I purtest! vat a *finhoneyman* my *Lard!*—Vy it’s rained *black* ’ere!—Look at the queer black drops, my *Lard!*—I vill go in and *hexplore*—I love *hexploring*.’ And while Lord Lumbercourt was remonstrating with her on the folly of standing in wet clothes to grope in dark holes, she stooped under the branches of the tree and darted in with a silly affected giggle—no doubt expecting him to follow her. If the guide had not been far in advance leading the mules, and Gregory with him, his Lordship would certainly

have left her to 'hexplore' the cave as long as she liked—but not being able to resolve to leave any woman quite alone, on a wild mountain's side, he waited for her at the entrance, internally execrating her folly and his own ; alps, caves, storms, mules, guides, excursions, Chamouni,—and even 'Gregory' himself.

In this unhallowed mental occupation, his ears were assailed by a growl, followed by a piercing shriek, and at the same moment Miss Biddy, crying out 'a bear ! a bear !' bolted out of the cavern, driving her head and extended arms right against his body, with such force as completely to upset him ; and tumbling over him, both of them rolled down the steep mountain's side together, until their progress was at last stopped by the activity of the guide, who flew back to their assistance. But Miss Biddy, who had gone into the grotto in virgin white, rushed out as black as a chimney sweeper—for the cave was used as a receptacle for charcoal, which the peasants make on the mountain in summer ; and as it was quite dark, Miss Biddy, in 'hexploring,' as she called it, or rather groping her way,

tumbled over a piece of wood, and rolled about amongst the charcoal, which nearly choked her, and adhering to her wet clothes, beplaistered her white attire, her hat, face, hands, and hair—till she was as completely bedaubed with soot, as if she had been ‘a Neger,’ as she herself elegantly observed. The noise she made roused a sleeping dog belonging to the woodmen, whose growl she mistook for that of a bear, and in her terror she rushed out and upset the unlucky Lord Lumbercourt, as we have related. Woefully was the poor Peer bruised, and sorely was he begrimed in his roll with Miss Biddy down the hill, for she had communicated to him her own contamination, without losing it herself:—so that Lord Lumbercourt’s white trowsers, clean waistcoat and neckcloth, and even his white hat, his face and hands, were daubed and blackened with soot. Nothing could purify him, and nothing could alter the grimy blackness of Miss Biddy, who had been so engrained in charcoal that there did not remain on her face one streak of white, or rather of its native sallow hue. It was impossible to conceive a figure more

irresistibly ludicrous than she presented, so that even 'Gregory' himself—though his natural solemnity had previously been heightened by the toils and perils of the mountain, was unable to contain himself at the contemplation of her plight and his master's, and burst into reiterated and almost extinguishable peals of laughter, in which the guide could not refrain from joining. Miss Biddy next made bad worse—for spying a brook, she ran to it and began a hopeless and unsuccessful attempt to wash her face and hands. Any one who has seen a half washed chimney sweeper, may conceive the spectacle she exhibited when running about distractedly in bitter distress for a towel or napkin—the black streams pouring down her dripping face, she exclaimed—'O my *ridicule*! Tom has got my *ridicule*—what shall I do for a pocket handkerchief!'—then in despair drying herself at last with her blackened gown, she begrimed herself more completely than ever, and cut a figure so truly absurd, that all the peasants of Chamouni whom they met in their progress down the hill and up the valley, followed them,

laughing and gaping the whole way to the inn, where they arrived attended by a still increasing cortège, to afford a spectacle of mirth to the strangers assembled there.

Leaving this happy pair, we must now return to the party who had continued their ascent of the steep mountain's woody sides. Miss St. Clair was the first who gained the summit, when she sat down to rest in the Hospice or Hermitage, or by whatever name the house of shelter is called. Upon the table lay the Album, in which every visitor inserts his name, the date of his visit, or whatever effusion or inscription his fancy prompts. As she turned it over, what was her surprise to see, in the very last page, and dated only two days before, the hand writing of Horace Lindsay! She could not be mistaken. She knew the characters too well to be deceived. The lines, which she read again and again, and at last copied, though the reader will probably think they were little worth the pains, were as follows:—

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT MONTANVERT.

I.

Ye Alps ! whose hoary heights sublime,
Coeval with the birth of time,
Have stood through thousand winters' roar,
And still shall stand till time's no more—
Seen countless generations pass
Like falling leaves—like withering grass—
Ye—never, from your thrones on high
Have seen one wretch so lost as I.

II.

Bereft of hope, devoid of fear,
In living death I linger here—
Religion bids me bear my fate—
Honour—ordains the doom I hate.
Pilgrim on life's benighted road !
Might man lay down life's weary load,
Soon should these plaints—these sorrows cease—
This bursting heart soon rest in peace !

III.

Some mortal sorrows melt away
Like snow-flakes in the beam of day—
Mine—like yon glacier's frozen field—
To joy's bright sun can never yield.
My heart—my hopes as icy cold
My doom—in youth, already told ;
Would—like its ice—I felt no more—
Would that life's ' feverish dream ' were o'er !

IV.

Possess'd of all man loves to claim
Of youth, wealth, honours—ancient name—
Why should my soul grief only prove,
Grief, sprung from heaven's best blessing—love ?
Sole source of bliss—to me of woe—
In draughts how sweet, thy poisons flow !
But Fate no new distress can bring
Life has no charm—and death no sting.

Caroline read these despairing lines with
indescribable amazement. That he was all at
once the most miserable wretch under the sun—
that love was the source of all his misery—that

honour stood in his way—that in the little fortnight which had elapsed since she had seen him, his ‘doom was already told,’ and ‘his hopes turned icy cold,’—and that nothing but religion prevented his blowing his brains out—were to her facts so inconceivable, that she could by no means whatever understand them. For if Horace Lindsay, the admired, the accomplished, the courted Horace Lindsay—who certainly was, as he himself said in these lines :—

Possessed of all man loves to claim,
Of youth, wealth, honours, ancient name,—

and of every thing else that was desirable—if he had fallen in love of a sudden, what in the world prevented his marrying? It was very unlikely any body would refuse him. And she had gathered, from the conversation she had heard at Martigny, that there was nothing to prevent his marrying whenever he pleased, and that he had then no attachment nor engagement of any sort; and moreover, that it was his Father’s most especial desire to see him married. Yet Caroline well knew that Horace Lindsay

was not one of those sorrowful sonneteers who pour forth imaginary woes in rhyme. She knew that verse to him was but the vent of strong real feeling—by which, wholly careless of the mode of its expression, he sought its relief: and therefore that tone of deep despondency—those complaints of hopeless love and opposing honour, which breathed through these verses—filled her with quite as much astonishment and conjecture, as the very unaccountable fact of his being upon the Montanvert, to write verses at all, when he had himself stated that he was gone to England. Why he should be so miserable now, when so very lately he had seemed so happy,—why he should be in love, and yet not going to be married—and why he should actually be *here*, when he had said he was *there*—she could by no means discover or understand. Lost in thought, she was unconsciously reading these inexplicable lines over for about the twentieth time, when ‘Maister Andra’ Macgregor,’ the Scotchman, entered, and after ‘booing,’ and paying his compliments, requested to look at ‘the beuke.’—Having very deliberately

read the lines from beginning to end, he laid them down with an air of the most superlative contempt, exclaiming,—

‘Lord sake ! sic nonsense ! what a puir fule body he maun be—yon ! Aa, but it’s a pity the callant hadna’ something mair to fash himsel’ wi’—forbye sic willy wally clasher.’

‘I’m afraid, Mr. Macgregor, you have no soul for poetry,’ said Miss St. Clair, laughing.

‘Weugh ! powitry ! *pottery* mair like—its a’ ye’re ordinar’ ware, yon’—now’t but pipe clay—pipe, pipe, pipe—what gude will piping do a body ? I wadna’ gie’ a bawbee for a firlit o’t.’

The entrance of Colonel Cleveland and Mademoiselle Delemont, followed by that of strawberries and cream, put an end to Mr. Macgregor’s strictures. When the repast was ended, and the short but heavy shower—which brought such lamentable consequences to Lord Lumbercourt and Miss Biddy lower down the mountain—had passed away, they all descended to the Mer de Glace.

Perhaps the term ‘mer,’ tends to give a very false impression of this extraordinary spectacle,

and even to create a feeling of disappointment when it is first seen, from the imagination having, in consequence of that expression, drawn a picture so different to the reality. The Mer de Glace bears no resemblance to a sea. It wants the breadth and level surface that distinguish the ocean. Sunk in one of those deep cliffs or ravines which intercept the Alps, its comparative narrowness—its extreme length, and its rapid declivity—give it more the effect of a wide, raging, devastating torrent—which in the very fury of its downward course, and tossing its wild waves on high, had been in one moment and for ever, congealed by the power of frost. It looks as if some enchanter had crystallized it with his icy wand. Its rough and stormy waves, and the deep wide gulfs which yawn between them, look still more tremendous when you venture upon them;—and the vast extent of this extraordinary valley of ice, with its heaved and rugged surface stretching far upward into the inaccessible dones and ‘palaces of the Alps’—and downwards even to the rich verdure of Chamouni, appears far more imposing

and sublime when thus standing upon its icy billows, or on the rocks of granite that are strewed over its surface—than when viewed from the margin. Attended by an active guide, Miss St. Clair traversed a great extent of this vast world of ice—passing with a lightness, an agility, and a fearlessness, from one slippery wave to another—(rendered unusually slippery by the recent rain)—that excited the terror of her distant companions, and the delight and astonishment of the guides, who all declared she could go—with far more ease and security than most of the gentlemen who undertook it—to the *Jardin*, a distant and difficult expedition, far beyond the Montanvert, in a spot among the high recesses of the Alps, famous for its rare botanical treasures.

Nothing tends to give a more striking idea of the stupendous height of Mont Blanc, than, after ascending three thousand feet to the summit of the Montanvert, to see that it still towers as high above you as ever—while the hoary heads of the Breven, and all the surrounding mountains, though above the line of eternal snow, look like the dwarfs that bow

round his mighty throne The four 'Aiguilles' which shoot their tall pointed pyramids of rock into the skies far beyond the Montanvert, have a peculiarly grand effect viewed from the Mer de Glace—particularly the Aiguille du Drû, and the Aiguille du Midi.

The party returned to Chamouni by the route of the 'Chapeau'—and stopped to gaze upon the last sublime view of the Mer de Glace, and to contemplate, at intervals, the fall of the tremendous masses of ice from the glacier, which, crashing into thousands of pieces, reverberated among the echoes of the Alps, like the roar of thundering cannon.*

* Glaciers have been most inaccurately termed 'mountains of ice.'—They are on the contrary more properly *vallies of ice*.—They are uniformly found in the deep vallies or ravines between the mountains—and in the deep hollow ~~cliffs~~ in the sides of the mountains themselves.—They have been obviously formed by the immense avalanches of snow which fall in spring and summer from the precipices and sides of the bordering mountains, into the ravines below. The percolation of the melted water through the snow, which is again frozen in that state, renders it an entire mass of ice.—As the enormous heaps which fall, are not

When they reached the inn, they heard the dismal adventure of Lord Lumbercourt and the

nearly melted before the close of summer, and the winter's snow still increases the mass—which the avalanches of the succeeding summer again continue to augment—it is not wonderful that in the course of ages, the enormous vallies of ice, we now behold, many of which are six or seven leagues in length, and of unknown and incalculable depth, —(which however in some places has been ascertained by the fissures to be upwards of three thousand feet) should have been accumulated. *The surface* of the glaciers of the Alps, from the Tyrol to Mont Blanc, is now computed to exceed twelve hundred square miles. As the declivity of these vallies or ravines which the glaciers occupy, is always rapid, their lower extremity pressed onward by the enormous weight of ice above, has always a tendency to descend lower and lower into the larger valley or plain, in which the ravine terminates.—But in proportion as the glacier advances to lower and warmer regions—the dissolution of ice becomes more rapid—consequently during hot summers, and often even during those winters in which the fall of snow has been trifling, they are frequently known to *recede*—that is the ice is dissolved faster than it is pushed forward. In severer years, on the contrary, their progress is often alarmingly rapid.—In winter, while they are bound by frost, they are of course quite stationary—and the stream of water which in summer flows from their base, is then either completely stopped or dwindled to a very small runlet.

fair Miss Biddy Blossom—now fair once more, though it was not without severe scrubbing and hard labour, that she had been transformed from the complete blackamoor state in which she entered the inn, to her native sallow hue.

CHAPTER XII.



MONT BLANC.



Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

LORD BYRON.

Little wat ye wha's coming!

OLD BALLAD.

'Twas I—but 'tis not I.

SHAKSPEARE.



As usual, all the party at the inn sat down to dinner at the Table d' Hôte; and as usual, every body was eager to recount his own adventures and exploits, and hair-breadth escapes of the morning—excepting Lord Lumbercourt,

who did not seem at all anxious to boast of his ; but as no man was willing to listen to those of his neighbour, or at least listened impatiently without attending, only watching the opportunity to break in with his own story,—the pleasure of being the hero of his own tale to sympathising auditors, could not be enjoyed. Consequently the interesting subject of self was at length abandoned, and then the conversation turned upon the enterprising Englishman and his thirteen attendants, who had been descried in the morning working their laborious way towards the Aiguille du Midi, and were still perilously braving the dangers of the desperate ascent. They were seen cutting steps in the precipices of ice with their hatchets, and crossing the unknown depth of the tremendous fissures, by means of a bridge formed by a ladder laid across. When these horrid chasms were too wide to pass in this manner, they descended into them, and climbed up their opposite sides by their ladders ; and when too deep for their ladders, they let themselves down and hoisted themselves up again by ropes. The ascent of Mont Blanc

had not been accomplished for many years. The last attempt had terminated fatally*—and it was generally thought, from the unusual quantity of snow which had fallen the preceding winter, that the ascent was at present wholly impracticable—that the lives of the party were exposed to the most imminent danger, and that ‘Milor’ would be at last obliged to abandon the enterprise.

‘He wont like that,’ said Caroline, involuntarily—for from the moment she had seen

* Three of the guides were killed in this unfortunate expedition, near the summit of Mont Blanc, by a vast sheet or shelf of snow giving way under their feet, and sliding with them down the mountain with irresistible velocity—precipitating them along with it, into a yawning and unfathomable fissure of the ice in its side, and burying them under its overwhelming mass;—so that in the passage of one moment, they were swept away from the face of the earth—from life in its fullest vigour, to death and everlasting burial. Their tomb was sealed, and never can be opened till the dissolution of the earth. Thousands of years after, their bodies will still lie unchanged in their icy sepulchre. That preservation of the mortal mould, for which Kings and Princes expend so much labour and treasure, has fallen to the lot of these poor shepherds.

Mr. Lindsay's hand-writing in the album of Montanvert, she had felt persuaded that this assailant of mountains was himself.

Among the many plans that were proposed for the next day, Caroline strongly voted for the ascent of the Breven, which, being exactly opposite to Mont Blanc, and divided from it only by the narrow vale of Chamouni, is the station invariably chosen for surveying the mountain. This expedition was accordingly resolved upon, and next morning, after scaling a considerable height up the Breven, they saw the opposite party on Mont Blanc, like black emmets on its white surface, not yet at the top, but struggling dauntlessly with their increasing difficulties and dangers, and labouring at the last dreadful pass of the *Mont Maudit*. Looking attentively at them through a prospect glass, Caroline distinctly discovered Mr. Lindsay. No sooner had she communicated this discovery to her companions, and Colonel Cleveland had convinced himself by the evidence of his own eyes, of Mr. Lindsay's identity, than he began to make the most extravagant flourishes with

a long white table cloth, in which their cold provisions had been wrapped—shouting, hallooing, and blowing the mountain horn of the guides, most vociferously, until he succeeded in attracting Horace Lindsay's attention, and they saw him gazing at them in turn through a glass. He looked at them long—and after standing still for a few moments, made signs of recognition—then turned, but scarcely had he re-commenced the ascent, before his feet slipped and he disappeared into a fissure of the ice. The terror of the opposite party was extreme; but it was, however, shortly relieved by his re-appearance in apparent safety—and they watched him from their station at the rude chalet on the Breven's side, until they actually beheld him gain the utmost summit of the mountain—when the lateness of the hour obliged them reluctantly to descend.

This was the third night he had lain upon the icy side of Mont Blanc. No adventurer had ever remained upon it so long before, and the intense cold he must have to endure, the long continuance of such exhausting exertions,

and the grave looks of the old guides and peasants of Chamouni, who shook their heads in disapprobation of the rashness of such obstinate perseverance, did not tend to allay the anxiety his friends entertained for his safety. His enterprise had, however, at last been crowned with success. At sunset, a peasant stationed on the Breven to watch their progress, saw them leave the highest of the icy pinnacles of the mountain—and as the nights were moonlight, it was hoped, if their strength held out, they might be enabled to descend to some spot, in which the inclemency of the cold would not seriously injure them.

The person who seemed to hear of Mr. Lindsay's proceedings with the most uneasiness, and reprobated the rashness of the undertaking with the most severity, was Lord Lumbercourt. The extreme disturbance and restlessness he betrayed, during the discussion of this endless subject of conversation—the peevishness with which, when compelled to speak of it himself, he abused the folly and madness of the attempt, and the sincerity with which he seemed to think

Lindsay richly deserved to break his neck, were obviously caused by the interest he felt for his cousin ; because they had never been shown till it was known who the adventurous hero was that had attempted an exploit so perilous.

Next morning, Mr. Lindsay was still seen foremost in the descent of the mountain. A fresh detachment of guides, carrying wine and provisions, went up to meet and relieve them ; for many of the men, by this time, were left far behind, apparently overcome with fatigue.

As Mrs. Cleveland and Lord Lumbercourt had not been able to make any of these mountainous excursions, and had spent the preceding day in driving in a *char á banc* to the upper end of the valley—and in visiting such of the glaciers and views as were accessible to them—the rest of the party accompanied them, this morning, to the Arveiron, perhaps one of the most sublime spectacles of nature. Ascending gradually through a wood of pine and larch trees, which, like a verdant screen, conceals the scene you are approaching, it suddenly bursts upon you, and you behold the

stupendous towers and pinnacles, and icy pyramids of the great Glacier des Bois, which forms the lower part of the Mer de Glace, flanked by tremendous peaked and naked rocks, and reaching far up into the wild and impenetrable recesses of the Alps. From its utmost summit, which is many thousand feet above the vale of Chamouni, shoots up into heaven the tremendous Aiguille de Dru, one solid spiral pyramid of naked granite—four thousand feet in height. Inaccessible wholly, even to the storm-driven eagle, its smooth and naked sides, untouched from creation, never have afforded footing to any living thing. No summit in the whole range of the mighty Alps, is so striking and so isolated as this wonderful monument of nature. Extending far to the right and left behind it, rises the Aiguille Vert, not much inferior to the giant summit of Mont Blanc itself in height.

Immediately before your eyes, a sight still more sublime chains the soul in wonder and admiration. At the base of this immense glacier yawns a tremendous cavern of ice, hollowed out

by the furious source of the Arveiron, and supported by columns and buttresses of ice, through which its struggling waters work out their impetuous way, bursting down into the valley, at once a mighty foaming torrent. The vast vault or dome of ice which the raging waters form above them, before their fury has worn away the props and pillars that support it—and which their own force has made—often reaches to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and its concussion, at last, when it falls, is heard and felt through the valley like the crash of overthrown mountains. Instances have been known of men—led by curiosity too near this awful spectacle—being swallowed up in a moment by the masses of ice which are furiously swept onward. Continually, as they stood viewing it, huge rocks of ice were disengaged from its lofty cavity, and fell with awful reverberation.

Thus the Arveiron receives its birth from that vast and still Leviathan of ice, which lies immoveably stretched along this tremendous chasm of the Alps—like a living son bursting forth from the cold womb of a dead parent.

After they had, with Lord Lumbercourt and Mrs. Cleveland, enjoyed a visit to the *Choiseau*, which commands the only prospect of the Mer de Glace, attainable by the weak or the infirm. Colonel Cleveland and Miss St. Clair afterwards rode on mules up to the Chalet de la Flessière, exactly opposite the Mer de Glace, from whence the view of the waves, and chasms, and rocks of that vast valley of ice, is particularly sublime—so also is the long expanse of Mont Blanc, spiked with its ‘needles’ and columns, and obelisks, and pyramids, and domes of ice. Indeed though little visited—the whole of the High Alps and the vale of Chamouni appear to the most striking effect from this station.

On their return, they had the gratification to find that Mr. Lindsay and his guides were rapidly descending the mountain—apparently making almost desperate efforts to reach the plain before night-fall. After dinner a char à banc was sent by Colonel Cleveland, at Miss St. Clair’s suggestion to meet him at the extreme point where a char could go—and the whole

party from the hotel, moved by the spirit of curiosity, interest, or idleness—strolled out in different groups to meet the adventurer. Miss St. Clair felt almost an insurmountable repugnance to this walk—a repugnance for which she could not account. But she found that if she staid behind, Lord Lumbercourt would stay too, and that she would inevitably have a tête à tête with his Lordship, for which she felt no great inclination. She reflected too that her absence alone would have an air of singularity, if not of affectation—not only to all the rest of the party, but even to Mr. Lindsay himself. Slowly and reluctantly therefore she did set off with the rest—but contrary to her usual custom of being far in advance, she insensibly lagged behind, and having Mlle. Delemont fast by the arm on one side, and her faithful escort, Lord Lumbercourt, closely attached on the other, she advanced to the rencounter, with feelings which she could neither understand nor conceive—and in that agreeable predicament—which every one must at times have experienced—of compelling herself to talk upon any subject which chance suggests—

when her whole thoughts and mind were engrossed upon another. It was rather a severe trial to Mr. Lindsay's patience and spirits, after the incessant and violent exertions of four days and three nights of incredible peril and hardship—the very moment his neck was out of jeopardy, and his feet on terra firma, to be surrounded with a clamorous crowd—gaped at by curious eyes—baited with idle questions—besieged with foolish congratulations—assailed with a thousand 'fears' and 'wonders'—and almost stunned with offers of assistance—just when assistance was no longer wanted.

Certainly nothing could present a more deplorable spectacle than his whole person and attire. His hair was in disorder—his hat torn to pieces—his lips and cheeks parched and haggard, and entirely destitute of skin—his eyes red as fire—and his look 'weary and worn.'—He was almost crippled with pain and exhaustion—he was bent with fatigue and hardship—his dress was in almost as many rents and tatters as that of 'Mad Tom,'—and his shoes perfectly beggarly. But Mr. Lindsay was one of 'the

aristocracy of nature ;' no rags could alter his noble mien and distinguished air—the glance of his eye, and the very contour of his face, instantly proclaimed him of high birth, consideration, and breeding. Yet woeful was the change from the animated, the gay, the gallant, the fascinating Horace Lindsay, that had left Lausanne a fortnight before—to the battered looking being that now stood before them.

With evident symptoms of impatience, and somewhat of determination in his manner, which there was no withstanding, though with perfect good breeding, he soon made his way through this phalanx of civility—but when he beheld—last of all, Miss St. Clair—he stood as if petrified—his cheeks assumed a hue still more ghastly—he stopped short, but did not speak ; his lips, indeed, seemed to form a few inarticulate words in reply to her faint salutation, but it was with evident difficulty and constraint—and finally, saying something in which 'fatigue' was alone intelligible, he fairly turned away from her and from every one—threw himself into the *char à banc*, and was swiftly driven to the cottage,

at the door of which the good peasants, his hosts, were anxiously awaiting him.

Miss St. Clair was thunderstruck with astonishment. Perhaps she was hurt—perhaps she was pained—perhaps even her heart was wounded; but pride, woman's best support, came to her assistance, and she was certainly indignant. In vain she tormented herself with conjectures, as to the cause of the marked and sudden change in his manners and deportment towards her. She would have given the world to have known what it was—but the more she thought of it, the less she could understand or account for it;—and having at length decided that men were inexplicable beings—that she never did, never could, and never should understand them—that they were not worth thinking about—more especially Mr. Lindsay—because nothing whatever could justify his change of behaviour to her;—she very wisely resolved to think of him no more, and to turn her thoughts to other things. And although

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions,

Yet, as one would not presume to suspect any young lady of making resolutions and not keeping them, we are bound to believe that she did as she had determined.

Heroes always seem possessed of such super-human strength, that they can undergo as much as would kill ten ordinary men, and find themselves as well as ever after their Herculean labours—but Horace Lindsay, we suppose, was not a hero, for he found himself extremely ill; and a severe attack of fever, which confined him to bed, for many days, in his solitary cottage, was the fruit of his ascent of Mont Blanc—an attempt, under the circumstances, about as Quixotic as the Knight of La Mancha's far-famed attack upon the windmills.

Next morning, when Colonel Cleveland visited him in bed, before their departure from Chamouni, he was scarcely able to speak, or even to understand what he heard—his brain was burning, his temples throbbing, and his pulses beating—yet, as he did not complain, said, mechanically, that ‘he was very well,’ and only seemed, as Colonel Cleveland thought, very

sleepy and stupified—the good Colonel, who was not very skilful in observing the diagnostics of diseases, left him in the persuasion that he was ‘extremely well—considering ;’ while, in truth, a brain fever was rapidly coming on.

Lord Lumbercourt and Mrs. Cleveland set off to return by the route they had arrived. Colonel Cleveland, with the two young ladies, rode on mules to the head of the valley, up the windings of the Arve—saw, on their road, the grand glaciers of Argentiére and of Tour, and left the last habitation of Chamouni at the little village of Tour, which is said, in winter, to be sometimes literally buried under snow, and that the inhabitants actually cut their covered ways, underneath it, from cottage to cottage, through the white fleecy avalanche thus fallen upon them from the skies. They ascended the steep and rugged path which leads to the top of the Col de Balme—that lofty height which shuts out the upper extremity of this happy valley from the world. From its summit, they beheld the last view of Chamouni,—of its rich verdant

narrow vale, lying between the white walls and turrets of the icy Alps,—the glittering glaciers stretching down into its green pastures—its scattered cottages and villages spread amongst fruitful fields and gardens;—and that grand object, perhaps the most sublime on earth—Mont Blanc, rearing itself on its gigantic buttresses of rock, its bare ribs of granite, and its deep clefts filled with the ice of ages—piercing with its aerial ‘needles’ the blue vault of heaven, and proudly overlooking, with its hundred heads, the subject Alps and the whole world at its feet. Upon its hoary summit, Winter, king of storms and monarch of the mighty Alps, sits in all his terrors to hold his court, and the glaciers seem the crystal pillars of his icy throne. The scene was like enchantment—something that Fancy, in her most creative mood, might dream of—but like nothing that reality can present.

It was with deep regret, and not without casting many ‘a longing, lingering, look behind,’ that our travellers, taking their last farewell glance of Chamouni, at length left the mountain’s brow, and descended its steep sides through

woods of gigantic pine trees, more than one hundred feet in height, rooted by nature—amusing themselves with making snow-balls by the way, while the intense heat of the sun formed a curious contrast to their benumbed fingers, and snow besprinkled clothes. They stopped to rest their mules, and feast upon strawberries and cream, at the chalet of Trian. Another long steep ascent to Forclas, and an apparently interminable descent of many hours, led them down to Martigny ; during which, the richness and cultivation, and smiling beauty of the Valais far below them, watered by the broad Rhone and rapid Drance, afforded views of beauty, which formed a fine contrast to the savage grandeur and desolation of the scenes they had just quitted.

The two parties, from the opposite directions, on the same day, reached Belle-vue—Colonel Cleveland's campagne, near Lausanne—to dinner, without any adventure worthy of notice.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCH TAKING; OR, LOVE MAKING.

How much a man's a fool when he dedicates his behaviour
to love! SHAKSPEARE.

O—and I forsooth in love !

I, that have been Love's whip—

A very beadle to an amorous sigh,

A critic—nay a night watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy ;

This whimpled, wining, purblind wayward boy—

This *wicked elf*—this giant dwarf Dan Cupid.

Regent of love rhymes—lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans !—

What I !—I love !—I sue !—I seek a wife !

A woman that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing—ever out of frame,

And never going right.

Love's Labour Lost.

——Too old !—by heaven ! still let the woman take
An older than herself :—so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

Cry the man mercy !—Love him !—Take his offer !

SHAKSPEARE.

ONE morning, as Caroline St. Clair was sitting in a sort of bower or summer seat, at the extremity of the beautiful terrace at Belle Vue, overlooking the lake,—her whole soul occupied in sketching the magnificent prospect that lay extended before her—the light was suddenly obscured, and looking up surprised, she beheld the opaque form of Lord Lumbercourt standing directly before her—his back to the view, and his large grey eyes fixed with extraordinary seriousness full upon her face. She smiled, ‘Won’t you sit down my Lord? I did not expect’—

‘You did not expect such an interruption.’

‘Such a foreground,’ said Caroline, laughing, ‘for I was just considering what I should introduce in the foreground of my picture.’

‘I fear, Miss St. Clair, I have no chance of ever being in the foreground of *your* picture,’ said Lord Lumbercourt, sitting down close to her.

‘Very little certainly at present,’ said Caroline, colouring, ‘for I fancied that a donkey would be the most picturesque animal—and I was longing for one just at the moment your Lordship

appeared—but it is really impossible to take or mistake you for a donkey in any respect.’

‘Then you really don’t think me quite an ass?’ said Lord Lumbercourt.

‘It would be the surest proof that I was one myself, if I did,’ said Caroline; and intent upon her sketch, she began to talk upon the little trifling ordinary topics of conversation, which usually come uppermost, when the mind is occupied with another subject—but all the labour of supporting this talk devolved upon herself. Lord Lumbercourt answered only in short and absent phrases of rejoinder or assent, and sat twirling and rolling a piece of drawing paper, with that hasty nervous trepidation, which marks great internal embarrassment and agitation, and which people so often feel, when they have formed a determination to do or say something of vast importance, that they know not how to set about.

‘You seem very uneasy, my Lord,’ said Caroline, in a tone of commiseration, observing him shifting about on his seat, and changing colour, ‘I am afraid you are suffering.’

‘I am, indeed,’ said Lord Lumbercourt, with a sigh.

‘Indeed! and is it in your toe?’

‘Hang the toe!’ exclaimed Lord Lumbercourt, hastily.

‘Is it so bad?’ said Caroline, quite tenderly, thinking his vehemence arose from the twinge.

‘It is here;’ exclaimed Lord Lumbercourt emphatically, laying his hand on his heart—but Caroline, who was looking at her drawing, mistook this motion.

‘In your stomach? the gout in your stomach?’ she exclaimed, with alarm.

‘Hang the gout! Can a man have no other complaint than that cursed gout?’

‘Indeed,’ said Caroline, looking up astonished, and beginning to think the gout had got into his head, ‘I did not know you *had* any other complaint, my Lord.’

‘Then you are much mistaken!’

She looked still more astonished both at his words and manner.

‘I beg your pardon. Forgive me for being so hasty—for speaking with such abruptness and warmth.’

‘Not at all! I can easily imagine how irritating the gout must’—

‘It is *not* the gout, Miss St. Clair. Don’t talk of the gout—forget it, I pray you.’

‘I am very glad *you* can forget it I am sure. It is a sign it is going off;—but what then is the matter, my Lord?—Bilious, like all the rest of the world?’

‘No, no!’

‘What then?—is it your head?’

‘It is my heart!’

‘Is that all?’ exclaimed Caroline, laughing.

‘Nay, Miss St. Clair, don’t laugh at me, at least.’

‘Every body will laugh at you, my Lord. Every body laughs at complaints of the heart. Expect no pity.’

‘From *you*, I did expect it,’ said Lord Lumbercourt, in a tone and with a look that brought a blush over her lovely laughing face.—‘From you only I wish it.’

‘No body wishes to be pitied, I think,’ said Caroline, looking confused.

‘I do—I wish for *your* pity;—for pity is akin to love.’

‘ ‘A little more than kin and less than kind,’ perhaps,’ said Caroline ; not knowing very well what she was saying.

‘ Kind ! yes, you are kind !—kind to all—kindness itself ! Do not be unkind only to me.’

Caroline’s blushes betrayed her internal embarrassment, but rallying her spirits, she playfully said—‘ No ! I will be very kind to you, my Lord ! for look what I have delivered you from !’—shaking an ear-wig from the sleeve of his coat.

‘ O Miss St. Clair ! I wish you could read my heart, and see’—

‘ See all the pangs you talk of !’ hastily interrupted Caroline. ‘ But I have no pleasure in seeing pangs—nor yet in hearing of them ;—and the pangs of the heart are nothing compared to real pangs—to the gout, for instance.’

‘ You speak from experience, I presume,’ said Lord Lumbercourt, rather in a tone of pique.

‘ Of the gout, my Lord ?’

‘ Of the heart, Miss St. Clair.’

‘ Then if you think me a sufferer under these terrible pangs of the heart, my Lord,’

said Caroline laughing, 'at least admire the uncomplaining patience with which I bear them.'

'Dearest Miss St. Clair! I do admire—adore you!'—Caroline looked frightened, and was hastily attempting to effect her retreat, but he detained her.—'Nay, do not go! do not fly from me! At least tell me'—he hesitated and seemed unable to speak out—'tell me—since you seem to understand complaints of the heart so well—tell me that you will cure mine.'

'O! they will cure themselves! Only let them alone, and never mind them. Think of something else;—and, above all, never talk of them!—Complaints of the heart soon go away.'

'O! you little know what some hearts endure!'

'O! all hearts can endure a great deal without the smallest damage. Hearts are hard things.'

'Is *yours* so hard?'

'Yes, *impenetrably* hard, my Lord!' she said, with a look and tone of such meaning, that Lord Lumbercourt felt the ice close over him, and relapsing again into silence and nervous perturbation, betook himself, with more assiduity than ever, to rolling up the drawing paper.

Caroline herself felt very awkward and uneasy—and the more silent Lord Lumbercourt became, the more incessantly did she talk—though certainly without eliciting much attention from his Lordship, who very evidently did not know what she was saying—neither indeed did she very well know herself. He looked so mortified and miserable, that pitying his uncomfortable feelings, she said with great sweetness—

‘But you don’t look at my little sketch, my Lord, and this is one of my very first attempts in drawing from nature. I want to know if you think it like’—

‘Like every thing you do—like yourself—perfection.’

‘Nay,’ said Caroline, laughing—‘You said I took *you* for a great ass—but it is *me* you take for a little ass.’

Lord Lumbercourt seized her hand, but colouring all over, she hastily withdrew it, and starting up, exclaimed, in great confusion—

‘I—I must go—I forgot something.’

‘No, no—dearest Miss St. Clair!—do not leave me—stay one moment.’

‘I cannot—I cannot my Lord!’ said Caroline, breaking from him. ‘I forgot!—I left a paper—a letter—open—on the table—I must go and get it’—and she would have fled, but Lord Lumbercourt had hold of her dress, and he held it gently—but very firmly.

‘At least let me go with you,’ he said, very gravely and respectfully—‘do not fly from me thus. Surely you are not afraid of me?’

‘O no! no!—I only—forgot—I had left a paper very foolishly’—and stooping to pull a rose, and smelling to it with great diligence, Caroline again made an attempt, as they walked towards the house, to talk upon common subjects, but in a very embarrassed manner, and with no better success than before. They entered the drawing room, where there certainly were divers pieces of paper upon the table, one of which Caroline hastily seized upon, and would as hastily have run off with—though it was only an invitation to a *Soirée*, had not Lord Lumbercourt prevented her.

‘Miss—St. Clair!’—gasped his Lordship, quite out of breath with the laborious exertions

he had made to keep pace with her along the terrace—‘You—must—not go.’

‘I want to get my drawing things,’ said Caroline.

‘Never—mind them’—gasped his Lordship.

Never mind his Lordship rather, would have been Caroline’s determination, if he had not held her hand—she could not escape.

‘Let me get you some wine and water, my Lord. Let me ring for Gregory,’ trying to disengage herself.

‘No—you—*you* only can be’—

‘Have some raspberry vinegar’—

‘My sole restorative,’ uttered Lord Lumbercourt, continuing his own speech with difficulty, and not attending in the least to the vinegar proposition—‘Only give me time’—

‘And me patience’—thought Caroline, who plainly saw what she had to undergo; and as Lord Lumbercourt puffed and wiped his brows, and puffed still more with vexation because he puffed so much, she had no resource but resignation and sitting still. It was now her turn to twist and twirl between her fingers the piece of paper she had picked up, and to be silent

—though not absent—and it was Lord Lumbercourt's turn, as soon as he recovered his breath, to speak. He told her, with all the earnestness and sincerity of truth—and with all the embarrassment and difficulty that mark a true attachment—how truly and devotedly, and irrevocably he loved her—how entirely the whole happiness of his future life depended upon her—and how exclusively her happiness should be the whole object of his—if she would allow him to devote it to her.

Caroline at first, rallying her spirits, attempted to interrupt him, and to laugh it off, by treating it *en badinage*—as a jest.

‘You don't really think me in jest,’ said Lord Lumbercourt, pressing her hand, and fixing his eyes upon her.

Caroline coloured crimson—the mantling blush rushed over her beautiful polished brow and cheeks; she raised her eyes, with one glance of conscious self-convicted acknowledgment, then instantly dropped them beneath his.

‘Affectation—O how unlike you! dearest Miss St. Clair!’—murmured Lord Lumbercourt, again seizing her reluctant hand. ‘You

know that I am sincere—you know that my whole heart and soul are yours—that I love you as I never loved woman. O do not trifle with me !

‘ I will *not* trifle with you, my Lord ! You do not deserve that I should—I only wished to have spared you,—to have spared myself this scene. I feel your preference most gratefully, but I never can return it.’

Lord Lumbercourt’s supplications, and protestations, and lamentations, may easily be conceived. He could not bear to relinquish his suit—he petitioned hard for the smallest hope,—for time—for permission only to try to alter her determination against him, by patient perseverance—to recommend himself to her affection by any sacrifices—to become what she would wish him. She was gentle, but inexorable;—till at last, in despair—in an unlucky moment—he went down upon his knees, in order to melt her obduracy. Caroline could scarcely refrain from laughing—he looked so inexpressibly ridiculous. The awkward constraint and painful posture of the stiff swelled limbs—the odd

contortions he involuntarily made—and the absurd figure of this unwieldy, infirm, gouty old man, in this attitude, would really have overset the gravity of a judge.

But Caroline behaved admirably, and without a visible smile besought him to rise. But in vain;—as if despair had seized him, he remained rooted to the spot and speechless, while she exhorted him till she was tired to get up.

At last, having implored him to rise till her patience was exhausted, she said—‘My Lord, I must insist upon it that you rise!’

‘But I can’t!’ said the unfortunate Peer.*

At this confession, and the rueful face with which it was uttered, Caroline’s gravity was utterly overcome—and unable to resist the absurdity of the spectacle, she was seized with a fit of laughter, which, by attempting to suppress it, shook her internally so violently, as to render her utterly incapable of assisting

* Fact!—The circumstance actually happened as related.

her noble lover to get upon his legs. In vain she tried to push him up by the shoulders; the half smothered laughter which nearly convulsed her, and which he had the mortification of hearing, made her powerless as an infant, so that her exertions, united with his own, utterly failed to accomplish the erection of his ponderous body—and she was compelled, at last, to ring the bell for some more able arm. Having done so, she was making her escape out of the room before the footman could answer it, when she ran against Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland at the door.

‘Whither so fast, Miss St. Clair. Stop a minute,’ exclaimed the Colonel, detaining her. But at the spectacle of Lord Lumbercourt upon his knees before an empty chair—by the seat of which he was painfully supporting himself with his hands—both Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland burst out into an incontrollable fit of laughter, which seemed likely to have no end, while Caroline ran out of the room, and gave free vent to the mirth she could no longer restrain.

‘What do you stand grinning there for, you rascal? Help me up, or I’ll break your head. Help me up, I say, you impudent scoundrel!’ exclaimed the enraged Peer to the footman who had answered the bell, and who stood with a broad grin upon his face, unable to refrain from joining in the general chorus of laughter at the sight of the unfortunate Peer upon his knees.

The ‘impudent scoundrel’ at last got him upon his legs, and he limped across the room, casting a look of wrath upon Colonel Cleveland, who was rolling upon a sofa in a helpless paroxysm of mirth, and another at Mrs. Cleveland, who in vain attempted to speak to him, being wholly unable to articulate for laughter; he flung the door behind him with a violent clap, and left the house.

It may be imagined, that, after this denouement, Lord Lumbercourt and ‘Gregory’ left Lausanne as fast as the natural dilatoriness of their nature would admit, and faster than they had ever been known to do any thing before.

Mrs. Cleveland in vain importuned Caroline not to let the poor old Peer go away in despair.

‘Give him some ray of comfort, Caroline, do! Just a word of encouragement! The least particle of hope would make him fly—no, that he can’t do—make him limp, to you. Why how obdurate and ill-natured you must have been, to oblige the poor old man to go down upon his knees, when it was an impossibility he should ever get up again!’ And at the very recollection Mrs. Cleveland burst out into a fresh fit of laughter.

Caroline assured her very seriously, that nothing should induce her to give Lord Lumbercourt any encouragement.

‘But just let me drop him a hint as if from myself, not to despair. That will not commit you, and you can consider about it, and get time, and perhaps get accustomed to him. Really he is a good hearted well-disposed person, and the difference of age is all on the right side; and after all he is only fifty:—and so gouty, that I really think he can’t live very long—and what a jointure you would have!—a young, beautiful, dashing widow!—Lady Lumbercourt!—The Countess Lumbercourt!—What a sensation

you would make !—You must think better of it! Really a coronet and twenty thousand a-year, are not to be had every day.'

Caroline's eyes opened with astonishment at this speech. 'Why you don't really think it possible I should think of marrying him—Adeline !'

'More unlikely things have come to pass—I wish you would think of it. I am sure you might have all your own way, and make him do exactly as you like. And what a charming Countess you would make !'

'Marry him !'—exclaimed Caroline in astonishment—'Marry Lord Lumbercourt !'—and she could say no more for laughing.

After a long conversation, Mrs. Cleveland became perfectly convinced that Caroline never would marry Lord Lumbercourt, and the subject was dropped.

LETTER X.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

*Belle Vue, near Lausanne,
3d September.*

Do you remember our two unrivalled old grand aunts, Deborah and Polly Polworth? Do you remember when they came from Westmoreland, to pay a visit to my father and mother, in our girlish days—our unspeakable entertainment at their antiquated dress, and still more antiquated manners. Good old souls! there is nothing like them now left in this world. We had no idea, in those days, of their value as rarities. Methinks I still see them with their powdered hair turned up from the high forehead, and combed back over a cushion: little fly caps stuck on the top of those strange erections, which they called head pieces;—their rustling lut'string gowns, that stood of themselves with stiffness—open in front, with clean starched muslin aprons, and handkerchiefs primly pinned

across their breasts, to the bottom of the long tapering waist;—tight sleeves covering the elbows, and terminating in double ruffles:—short silk mittens—high heeled shoes, with magnificent square buckles in front—and the most prim, perpendicular, formal figures, that certainly ever were beheld in the nineteenth century! Do you remember how our reading used to annoy them?—How severely Aunt Deborah used to reprobate such ‘idle, useless ways of spending our time,’ and inculcate the necessity of ‘little girls being industrious’—by which she meant sewing from morning till night? Do you remember Aunt Polly—in imitation of the rest of us, who were all reading, once taking up a book, and sitting with it in her hand, to our unspeakable amusement for about an hour, turned upside down? Do you remember Aunt Deborah one morning peering over the top of her spectacles, from her carpet work, and asking me, in her sharp tone—

‘What are you reading there, child?’

‘History, Aunt Deborah,’ I said.

‘What history, child? the history of Jack the Giant Killer?’

‘No Aunt Deborah, I said—(unable to stifle a laugh)—the history of the Romans.’

‘The Romans truly! And pray what business have you with the Romans, child! Why the Romans have all been dead—I don’t know how many years ago, child!’

‘But then I like to know all they did, and all that happened to them, when they were living, Aunt Deborah!’

‘And what can it signify to you what they did, child? I wonder you are not ashamed of such idle curiosity. A little girl, like you, fond of such foolish tittle-tattle as that! Thank my stars, I never had so much idle curiosity! I never thought of prying into people’s concerns that are dead and buried. No, indeed—for my part,’ continued the good lady with a self-satisfied air—‘I am always content with knowing all the concerns of my own neighbours!’

But above all, do you remember how Aunt Deborah, when ‘old maids’ were talked of—stiffly drew up her long neck, and bridled, and proudly observed—

‘ *We* might have been married—for *Polly* had an offer.’*

But if the sayings and doings of these unexampled Aunts of ours have vanished from your remembrance, dear Georgy; I am sure, at least, you must remember, full well, how I used to teaze you, after Mr. Beaufort proposed to you, with continually exclaiming—‘ *We* might have been married, for Georgy had an offer!’

But now, my dear Georgy, I have had an offer myself—and *such* an offer! Never shall I have such another! I have had an offer from Lord Lumbercourt!—and I might be—or might have been—(maybe he would not have me now)—married and miserable—a Peeress and a penitent for life! This news will not surprise you; for it is quite clear, from your last letter, that you expected it, (thanks, I imagine, to Mrs. Cleveland’s information), though *I* certainly did not. I saw, indeed, very clearly, that the old Lord had taken a foolish fancy to me—but I

* Verbatim—from real life—like all the foregoing sayings of these venerable spinsters.

really did not think him quite foolish enough seriously to wish to marry me, or to imagine that I would marry him. Still less did I suspect *you* of such a pitch of folly as to believe it possible. What does the old Scotch song say?

The carle has nae' faut but ane,
For he has lands and siller plenty;
But waes me, he is fafty ane
And I'm na mair than scrimply twenty.
Hout awa', I winna hae' him,
Nae, forsooth, I winna' hae' him,
What signifies his dirty riggs
An' cash, wi' sic an auld man wi' them?

Are not these sagacious lines a sufficient answer to your most sagacious letter? However, I am particularly obliged by your good advice on the subject, which, like all the good advice I ever heard of, will be thrown away. Your truisms respecting marriage, so very sensible and judicious, amuse me much. 'That we cannot expect every thing in any marriage, something must always be given up,—that after all, esteem and regard are the best *foundation* for happiness,—that love,—what is called love,

—generally passes away ; that men, no longer young, are free from the faults of youth,—and that the older men are, the more lasting is their attachment to their young wives,’ &c. &c. &c. Which, translated into plain English, means, ‘you had better marry Lord Lumbercourt, because, as you can never have *every thing* you like in any match, you may as well give up *every thing* you do like. As he bears a very respectable character, of course you must esteem him, and esteem is the best *foundation* for happiness;—never mind whether there is any superstructure to build upon the foundation, a foundation will do without. Then as he is old, he cannot be a young fool himself, and will make a young fool of you—a great advantage ! Then (not that I would insinuate such a thing for the world, but,) as he is rather old and very gouty, he may perhaps die, and leave you a young widow—and then’—

Such is your letter when rendered into plain English, my dear Georgy, and you adroitly intimate, that perhaps I may repent it some time or other—if I do not marry Lord Lumber-

court. Perhaps so. It is, at least, certain that I shall repent it, and *that*, without loss of time, if I do ; and repentance, even in a coach and six—a vehicle, by the way, for which I never had any peculiar passion—is not at all to my taste. Then you represent how much it will please my mother ! I should certainly like to marry to please my mother, or rather that my mother should be pleased when I marry ; but I never will marry to please any body but myself.

My dear Georgy, say no more about it,—I cannot marry Lord Lumbercourt. If even I were to be weak enough, or wicked enough, to agree to marry him, I could not do it. I should fly from him at last, if it were even at the very altar. But I deny your charge. I am not romantic. I never was. I would not marry a man who was pennyless, or poor, if he were an angel descended from heaven, because I know that with poverty there can be no happiness to persons brought up as we have been, however strong the attachment. But I will marry no man unless I love him with my whole heart and soul, better than any other human being—better than

all the world besides; and I would rather live with the man I did love on one thousand a-year, than with any other on twenty. But this—I maintain it—is not romance but reason. You know it was the wisest of men who said, ‘better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith,’—and I, though not quite the wisest of women, entirely agree with Solomon on this point.—And so do you, at bottom—you know you do! And though you counsel me to marry Lord Lumbercourt, you would never have married him yourself. But I have no time to talk any longer—not even of marriage (that superlatively interesting subject), for it is very late; and to-morrow, by the peep of dawn, we set off for the lakes and mountains of the Bernese Oberland. So, good night.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOURS AND TOWNS.

Sure never was such another rencounter,
Which lames report to follow it!

SHAKSPEARE.

And at each glance his senses stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

LETTER XI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Berne, August 28.

WE set off on a glorious morning, in our usual conveyance of little chars à cotê, for our grand expedition to 'the high Alps,' and the lakes of Switzerland. In consequence of Mrs. Cleveland's situation, however, which made the

services of an attendant indispensable to her comfort, we were now encumbered with Plait, her maid. We first trotted to Vevai, as before, through vineyards said to produce by far the finest grapes of this mountainous country—but as they will not be ripe till the end of October at soonest, and often never ripen at all, we have little chance of tasting them.

From Vevai, leaving the lake behind us, we toiled up long hills and bad roads, till we found ourselves far out of sight of its beautiful expanse, in a high grass country, well enclosed by hedges, and clothed with thick natural woods, chiefly of pine trees, which skirted meadows of the brightest verdure, covered with cattle, sheep, and goats—a pleasant change from the dull uniformity of lifeless vineyards. The villages were full of timber—trees of immense size sawed up into planks, and huge stacks of fire wood, for winter fuel, surrounded every house: and every house and out-house was built of wood, though there appeared to be a superabundance of stone. The houses, and the costumes of the female peasants, were as grotesque and as picturesque as Swiss houses and costumes invariably are.

Crosses and Madonnas, and the dirt of the little town of Bulle, proclaimed our entrance into the Catholic Canton of Fribourg. Bulle is the mart of the Gruyère cheese, but we went on to the town of Gruyère itself, where the greatest attraction is—not the cheese, which we found very bad, but—the ancient castle, still in perfect preservation, which stands on a lofty hill, above the town. It was the residence of the Comtes de Gruyère, the last proud Lords of Switzerland—who here maintained their feudal sway, long after every other princely house was overthrown—left alone to mourn over the fall of their own power, and the rise of their country's freedom. The honest Burgesses of Fribourg and Berne, at last seized their vast property for debts due to them, and turned them out of that strong castle, whose cannons would once have blown these audacious plebeians to atoms—or whose dungeons would have incarcerated them for life, for the insolence of even humbly asking for that justice, which then they could enforce.

The great banqueting hall of the castle, where armed Knights and Barons, and Ladies

gay, sat at solemn feasts, serenaded with music and minstrelsy, and fed with sheep and oxen roasted whole, still remains as in days of yore—but empty and tenantless. So do the dungeons and the chamber of torture, and all the appurtenances of feudal state and tyranny. We returned to Bulle, to sleep at a most uncomfortable inn—annoyed with bad smells—tormented with vermin—smothered between filthy feather beds—and distracted with noises. Woefully convinced by this fresh example of the indissoluble union between Catholicism and dirt, we all got up at four o'clock, because we could not sleep—and having breakfasted by candle light, actually were on the road to Fribourg at half-past five. The country was pretty and undulating; for a wonder, in Switzerland, nothing like a mountain met the view. The scenery indeed had but little of the character of Switzerland in it. Sometimes the road passed through extensive forests of pine—sometimes looked down upon the crystal Sarine below, winding round steep banks and jutting peninsulas, crowned with dark pine trees.

Fribourg is an ugly, but most extraordinary old place, in a beautiful but most extraordinary situation. The romantic Sarine rushes by its grotesque and antique walls, which inclose not only an immense extent of ground, but romantic dells and solitary scenes, more like the wilds of a desert, than the interior of a city—while astonishing precipices of sand-stone, forming another wall of nature, rise around, in the sides of which curious chambers, and cells, and chapels, have been hollowed out, fit for the abode of pious anchorites. The few inhabitants, the enormous site of this strange old city contains, present a curious contrast with each other—one half of them living on the top of a rocky precipice, the other at the bottom of it—so that the pavement of one street literally serves as the roof for the houses of another:—while it is a curious fact, that these two divisions, though fellow citizens, are yet as distinct as if they belonged to two different kingdoms—speak different languages, and cannot understand each other—the high dwellers speaking French, and the low German.

But the extraordinary sight of Monks, in their long white robes; and Friars, with shaved crowns and bare sandelled legs, and ropes round their waists, walking solemnly about the streets—and *Soeurs Grises*, habited like nuns, gliding along;—the host borne in state through the market, and all the dirty fish women and cabbage hucksters falling down on their knees in the dirt, to adore it—the tinkling of bells, the saying of masses, the worshipping of images, the figures of Saints and Madonnas that adorn the gloomy, dirty, old-fashioned streets, and the quaint antiquated dresses of the people—altogether present a spectacle so extraordinary, that I am convinced Fribourg has not its parallel on the face of the earth. One cannot help thinking that its honest citizens have contrived to lock up the sixteenth century within its walls; for you seem as if you had suddenly got into a place which was going quietly on in that primitive age—while all the rest of the world are living in the nineteenth.

We paid a visit to the Nuns of the Ursuline convent. I never saw such droll figures. Oil skin hoods over their heads, tight long black

waists down to their hips—and enormous bunchy short petticoats standing out far and wide—had an effect so absurd and disfiguring, that the Graces themselves must have looked hideous in the garb of an Ursuline Sister. Some of the Nuns were only eighteen or nineteen years of age !

They educate girls *en pension*, at eighteen *louis d'* or a year, for which they teach them religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and needle work ; any accomplishment beyond these, they must learn from masters, and pay for extra. The works they make for sale, which they shewed us, were no better than such garters and penny pincushions, as are hawked about by the lowest match-venders in England, and made with similar coarseness and vulgarity.

Having, by dint of much inquisitiveness, elicited the fact that they had scarcely a book in the convent, and that the education of their pupils was conducted without these auxiliaries,—the old nun, perceiving my astonishment at this confession, took up one—a breviary—and kissed it with deep respect, saying—‘ But we have this, which

comprises all :—exactly the idea of the Eastern barbarian, who is said to have ordered all the books of the Alexandrian library to be burnt, because, if they agreed with the Coran they were useless, and if they differed from it—pernicious.

Wherever the Catholic religion reigns, ignorance must prevail—because, with the light of knowledge, it invariably decays. These nuns, whose lives are devoted to religion, have not a Bible ! The word of God they are interdicted from reading !

There are eight monasteries of Nuns and Friars in a town which has only six thousand inhabitants. Beggars abound, and dirt, and laziness, and poverty, seem to characterise the aspect of the people and the place. It is, in fact, one of the dirtiest towns imaginable, though it has twenty-eight fine fountains of fresh water.

We walked to view all the lions of the town ; the famous lime-tree, planted at the battle of Morat, in 1476, and the cathedral, a Gothic structure, considered in Switzerland a prodigy of architecture, but far inferior to the meanest of

our noble cathedrals in England. We wandered to many spots which command most picturesque views of this curious old place, and were delighted, above all, with the *Porte de Bourgillon*, built in a cleft of the rocks, between two precipices. The '*Moulin de la Motta*,' is also extremely picturesque. We were compelled, perforce, to hunt for the picturesque, and enjoyed those romantic objects sorely against our inclination—for we were dying of hunger;—and the barbarous hostess of the inn would give us no dinner, until the dinner time of the *Table d'Hôte*. '*Il faut attendre*,' she continually replied, in answer to the supplications and remonstrances that we made.

'I am sure I never knew such unreasonable people as these Swiss are,' exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, in a most injured complaining tone—'to keep one waiting this way for dinner, to such an unconscionable hour.'

'Most unreasonable,' I echoed, drawing out my watch, which pointed to five minutes past eleven o'clock. We all laughed—and you will stare. But remember we had breakfasted, (and very slenderly), long before five, and the elastic

air of Switzerland, in which we had been walking and riding for six hours, made us quite ready for dinner, though dinner was not ready for us. I remember once seeing a manuscript letter from Anna Boleyn, who most pathetically complains, that at the fashionable court of Henry the VIII. dinner was deferred till the 'unconscionable hour of eleven o'clock !' Little did I think, that I, myself, should ever echo a complaint which sounds to modern ears so preposterous ! At the unconscionable hour of twelve we really dined—with a most stupid party of natives, and without any other English.

We went on to Berne, through a pretty *parkish* country—sometimes winding through woods, sometimes through verdant lawns quite open to the road, and interspersed with picturesque groupes of trees—and fine old 'monarchs of the woods' standing alone. It was very like an extensive park or forest in England—with this difference, that in England the wood seems planted upon the grass—in Switzerland the grass-land looks as if cut out of the woods; which is really the case; the country here naturally running into forest.

Berne, with its curious little low arcades, its deep fosses, its venerable bears, its respectable aristocracy, and all its other peculiarities, you have heard described so often, that I need not describe it again. It is in point of size and appearance what we should call in England, a little old-fashioned country town, only with much less of bustle and business than most of our country towns. But it is extremely like a small cathedral city; for though a great place in Switzerland, it would be a very little place in England. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants; and it is marvellous there should be so few, for the climate is so healthy, there is no such thing as dying known—all the children that are born live to the most unheard of ages.

Our abode was at 'Le Faucon,' but we spent the evening with a very pleasant family of the high aristocracy of Berne, to whom we had letters of introduction; and made a most serious attack upon their *goutér*, or melange of tea, bread and butter, cakes, fruit, pastry, and sweetmeats, which, throughout Switzerland,

constitutes the evening meal, or tea and supper united; and which we were quite prepared to do justice to,—from our twelve o'clock dinner, our subsequent rattle in the chaps, and walk round Berne, where we saw the cathedral, the public library, and museum. From the immediate vicinity of the town we beheld that celebrated and indescribably grand view of the whole long extended range of snow clad Alps, which were visible to their very base,—their sublime forms illuminated with the rich and changeful glow of the evening sky—looking like the giants of earth ranged in battle array along the wide extended horizon—

Their feet on earth,—their forehead in the skies.

The environs of Berne are delightful. The river Aar winds round the beautiful peninsula on which the town stands, and the magnificent avenues of trees, the noble terraces, and the extensive walks and rides which surround it in every direction, must render it a delightful residence.

LETTER XII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Berne, 6th September.

I had resolved to rise very early this morning, in order to walk out to see the magnificent range of the Alps at sun rise; but the appointed hour had passed, and no sign of fille or garçon appearing with a light, as both had faithlessly promised; I got up, and as there are no bells in continental bed-rooms—sallied forth to the landing place, calling aloud for ‘fille and garçon,’ and ‘light,’ in French and German alternately. At length an answer was returned, and a light appeared, and as it ascended the stairs I began to rate the garçon, who carried it, in German; but he made no reply, and when he came close to me, I perceived, to my unspeakable confusion, that the said garçon was a gentleman—and a young and handsome gentleman,—with a fine Brutus head of dark curling hair, most delicately

arranged and perfumed, and wrapped in a most superb dressing gown. In my confusion, I would have taken the light from him, but he held it fast, saying with a smile, ‘No, I can’t part with this, else I should be in the dark myself. Allow me to light your candle.’

I was compelled to return to my room for my candle—wishing myself in the centre of the earth. He followed me to the door, and stood there with his light, but he attempted so long in vain to light my candle from his—though how it happened to be so difficult a matter to accomplish, I really could not conceive,—that at last, he could no longer keep his gravity, though he turned off his involuntary laugh upon his own awkwardness. My confusion became every moment more intolerable, and I never felt more relieved than when, my candle being at last lighted, I shut the door upon him. In a minute or two I heard a rap at the door, and not doubting that it was the fille or garçon come at last, when it was of no use, I opened it to reprimand them; but to my consternation I beheld the same hero of the curling hair and

sumptuous dressing gown, come back again. He said ‘his candle had gone out, and he had returned to beg for a light, as the people of the house were not up.’

My candle was upon a table near the door, and he followed me to it, as if to save me the trouble of bringing it. While I held it, he pretended to attempt to light it, but I saw that he purposely avoided it—and without making the smallest reply to any thing he said, I was going to take his candle in my hand to light it myself—when, to my unspeakable indignation, he took hold of my hand, and pressed it to his lips! Throwing him from me with a sudden movement, which made him reel backwards, and measuring him from head to foot with a look of ineffable contempt, I exclaimed—‘Begone Sir!—Leave the room instantly!’ But he stood stock still—so I immediately opened a door which led into an adjoining vacant apartment, and bolted it behind me. Some minutes elapsed before I heard him leave the room, and then returning to my own, I found on the table the following strange burlesque scrawl:—

LOVELY AND ANGELIC BEING !

Forgive one who would die sooner than offend you, and who is wholly incapable of entertaining a thought unworthy your purity ! I worship your noble pride and dignity of demeanour ;—but who could hear the music of that enchanting voice—see those downcast eyes, whose veiled glance speaks to the soul—half penetrate the delicate bloom of those soft cheeks, shaded by the envious frills of deep lace—and behold the fair hand half hid by the long ruffle, approach so closely to my own—without imprinting on it one mute token of that deep respect and admiration which filled my whole soul, but which my lips might not utter without impertinence and presumption. What Scarron said of the beautiful Anne of Austria, full well could I say of thee—

At the end of her sleeves she had
A pair of hands so white,
It sure would have made my heart glad,
Had they box'd me from morning till night.

Forgive me then, and farewell ! loveliest and
sweetest of women ! Fair but fleeting vision !
unknown now, and perchance for ever ! Yet
art thou still

One of those forms which flit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face—
And oh ! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding—the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace—
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below.

For ever will thy image remain indelibly im-
pressed upon the tablet of my remembrance.
One little memento—one relic—precious because
it has encircled a part of your lovely form—I
have dared to carry away ; but leave in exchange
for it my heart ! ‘Honi soit qui mal y pense.’

With profound respect,

Your devoted

UNKNOWN.

This extravagant farrago of absurdity would
have made one think the man mad, but as he

looked perfectly composed, I could only conclude he was foolish.

What 'the relic' might be he had carried off, I could not at first imagine, because I missed nothing till I had quite finished dressing, when, to my great consternation, I could nowhere find three of my rings, which I had put off along with the rest the night before, and as they were not only of considerable intrinsic value, but invaluable to me from being the gift of my nearest and dearest friends, I could not patiently submit to their loss, I could have no doubt that my troublesome visitor had carried them off, because he declared he had carried off a memento that had encircled a part of my person, (a quaint way of describing a ring,) and because he was the only being who had entered my apartment, in which he had remained some minutes alone. I could not but feel provoked at his impudence, in purloining property to the value of, at least, fifty or sixty pounds, under the silly pretence of possessing himself of a relic. Yet he had so perfectly the air and manners of a gentleman, that I was inclined to think he had

taken them away only for the purpose of plaguing me, and obliging me to seek him out to demand their restitution. But, lest he should prove a swindler and make off with them, I thought it best to lose no time in endeavouring to recover them. Col. and Mrs. Cleveland were not yet visible, so I was left to my own exertions. I first ascertained from the garçon that the only English in the house except ourselves, consisted of three gentlemen who were just setting off together, and one gentleman who was getting his breakfast. I then summoned Mrs. Plait, Mrs. Cleveland's maid, who you know is a staid portly dame, nearly forty, and having briefly told her my adventure, my loss, and my suspicions, I directed her what to do; and putting on my bonnet, with a thick veil folded double, I stood close behind her, on the landing of the great staircase, down which the three gentlemen must pass. I saw, however, that not one of them was the thief, so Plait and I let them proceed; and we then repaired to the solitary gentleman's door who was getting his breakfast. She rapped, and he called out 'entrez, entrez, donc;' but she

continued to rap, and he impatiently to call 'entrez;' until I said, 'It is a lady, Sir.' He instantly opened the door, and came out;—and I, who had retreated behind another door on the same landing, very distinctly saw through the crevice, by its open hinges, that it was the culprit himself, though he could not see me.

He stared at Plait with much astonishment, and said—'What! was it *you* that spoke?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Plait, who had her instructions from me. 'It was I who wanted to speak to you, to desire you will please to return me the rings that you took away from my room this morning.'

'I!—I take away your rings!—What do you mean?'

'I mean what I say, Sir.—That you came into my room this morning, and took away three of my rings, and'—

'Are you mad, woman?'

'Woman, indeed!' muttered Plait, tossing her head, 'I say woman, indeed! I mean, Sir,' said she, imperatively, 'that I want the rings that you took from my room—for a joke, I

suppose—but it's no joke at all—so give them to me directly, if you please, Sir.'

'I know nothing about your rings, nor you either, you foolish woman.'

'Foolish, forsooth!—foolish! I would have you to know, Sir,'—

'And I would have you to know, Ma'am, that I won't'—

'But I say, Sir, I will have my rings.'

'Confound your rings! What have I to do with your rings, you old simpleton?'

'Old indeed!—old I say!'

'I do'n't care what you say. What do you come to torment me for?'

'For the rings, Sir—for the rings!'

'The rings!—I don't know what you mean.'

'But I say you do, Sir—you took the rings—three valuable rings—from my room, when you came to ask for a light this morning, and there is your nonsensical letter that you left instead of them—so give me back the rings!'

'*Your* room? *You*!—it was not *you* that I saw this morning!'

‘Ay, you need not pretend to be so astonished, Sir. You can’t have forgot it—so, without more to do, give me back the rings, I say.’

‘Impossible!’ exclaimed the gentleman, with a long drawn breath of astonishment.

‘Impossible!—but I say it is possible, and it *shall* be possible, though. I will have my rings.’

‘I know nothing about your rings, good woman! I never saw you in my life before.’

‘No! and will you go to deny it?—Will you go to deny that you wrote all that there balderdash stuff?’

‘Eh! what! let me see!—By Jove, it’s my foolery, sure enough.—Yet it’s impossible it could have been you.—I suppose it was your mistress, and she sent you’—

‘My mistress, Sir? I would have you to know, Sir, that *my* mistress is a married lady, Sir, and is now—ay, at this very moment—in bed and asleep with her husband, Sir, and that’s their door, Sir’—pointing to a door opposite, where Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland really slept.

‘Is it possible?’ exclaimed the gentleman.
‘I declare I can hardly credit it—it cannot be!’

Then calling the garçon, I heard him ask, in French, who slept in that room—and being satisfied from him, that it really was ‘a Monsieur and Madame Anglais, and that this was the fille de chambre of Madame—and moreover, that the said fille slept in the story above,’—he exclaimed, —‘Then I must have been bewitched, that’s certain.’

‘Will you please to give me the rings now, Sir,’ reiterated Plait.

‘What rings, my good woman?’

‘The rings, Sir, you took away from my room, and said you would keep for a relict of me.’

‘A *relict* of you!’ he exclaimed, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, which he renewed again and again, repeating—‘a *relict* of you!’

‘Yes! a relict of me!—Will you go to deny it!—Will you say you did’nt, when I have it under your own hand, in black and white—that you would keep them all your life, for a relict of me? But I say you shan’t keep no such relict of me.’

A relic of you !—O Lord ! O Lord !' and again his laughter burst forth.

'Ay ! a relict of me, Sir ! so now I'll thank you for them rings.'

'My good lady !' exclaimed the gentleman, almost suffocated with laughter—'I took no rings from your room—if your room it was. All that I did take for a *relict* of you'—and here his laughter again impeded articulation—'was this old red garter !'

At this speech, and at the sight of a bit of red ribbon (dangling from his finger and thumb) which I recognised to be a string which I used for tying up a little box, I had great difficulty to restrain my own disposition to risibility.

'And you are perfectly welcome to this '*relict* of you again,' he continued, as soon as he could speak—'Pon my soul you've cured me of all fancy for keeping it. Lord ! Lord ! where could my eyes have been ! I must have been walking in my sleep, and it was all a dream !'

'It was no dream at all, Sir ! The rings are gone, and'—

‘But my good lady, let me advise you as a friend, never to put off your night cap day nor night. By Jove you look bewitching in it. Do go and put it on again! do!’

He ran on in this way, regardless of Plait, who by this time was in a great rage, and who angrily vociferated—

‘Give me back the rings, Sir! Give me back the rings!’—as she stuck close to him, and followed him into his room. Though their voices now attained a louder key every moment, their words were so indistinct, that I could only catch at intervals, amidst the din of war, such elegant vituperation as—‘You old virago!’ ‘You audacious woman!’—on the one side, and—‘You false-hearted villain!’ ‘You cheat!’ ‘You swindler!’—on the other. While—‘How dare you, Sir!’—and—‘How dare you, Maa’m!’—were bandied about between them. At last, when the battle was at the loudest, a sudden calm ensued, and presently, after some apparently soft and amicable conference had passed between the belligerent powers, Plait issued forth from the room, apologising as she came, while I heard

him at the door again courteously offer her her supposed red garter, which she rather sharply rejected as 'being none of her's indeed.' She brought back with her, however, the rings, which were taken up by the waiter in the heat of the altercation, from the candlestick in the room, for it appeared that when the gentleman left my room, he had taken up my candlestick instead of his own, upon which I must have left the rings last night,—carelessly enough, certainly.

The relation of this absurd adventure at breakfast, you may suppose, afforded much amusement to Adeline and Colonel Cleveland. The latter seemed particularly entertained at my having persuaded the gentleman that he had seen Plait instead of me. You may suppose that I did not mention the cause of my leaving my room, nor own that the silly scrawl he wrote, contained any other stuff than an avowal of his having taken away a relic of me.

A crowded market, or a fair abroad, is always an amusing sight; but the market of Berne is the most amusing of all. The bustle, the jostling, the clamour, the buying and selling,

and drinking and smoking, and coquetting,—the pretty rustics and uncouth boors—but above all, the endless variety of costume afforded us inexpressible amusement. The men in Switzerland no longer wear any national or peculiar costume, and all look like clowns. The women still determinedly adhere to the grotesque, but generally becoming dresses, that have been handed down unchanged for a succession of centuries. Of these the variety is most extraordinary. In a little country like Switzerland, there are at least thirty distinctly different costumes, and we had them all in the market at Berne. We had the Canton de Vaud, the Canton of Glaris, of Unterwald, of Schwitz, of Uri, of Obargestelen, of Fribourg, and of Lucerne—the prettiest of them all—besides the costumes of Berne itself; and finally, we saw one of those famous Guggisberg ‘Graces,’ whose kilts, (petticoats they cannot be called), are always considerably above the knee, displaying the red garter and substantial calf. But the pencil only can do them justice. They beggar description.

CHAPTER XV.

LAKES AND VALLIES.

Down in a vale, on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be gay.

D'URFEY.

The damsels they delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto dance and carol sweet.

SPENSER.

LETTER XIII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Interlachen, 7th September.

A delightful drive of four hours along a fine road, and through a rich and happy country, brought us to Thun, a little town, situated at

the extremity of the beautiful lake of the same name, where the Aar forms its noble outlet.— High on a rock above its blue expanse, stands the lordly castle of Thun, once the seat of the Counts of Thun, and after the extinction of their line, of the Counts of Kyburg. According to tradition, it has been the scene of many a romantic and tragic incident, as well as of that bloody fratricide, which has rendered its name memorable in history.* The castle is still in perfect preservation, and garrisoned as a fortress by some Swiss soldiers. We wandered all over it, and admired the beautiful views its

* But however famous in Swiss story, the reader may perhaps never have heard the murderous tale. It is related that Hartmann and Eberhard, at the death of their father, one of the Counts of Kyburg, disputed the succession. Alone, unprotected, and confiding, Eberhard, with the view of settling the difference, visited his brother, who loaded him with chains, and threw him into a dungeon. Being liberated by the command of the all powerful Leopold Duke of Austria, and their contending claims amicably settled by his mediation and authority, a solemn feast was held in honour of their reconciliation, at the castle of Thun, which

towers and battlements command of the lake and mountains.

As usual, we dined at twelve o'clock at the Table d' Hôte, where we met a good humoured large-made Irish Major of Dragoons, a young Lieutenant of the Navy, full of spirit and enterprise, and a most superlative Dandy—a perfect Exquisite;—forming the trio of fellow travellers I had waylaid upon the stairs at Berne this morning, on suspicion of one of them being the purloiner of my rings. The dread I had entertained of encountering, in this assemblage, the true Knight of the Garter and Rings, was relieved, for he did not appear. There was also a quiet common place sort of English family,

was attended by all the knights and barons of the surrounding country. During the banquet, irritated, it is said, by the insults and overbearing insolence of Hartmann, Eberhard drew his sword—a murderous conflict ensued—and in the struggle, having reached the castle stairs, Eberhard sheathed his weapon in his brother's bosom, whose bleeding corpse was thrown out over the castle walls into the town.

EDITOR.

consisting of Papa, Mamma, two young ladies and one young gentleman, who *à la mode d'Angleterre*, never spoke excepting a few low toned necessary words to each other, about the dishes. These, with ourselves, made up a party exclusively composed of English people, at a public table in the heart of Switzerland.

After dinner we embarked in a pleasure boat, to row twelve miles to the head of the beautiful lake of Thun, in ancient times called the lake of the Vandals. If, as is said, it derived its appellation from the Vandals having settled on its borders, I must say they were persons of much taste, and little deserved that their names should become a proverbial epithet of reproach for the want of it. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sail. Behind the rocky shores, richly wooded with pine and birch, tower on one side, the sublime forms of the Stockhorn, the Gros Eiger, the Blümlis Alp, and the Jungfrau, covered with eternal snows, and rearing their mighty summits far above the clouds. Lower down rises from the lake, the lofty and picturesque pyramidal mountain of the

Niesen. At its base, your eye penetrates far up the beautiful vale, down which the Kander pours its wild torrent into the lake.* The ruins of Gothic castles, to which tradition attaches many a romantic legend—the abandoned walls of ‘the Golden Court’—where the proud Counts of Strätlingen once held their magnificent reign—the mysterious dungeons and subterranean passages said still to remain half unexplored around its shattered tower,—and the mouldering vestiges of the castle of Spietz—awake remembrances of those feudal times of wild warfare and romance, which throw a charm so powerful and undefinable over every scene to which they are attached; more especially over scenes of secluded beauty and grandeur, such as this. On the opposite side of the lake, our boatmen pointed

* It is an artificial channel. The Kander used to fall into the Aar below Thun, and its devastating torrent covered the rich plain with desolation. Swiss industry formed this short cut for its furious tide into the lake, and thus preserved the most fertile fields of Switzerland from destruction.

out a mountain cave, the inmost recesses of which cannot be penetrated,—where, according to tradition, in the sixth century, St. Beat, a British hermit, and the first christian in Helvetia, lived and died. A fine stream of pure, and of course holy water, from some hidden subterranean source, flows from the cave. Near this spot, at Merlingen, vines and spreading Spanish chesnuts gives a richer air to the banks of the lake—while the rural dwellings, the cultivated fields, the picturesque villages, the beautiful vales or *thals* opening into the bosom of the mountains—the rocks and wild woods on the banks of the lake—and the towering mountains and glaciers far above, beaming with silver lines in the summer sun, presented so enchanting a scene, as our little gaily painted bark glided over the bright blue sparkling bosom of the lake, that it was with regret we approached the head—where the snowy Alps disappeared below the lower but nearer elevation, and the prospect lost much of its grandeur and its charm. Landing at the little hamlet of *Neuhaus*, we got into a common char, or long cart, furnished with slung seats,

the sole vehicle of this part of the country, in which we trotted away through Unterseen,* and all the bustle of its fair, which was crowded with sheep and cattle, and stalls, and busy peasants in their gayest holiday costume. Crossing the wooden bridge, one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable struck our delighted sight. We beheld the wide clear blue stream of the Aar, sweeping round a majestic precipice of rock;—and its depth, its expanse, its beautiful cerulean hue, the rushing rapidity of its course, broken into foaming falls by crossing weirs, its sides, edged with mills and picturesque wooden cottages—the beautiful valley of Interlachen, through which it wanders, covered with the bright emerald verdure of spring, shaded with gigantic trees, now tinged with the first tints of autumn, and bounded with high rocks, covered to their very summits with woods of noble pine trees,—the snowy heights of the sublime Wetter-

* Originally Unterstein under the stone or precipice which rises above it.

horn and Jungfrau, caught through the deep narrow vales opening to the right, amidst the Alps—altogether presented a scene of such varied beauty, as we rode up this enchanting valley, that the most vivid imagination can picture nothing approaching to the reality. It is a spot which must remain for ever engraven on the remembrance.

Interlachen, as its name implies—between the lakes—is a vale of only three miles in extent, from the foot of the lake of Brientz, to the head of the lake of Thun. It is watered by the romantic Aar, which forms the outlet of the former, and the inlet of the latter lake.

Half a mile, to our regret, brought us to the village inn, into which, however, we could effect no entrance; for the door was encompassed with a crowd of peasants, of whom, some of the grey-headed, were seated, smoking and merrymaking—but by far the greatest part were waltzing on the green—with a spirit, hilarity, and glee, which I never saw equalled. The interior of the inn was also overflowing with waltzers, and their picturesque and uniform costume had a very

pretty effect as they whirled around with great celerity, precision, and even grace—to the inspiring music. I never saw people so extravagantly happy. While we were looking on at this festive scene, to my extreme surprise, I suddenly discovered, peeping over the shoulders of the peasants, the animated laughing countenance of Lady Hunlocke. You may conceive our mutual satisfaction. She has been here for three weeks, making excursions in all directions, with her usual active intrepidity, generally accompanied by some of Lord Northcliff's family, who have had a house here all summer, but have set off—though only this morning—on their return to England. She declared she was just longing for a pleasant companion with whom she might pursue her tour of the Alps. It was soon settled that she should join our party, and she is to accompany us to Lauterbrunn, where we proceed to-morrow evening, after exploring the beauties of the Lake of Brientz in the morning. We easily found accommodation at one of the *Pensions* of Interlachen, where Lady Hunlocke is now living, and

where numbers of Swiss from the Swiss towns, as well as foreigners, come to spend a few weeks of summer. After tea we returned to look at the merry dancers at the inn. Never was any thing like the spirit and animation of their waltzing,—and the music was so inspiring, that it was scarcely possible to refrain from whirling about along with them. As for Lady Hunlocke, unable to resist it, she at last seized hold of me, exclaiming—‘Almack’s is nothing to this; I must waltz, Caroline!’—and we began to spin round the room together among the peasants, to their infinite delight, as well as our own. The sobriety of the whole of this immense and jovial assembly, astonished me not a little. They were intoxicated only with the pleasure of the whirling dance. Indeed the people in the Bernese Oberland are habitually or necessarily so sober, that their ordinary drink is milk and water. They have no vines for wine, and no barley to spare for beer—consequently, except on great occasions, when they drink the exotic juice of the grape, or take, as a cordial, their own simple home-made cherry-water—they

literally take nothing but these primitive beverages of nature. They have not, even like the Tartars, made an intoxicating drink from fermented milk. Cows' milk, indeed, would not answer this purpose so well as mares' milk, being much less saccharine :—but asses' milk, I should suppose, would produce *Koumiss*.

Throughout the Protestant canton of Berne, we have remarked, with admiration, the honest independent pride, and happy contented air, of the hardy robust peasantry. They are almost all small farmers—very commonly small landed proprietors—and they form the great body of the population ; for there are few above, and still fewer below them. *They* themselves are the labourers. Even the women, especially the young and unmarried, join in the labours of the field, a practise which gives their constitution extraordinary health and vigour, although it perhaps lessens the delicacy of their beauty. Poverty or great wealth seems alike unknown here. A man who possesses a thousand pounds is considered extremely rich. The whole country does not produce a beggar : and it is truly delightful to

behold the air of comfort, plenty, and contentment which reigns around every cottage.

The old house near the inn, in which the peasants were dancing, stands on the site of the ancient monastery of the Augustines. Never, in their days, though the seat of immense wealth and luxury, was it filled with such happy inmates as we now beheld. But it was once the scene of a romantic and singular event. Elizabeth, daughter of one of the proud Barons of Switzerland, was destined by her father for the cloister, and though a most unwilling victim, neither prayers nor tears could move his stern nature to alter her doom. But when brought to the altar to take her vows, she there solemnly declared she never would utter them—and publicly avowed her long-cherished attachment to her lover Thomasen, condemned, like herself, to a life of celibacy, and then a noviciate in the same order. He, rushing forward, threw himself at her feet, and the eloquent pleadings of the young lovers melted the hearts of the assembled congregation, and even of the priests, by whose mediation the obstacles to their union were over-

come, and they were united to each other at the same altar, at which their vows of celibacy and eternal separation were to have been made.

The union of Monks and Nuns in the same convent, or at least under the same roof, in later times caused such scandalous results, and their dissolute lives became so notorious, that the Pope was obliged to turn out the Nuns, being, I suppose, the worst of the two.*

But I am too sleepy to write another word.—
So good night.

* In 1431.

CHAPTER XVI.

SERENADES AND SINGING GIRLS.

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Then thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love tokens with the girl ;
Thou hast, by moonlight, at her window sung
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy.

SHAKSPEARE.

LETTER XIV.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Lauterbrunn, 8th September.

AN adventure, Georgiana !—a real romantic adventure,—and such an adventure ! Never tell me that the days of romance are gone by ! But you shall hear.

I was awakened last night, some time after midnight, from my sleep, by the most extraordinary and enchanting concord of human voices beneath my window, that ever surely was breathed. At first I thought myself in heaven—but as soon as I was thoroughly awake, and discovered that I was only at Interlachen—I easily conjectured that this entrancing melody arose from the singing girls of this valley, of whose vocal powers I had heard so much;—and I concluded that this pleasure had been contrived for me by Lady Hunlocke, to whom I had been regretting, during the evening, that the jubilee of the fair prevented our hearing these celebrated village songsters.

I opened my window and looked out. It was very bright moonlight. The singers were not visible; but from the sound of their voices, it was evident that they were standing immediately below the window, under the broad projecting wooden shelf or roof which runs round the first story of the houses in the Bernese Alps. There were four voices, and they sang, in parts, a great variety of beautiful airs, with German words,—at least such German Patois as the Bernese speak.

But what was my surprise, after a pause, to hear one fine tenor voice, accompanied with some instrument, sing in English the following verses, all of which, I think, excepting two, I made out, as they were sung very distinctly to a beautiful Italian air, and the unseen musician, after a few minutes interval, repeated them a second time:—

THE SERENADE.

Sleep, Lady, sleep! those bright eyes close!

Trust in thy lover's care!

He wakes to guard that blest repose,

His heart can never share.

Sleep, Lady, sleep! soft be thy rest!

O may'st thou never feel

The pangs that wring this tortur'd breast,

Pangs that no time can heal!

Lady! my love shall ne'er be told,

Deep buried in my heart,

Still—vulture like, it keeps its hold,

And but with life shall part.

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Life's chequer'd lot of gloom and light,
 Divided may we share !
 Thine be its sunshine—cloudless, bright,
 Mine, must its long storm bear !

* * * * *

Source of my grief! yet cherish'd more
 Than all this heart holds dear,
 Still, ev'n on earth's remotest shore
 Thy image shall be near.

Still, while life lasts—by fancy taught
 Thy angel form I'll see,
 In dreams of bliss—(enchanted thought !)
 Still think it smiles on me.

Still, still shall vibrate on my ear
 Thy harp's harmonious tone—
 In strains that list'ning angels hear—
 In sweetness all thy own.

To watch thy gentle steps from far
 My sorrows shall assuage ;
 Thou art the solitary star
 That lights life's pilgrimage.

From thee, from thee my bursting heart
 No mortal power can sever—
 Outcast of hope! from joy apart—
 Yet I am thine for ever !

Perchance beyond the silent tomb,
The bliss may yet be given
Denied me here ;—sever'd on earth,
We may be join'd in heaven !

A rustling among the leaves of the old walnut tree, that grows before the house, attracted my attention to it, and I then saw distinctly the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a long dark military cloak, standing under the thick shade of its branches. He must have enjoyed an excellent view of me in my night-cap, as I stood at the open window, listening to the invisible musician ; for the moon shone exactly upon the house, while its beams, coming behind the great walnut tree, threw the spot where he stood beneath its thick spreading drooping branches, into the deepest shade. I instantly closed the window, but concealed myself behind the curtain, so as I could watch his movements unobserved, and in a few minutes I saw him emerge from the tree, and slowly leave the spot, his looks fixed on the house. His dress and air proved him to be an Englishman, and decidedly a

gentleman. Of both these points I could have no doubt, and yet this sentimental sort of serenade was so unlike the plain rational proceedings of our countrymen, that I could not tell what to think of it. It was clear, however, that, by a strange fatality, it had been my fate, twice in the same day—morning and evening—to be seen by two young handsome Englishmen, in my night-cap. They were not the same men, of that I am certain; he of the evening being of loftier stature and demeanour, and much more thin and ‘pale, and gentlemanlike,’ than he of the morning. In my exhibition of the morning, however, when shewn by bougie light, I flatter myself I passed myself for the demure Plait;—and in my exhibition of the night, ‘by the pale moonlight,’ I do suppose I passed for the lively Lady Hunlocke; for whom—(she may say what she will)—this serenade must undoubtedly have been intended, because no other English lady is an inmate of the house excepting herself; and, heaven knows, I have no lover at Interlachen, nor indeed any where else, except it be poor old Lord Lumbercourt—so

that it could not be meant for me, though I got the sole benefit of it.

Now Lady Hunlocke, with all her wit, and humour, and gaiety, is so little like a person adapted for this despairing sort of sentimental invocation—since every body who knows her might be certain she would do nothing but laugh at such flighty heroics—that I cannot but think the man must be a fool to take this mode of melting her obdurate heart. And yet he really looked very interesting—it is a pity she did not see him. But for the apparition of the man, and the tenor of the verses—which certainly she would neither write herself nor adopt—I should have supposed the whole to have been a contrivance of her own, to play a trick upon me. But when we met at breakfast, I was compelled to acquit her of all art or part in the contrivance of the affair; so convincing was her surprise, and so evident her ignorance respecting it. But great was her curiosity; she declared she would give the world to know who this serenader was, and to have seen him;—and scolded me extremely for not having

called her up to listen to the music, which she had never heard ; for her room, it seems, as well as that of Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland, is on the opposite side of the house—no bed-room windows looking to the side the serenader chose, excepting mine and Plait's—so that it was agreed, on all hands, that as Plait and I alone profited by it, we must divide the honour of the said serenade between us. What swain Plait may have I cannot pretend to say—certain it was she manifested the most hard-hearted insensibility to his melting strains ; for she said ‘ she heard some singing, and got up and looked out, but seeing nothing, she went to bed again directly, and ‘Me'm,’ observed Plait, ‘I supposed it was only some of them dancing *peas-hens*,’ doubtless she meant *Paysannes*), ‘singing in their cups down stairs.’

We could not, however, make out, on enquiry, that it was any of the *peas-hens*, as Plait calls them, or peasants of Interlachen, who were singing. The four singing peasant girls, who usually perform to strangers, sang to us this morning—but positively denied, with

every mark of veracity, that they had been singing under our window, or any where else, last night; having, on the contrary, been waltzing most indefatigably till three in the morning. But that the first singing I heard—the German songs—were sung by some female peasants of this neighbourhood, I cannot doubt,—the style of music, which is extremely singular, and even some of the airs, being precisely the same as those we heard this morning. Lady Hunlocke's indefatigable enquiries also ascertained that an Italian music-master of Berne, of the name of Paccherotti, who had been engaged here for some weeks, in giving lessons to Lord Northcliffe's family—did not set off for Berne until this morning early; and she has no doubt *he* was the person who sung the English verses, as he understands English very well, having lived some years in London. But who then was the man under the tree? *He* must have been the person who set Paccherotti and the singing girls to work—for never would they have begun to sing of themselves,—and nobody can make out who this mysterious man was. Lady Hunlocke

declares she never has been once serenaded during the whole time of her stay at Interlachen, nor indeed 'in this mortal world'—that she knows no Englishman, nor any other man of any kind here—and that she is quite certain the serenade could not be intended for her. No English gentleman, it seems, slept at the inn last night, nor can Lady Hunlocke's industrious inquiries elicit that there was any such man either at this pension or the other, or at any house in the whole valley.

We remembered, that as Lady Hunlocke and I were walking by moonlight yesterday evening, and talking of the disappointment of not hearing the singing girls, I had seen, indistinctly, the tall figure of a man among the trees and bushes, very near to us, and apparently watching us; but when I mentioned it to her, and we turned to look again, he was no longer visible. They all rallied me unmercifully, maintaining that this serenade was obviously meant for me—that it was either the dandy or the Irish officer, who must have been captivated with me at dinner time, at the Table d' Hôte, at Thun—though they cer-

tainly seemed struck only with the charms of the mutton and the chickens;—or perhaps the silent youth, who spoke only to his mamma—or else the knight of the rings, who having fallen in love with me in my night-cap in the morning, had come back to have another glance at me in the same costume, at night; and it was, at last, agreed unanimously by the rest of the party, that the serenader must be this said knight—though I am certain it was not.

‘But what a despairing ditty it is!’ exclaimed Lady Hunlocke. ‘What a bewailing the man keeps up; I never saw such a faint-hearted creature. It’s a pity he couldn’t pluck up a little more spirit. He seems determined to be miserable, and *won’t* have any hope. What did you do to him, Caroline, in your night-cap, to make him so desperate?’ Then she run on, criticising the unlucky verses with her characteristic liveliness, reading them aloud in scraps, with annotations, by no means sentimental. “Sleep lady, sleep,” she began, ‘when he’s doing every thing he can to keep you awake! Now that’s quite consistent—just like these poets!’

He wakes to guard that sweet repose,
His heart can never know.

I'll engage he had an excellent nap after it,
though—

Lady, my love shall ne'er be told !

‘What a story, when he is telling you it all the time.’ ‘O, I understand ! now—he must mean *cold*—you mistook the word, ‘his love will never be cold’—always hot, hot—hot—hot—as the man says, when he calls ‘hot mutton pies.’ What’s all this about sharing the light and darkness between you ?—I don’t understand that. O ! he meant that *you* should stand in the moon—moonlight I mean—and *he* in the shade.—*You* at the window and *he* under the walnut tree.—‘Sunshine !’ he means moonshine. It’s all a matter of moonshine.’

‘Well, what’s next ?’

To earth’s remotest shore.

That must mean Botany Bay. That’s one way to be *transported* to be sure—and a much

more sure method than the way lovers are transported generally.'

'A much more permanent mode of being transported too,' I observed—'for then they are sure of being transported for seven years at least, if not for life; whereas, perhaps, they would only be transported by their love for as many hours.'

'The only difference is,' continued Lady Hunlocke, 'that the convicts get into the hulks—and the lovers into the sulks:—but this swain of yours is not in the sulks yet, Caroline, for he says he will think 'you *still* smile upon him.' O you little flirt!—So you must have smiled upon him in your night-cap, you know you must. He has let out the secret.

Your harp's harmonious tone.

Now that's clearly you—nobody else plays on the harp. But when did you play to him? And if he never saw you but in your night-cap, how came he to know you were so famous for playing the harp? Well! I can make nothing

of him, except that he's the most lachrymal person I ever heard of. He seems quite determined to give *you* no hope of getting him, however—in this world; for he says you are only to be united in heaven, where he ought to know there is 'neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'

Still, however, her curiosity was unsatisfied, and she again set on foot every possible enquiry respecting the singing girls, the singing man, and the 'walnut tree watchman,' as she called the Unknown in the cloak. But in vain. No light whatever could be thrown upon this mysterious serenade—so we walked away to Unterseen, and paid a visit to 'the beauty'—who well deserves the name. She was renowned before her marriage as 'La belle Batelière'—for *women* are the *boatmen* here; and an album, full of the names and praises of strangers, record the visitors and the charms of the fair Elizabeth. She is unaffectedly modest, and the fine oval contour of her face—her beautiful regular features—her soft eyes, shaded with long dark eye lashes—her expressive countenance—her

blooming complexion—her fine hair and commanding graceful figure, with her native elegance of manner—might have graced any Court of Europe, instead of being buried in a humble village shop, amongst Swiss boors. She had a lovely smiling baby in her arms, on which she gazed with all a mother's fondness. Her husband, a coarse vulgar man, seems to make a lucrative traffic by exhibiting her beauty, and selling his goods to every person who comes to see her, at whatever price his conscience allows him to impose.

On our return to Interlachen, we mounted the char which was waiting, and trotted off to the lake of Brientz, on which we embarked, and were rowed by some lively young Bernese *Paysannes*, nearly eight miles, to within a short distance of the head of the lake, which is extremely fine. The bold promontories of rock, crowned with wood, gracefully stretching forward into the lake—the steep woody mountain which forms its head, rising from the water—the rural villages and orchards, and ripening harvests, covering its shores—have, perhaps, a

character of less sublimity than scenes in Switzerland usually possess, but of the most gratifying beauty.

We landed on the shore to visit the Giesbach, the finest cascade in this country of waterfalls; and as we climbed up the long steep winding path amongst the wood which leads to it, we were regaled with the mellifluous sounds of the Alpine horn, which awakened all the mountain echoes around 'most musically.' This horn is at least five feet in length. Its notes ceased when we reached the fall, or rather the falls—for a long succession of cascades, from an immense height, precipitate their foaming waters amongst rocks and overhanging woods. While we sat wrapt in admiration of this romantic scene, a party of singing girls of Brientz, began their wildly beautiful strain, and sang a great variety of their national airs, with astonishing expression, truth, and science. The enthusiasm and delight they seemed to feel, communicated itself to us. I could have listened to them all day. I never heard any music so sweet, so strange, so beau-

tifully expressive. Nothing else bears the smallest resemblance to the singing of these Swiss peasants. It is precisely the same as that which struck me in the stillness of the night ; the effect of which I shall never forget. The notes of the treble voice of these fair singers, resemble the high tones of a flageolet, more than the human voice. The universal and exquisite taste of the Bernese peasants, and indeed of all the German Swiss for music, affords a curious contrast to their countrymen in the French cantons—where, when they begin to sing, you long to stop your ears and run away. Indeed nothing but a stretch of politeness could enable one to keep one's seat, when any, even of the fashionables of the Canton de Vaud, favour one with a song at their soireés.

At the conclusion of one of the songs of the peasant girls, a shrill whistle sounded from the woods, and one of the girls darted away—we supposed to meet her lover. She soon returned, and eagerly asked *me* to sing, in which request they all joined. How they happened to guess that I sang, surprised me not a little ; and when

I attempted to excuse myself by saying ‘I did not know what to sing,’ the girl instantly named one of my most favourite songs, a beautiful air of Mozart, and asked me if I could sing that?

I sung it, and at its conclusion, the last words, ‘sempre amor,’ were thrice repeated from the woods, until the sound died away in distance.

‘Ah! that’s *your* lover!’ I said, in German, to the little laughing Paysanne who had ran off before.

‘No—*yours*!’ she replied archly; but by no questions or intreaties could I gain from her any other explanation of this strange expression; except the half laughing declaration that it *must* be my lover, because it was not hers.

‘But you have a lover, I am sure!’ I said.

Her sun-burnt cheeks blushed a deeper crimson, at this speech, and she laughed, and her companions laughed, and said, ‘Oh yes!—she has a sweet-heart—but he’s very busy with his father’s harvest, on the other side of the lake, a long way off.’

‘But who is it, then, that sang just now from the wood?’ I again asked.

‘Why who else should it be but your English lover?’ they exclaimed, laughing.

‘But how did he get there?’ I persisted.

‘Perhaps he had hid himself in the woods, to listen to me, singing.’

‘But why can’t he come out and shew himself?’ I said.

‘Well! they wondered he did’nt.’

‘Do go and ask him to come. Tell him we beg to have his company;’ I exclaimed.

‘Do you go!’ she said laughing.

‘With you I will go!’ I replied—and to Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland’s amazement, who did not understand a word we had been saying, off set the little Paysanne and I into the thickest of the wood, as fast as we could run.

But ‘her lover,’ or ‘mine,’ or whoever he might be, probably hearing our approach, was too nimble for us. A crashing of the branches reached our ears, and the evident marks of breaking through the bushes, soon shewed us where he whom we sought, had forced himself down the precipitous, but tangled side, of the woody banks below. Not wishing, by further

pursuit, to be the cause of ending this lover's leap with the catastrophe of a broken neck, we returned to our party, breathless with our chase. All my inquiries were vain. The girls acknowledged that they knew the man who fled from us, but they would give me no information whatever respecting him, although I was led to believe that it was their brother, whose house is near, and who probably did not choose to be seen in his working dress, as he is a schoolmaster, but labours like his scholars during the harvest.

Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland, and I, descended the hill, and again embarked. Our fair boatwomen hoisted their sail, and a favouring breeze carried us down the lake again in little more than an hour's time.

We dined at Interlachen with Lady Hunlocke, and immediately afterwards, accompanied by her, again mounted a char, and had a short but beautiful drive up the romantic vale of Lauterbrunn, which far surpassed all that I had heard of its scenery. This narrow verdant vale, down which the Lutschine pours its crystal stream, is bounded on either side by lofty preci-

pices of rock, beautifully clothed with wood, of most extraordinary height, down which innumerable Alpine cascades pour their roaring streams. In many instances these natural walls rise to upwards of a thousand feet in perpendicular elevation. Beneath them, picturesque cottages and hamlets are scattered about the valley, under the shade of spreading trees.—High on a rock, embosomed in wood, and backed by woody precipices rising far above it, stand the ruins of the chateau of Unspunnen. At the point where the vales of Lauterbrunn and Grindelwald unite, and the black Lutschine mingles its dark waters with the Lutschine Blanche, there is an inscription on the face of an immense rock, by the way side, recording that at this spot, one of the Counts of Unspunnen murdered his father. The parricide fled, and according to tradition, perished among the mountains, of hunger, which none would pity or relieve. It is supposed that Lord Byron meant this castle for the scene of Manfred, from its vicinity to the Jungfrau, and the sublime views it commands of that mighty queen of the Alps.

But the most striking feature of this Alpine valley, is the grand and varied mountains which terminate the view. On the left, the Hünneflue, like a tremendous castle of solid rock, rears its towering summit—a fortress of nature; its circular platform is thickly covered with pine-trees, which, from their extreme height, look like a dark belt drawn round it; the rocky mountain of Meunerr, projecting its bold craggy point forward, contrasts beautifully with the sparkling snows of the Pratehorn, one of the heights of the Jungfrau—while the highest silver summit of the Jungfrau herself, far above all these majestic mountains, closes the scene.

We walked on a few paces, from the little inn of Lauterbrunn, to the foot of the cascade of the Staubbach, which falls from a height of eight hundred feet, and which, though the most celebrated in Switzerland, we did not think worth looking at. A small streamlet runs over the ledge of a flat bare precipice of immense height, wholly unshaded by trees or vegetation,—looking exactly like the spout of a tea-kettle emptying its contents. Long before this little dribble reaches the ground, it is dissipated in

vapour—and this is held to be its grand beauty. Its name signifies, that it is the fall of ‘the *dust* of the water.’ This vale is full of waterfalls of the same character.

Enchanted with the scenery of Lauterbrunn, Lady Hunlocke and I determined to drive on in the char to the top of the vale, which from this point was new to her. Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland remained at the inn, being tired of the rough jolting of the char; and the prospect of drinking tea, having more charms for them than any other prospect, at this moment. As we advanced, the scene assumed a wilder and more savage character. The rocks became more naked and threatening, the trees fewer and bowed by the storms, and the torrent’s roar more loud and furious. Near the top we left the char, and walked up to the glacier which closes the vale, and from which rushes forth the Lutschine, the wild stream which waters it.

The glacier itself is dirty, and has no castellated towers or pyramids of ice, like most glaciers;—but a wilder, more striking scene, than that which now surrounded us, as we stood upon

its sullen snows, can scarcely be imagined. The glacier is but the lowest footstep of that tremendous snowy mountain, the sublime Jungfrau, at whose base we stood, and to whose proud summit we could scarcely raise our eyes. Inaccessible to the foot of man--untrodden from creation--its hoary sides, which never bore a blade of vegetation, are hung round with heavy glaciers and unfathomable depths of frozen snows. If--feeling our own littleness, thus placed beneath its awful grandeur, we turned our eyes down the vale--tremendous precipices of rock and mountain heights towering far above them, shut out our view--leaving us no prospect but of the circle of utter desolation in which we stood. On one side, high perched on the mountain's green shelving height, but directly above a terrific precipice, we descried a chalet, to which there appeared no path but the wild waterfall that fell in a long line from it, foaming down the face of the rock. On every side cascades pouring down the precipices, mingled with the roar of the torrent of the valley that burst forth from its icy prison at our feet. The lone and appa-

rently inaccessible solitude in which we stood, as the shades of evening began to gather round us; the scream of the wild eagle, or perhaps the still more terrific lammergeyer—the vulture of the Alps, that echoed from the cliffs above—the mingled voices of the wild waterfalls, and the loud thunder of the avalanches that fell from the glaciers of the Jungfrau far above us—had an effect more sublime and terrible, than imagination can conceive. The horrible bird of prey,* whose wild scream we heard, we were told once carried off an infant from a little village above the fall of the Saubbach, and alighted with it upon an inaccessible rock, on the side of the Jungfrau, where some tattered rags of its clothes are yet to be seen. What must have been the maddening agonies of its unfortunate mother!

At a Swiss cottage, by the torrent's side, we found the people carefully stripping off all

* Called Lammergeyer, from its prey being generally lambs.

the leaves from the forest trees, and laying them out to dry on cloths—to serve their cattle for food as well as fodder, in winter. The moon rose as we set out on our return, and by its silver light, the valley assumed a totally new and still more romantic character.

Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland had taken possession of the only bed-room vacant in the little inn. Lady Hunlocke and I, therefore, begged for quarters at the cottage of the village Pastor—who, like all the other Ministers in Protestant Switzerland, still preserves the simple patriarchal custom of extending his hospitality to strangers,—for which, of course, those who can afford it, leave upon the table a gratuity fully equal to what they would have paid at an inn; because the frugal stipend of these respectable Clergymen could ill afford the expense of entertaining the travellers to whom their house is a most welcome asylum. Indeed, in winter, the little inn of this valley is shut up, the innkeeper and his family gone; so that there is no other place of refuge for any stranger whom chance or necessity may bring here. I

was not sorry for this opportunity of spending the evening with the family of a Swiss Pastor. We found them very amiable—and very musical. But for this last resource, poor Lady Hunlocke would have been, as she said, ennuyéé à la mort—for they spoke little or no French—she no German. I found the Pastor himself a most intelligent and agreeable person, and gained a great deal of interesting information from him respecting the condition and habits of the people.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOUNTAINS AND MISHAPS.

The chalet will be gained within an hour.

—————Hark ! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed ;
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd ;—
My soul would drink those echoes.

—————Who is here
Who seems not of our trade ?

The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell.

—————I am giddy ! LORD BYRON.

LETTER XV.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Grindelwald, 8th September.

EARLY this morning, Colonel Cleveland and I breakfasted, and set off for Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alp, for the purpose of enjoying

the sublime views that pass affords of the Jungfrau, which from hence alone can be seen in full perfection. Lady Hunlocke, who had already crossed the mountain twice, and Mrs. Cleveland, who was in no state to cross it all, were to proceed there to meet us by the valley, a drive of a few hours only.

We were mounted upon two great rough gaunt cart-horses,—for no mules are to be had in the Bernese Oberland, and what is far worse, no side saddles. A German pillion, with a handle to hold by, to which you must, if possible, contrive to stick fast—as the awkward animal, accustomed only to harness, scrambles up and down the broken precipitous paths—forms a most uncomfortable, and indeed unsafe substitute, for our pleasant and secure English side-saddles.

The first sight we saw, on leaving Lauterbrunn, was two women mowing in a meadow; and a little further on, we beheld a woman actually drawing a little cart herself. It is a very common sight to see cows employed in this way; for in this land of industry, even the milch

cows are not exempted from labour, and they say that a little easy work does not injure them as milkers.

It was sweet, as we climbed the steep mountain's grassy side, to listen to the tinkling bells of the cattle, that browsed at large over the Alp, mingled with the pipe of the idle herdsman; and at intervals, the wild echoes of the shepherd's horn, sounding from afar over the mountains.

An ascent of some hours brought us to the grassy heights of Manlichta, where we dismounted, and sat down on the green turf, with the goats and cows, and our horses browsing around us—enjoying the most sublime scene that imagination can conceive. At our feet, we looked down into the long deep narrow rapine of Trumletenthal, far sunk beneath us; its depth filled with immense fragments of rock, and mountains of fallen ice, which alone divided us from the sublime Jungfrau, whose perpendicular precipices of bare rock, rising from the depth of the ravine, like a wall, to an enormous height, supported the tremendous mountains of snow, and towering glaciers, which were piled above it, high up into the very vault of heaven.

Though the mountain on which we sat, was between six and seven thousand feet in height,—(double the height of Snowdon)—it seemed but the footstool to the Jungfrau, whose towering height, with the sublime forms of the Gros Eiger, the Monk Eiger, the Breithorn, and all the highest pyramids of the great Alps, appeared close opposite, revealed from their base to their summit, and divided from us only by the deep narrow ravine, on the brink of which we sat.

Snowy mountains and ranges of Alps, are generally seen at a distance, and consequently lose much of their grandeur; resembling, in their effect upon the mind, the faint and unreal effect of a painting, or of a line of clouds in the horizon; but here, from their base to their summit, they were close to our eyes. We almost fancied we could stretch out our hand and touch them. We were impressed with the vivid sense of their reality and their mightiness. We had not sat ten minutes, in mute admiration of the prospect, when an enormous field of frozen snow, loosened by the heat of the summer sun,

slid down to the edge of the precipice immediately opposite, and tumbled over its sides, like a long cataract of silver, into the abyss beneath, with the reverberating roar of thunder. At the interval of every few minutes, these tremendous avalanches, each sufficient to have overwhelmed whole cities, and thousands of human beings, continued to fall;—sometimes three or four masses of ice, one above another, detached themselves simultaneously, from the mountain's shelving sides, and overtaking and rolling over each other, like the waves of the ocean, thundered down into the ravine in long succession, with a sound, the awful sublimity of which no words can describe. We sat nearly two hours upon this spot, gazing upon this sublime spectacle, which had a stronger, but similar kind of fascination, as that spell which chains your eyes to contemplate the roaring billows of the sea, as they roll in succession, and break on the resounding shore. You may conceive how powerful the spell must have been, when even Colonel Cleveland sat quiet so long. With difficulty, at last, we tore ourselves away.

We stopped at a chalet lower down on the mountain's side, much too dirty to enter, but seated at the door of which we made an excellent repast upon some delicious rich milk the shepherds gave us, and some bread we had with us. They brought us cream so thick, that it was solid rather than fluid. As we descended, we passed some noble trees of the *Pinus Cembra*, a peculiarly beautiful species of pine, and rather rare even on the Alps. Its growth is extremely slow. A long rugged descent of about three hours, beneath the towering summits of the Monk Eiger and the Breithorn (or Silver Horn Eiger)—and the still loftier though more distant obelisc of the Finster Aarhorn on our right, brought us down to Grindelwald. The view into the vale of Grindelwald, encompassed with the snowy summits of the Shreckhorn, the Vieschorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Eiger; the black mountain of Faulhorn, the rocky heights of Mettenberg, with the tremendous glacier lying at its base, and the picturesque wooden cottages scattered about in the deep secluded verdant bsain, which the valley forms, is peculiarly beautiful. These mountains, with scarcely

an exception, are upwards of thirteen thousand feet in height—more than three times the height of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain, and rather more than four times the height of Ben Lomond. They are seen around the little vale of Grindelwald, close to the eye, from top to bottom. Conceive the sublimity of thus being closely surrounded on all sides, with these mighty giants of earth !

On reaching the inn, finding that Lady Hunlocke and Mrs. Cleveland had not yet arrived, Colonel Cleveland and I took a walk to visit the lower glacier of Grindelwald, opposite the inn windows, attended by a guide. We found the way longer and more fatiguing than we had expected, but were amply repaid both by the grandeur of the towering icy pyramids of the glacier itself, and by the varied and sublime views of the surrounding mountains, which we enjoyed in scrambling up the rugged and slippery path by the glacier's side. We were amusing ourselves as we pursued our way, with gathering wild strawberries with one hand, and touching the ice with the other, when we heard, far above us, a vehement discord of voices

in French and German, the one uttering the plaintive sound of lamentation—the other of hoarse angry menace. Concluding that some unlucky traveller was about to be murdered alone upon the ice, the innumerable and unfathomable fissures of which would certainly afford a fine opportunity of concealing the body, Colonel Cleveland hastened forwards as fast as possible, accompanied by our guide, and in a short time encountered a tall athletic Swiss mountaineer hurrying down, with a gilt morocco pocket-book in his hand. Considerably higher up the glacier, we descried the slender figure of a young man, sitting upon the ice, wringing his hands, and uttering cries of distress. Concluding that he had been robbed and abandoned by his guide who was hurrying off so fast with the booty, Colonel Cleveland no sooner came within arms length of the ‘ruffian’ as he called him, than he seized him by the collar, exclaiming in English—‘You rascal! do you think to escape after robbing that poor fellow, and leaving him to perish!’ The unlucky countryman, thus taken by surprise and nearly throttled, at length extricated himself from Colonel Cleveland’s

vigorous grasp, and not understanding a word he said, would instantly have retaliated upon him, had not our guide interfered between them. Upon questioning the supposed delinquent, he declared, that so far from abandoning the little Frenchman who was crying above, he could not get him to move a step either up or down—that he was so overcome with terror at the sight of the yawning chasms and fissures in the ice on every side of him, that he durst neither go backwards nor forwards—and that he had sat down where we saw him, declaring that there he would stay and die. The guide said he had remonstrated, nay even threatened him, in vain—and had at last left him, in order to get help to carry him away by force. As to the pocket-book, he was obliged to take it to pacify the little Frenchman, who had written his last will and testament upon a blank leaf of it with his pencil.* At this explanation, and at the sight of the Frenchman, who still sat wringing his hands with the most helpless gesticulations

* Fact. The whole of this occurrence actually happened, as related.

of despair—I thought Colonel Cleveland would have expired with laughter;—it was some time before he could move at all; at last, perfectly exhausted with his fits of mirth, he scrambled up till he got within hail of the forlorn Frenchman. But in vain he exhorted him in his best French—‘To pluck up a a little spirit—to come down like a man.’

‘No, no,’ the little Frenchman cried—‘he could not move—he durst not move one step. There he would stay—there he would sit and die of cold and hunger.’

‘You great oaf!’ exclaimed Colonel Cleveland, still scarcely able to speak for laughing—‘Had not you better break your neck at once, like a man—than sit there crying like a fool—to starve by inches. But there is no danger whatever. Are not you ashamed of sitting there like a coward, when you see this young lady walking on without giving any body any trouble? Come, come, take heart man! Take hold of one of the guides with each hand, and step on between them.’

After much solicitation, the guides did actually get him upon his legs—but struck with

new terror at the deeper view this gave him down into the cavities of the ice, he plumped down again, bewailing himself more bitterly than ever.

Colonel Cleveland now called to the guides to tuck him up and carry him off by force, which they accordingly did ; the one taking his heels, and the other his head. ‘ And now if you’re not quiet friend, you will break your neck in good earnest,’ exclaimed Colonel Cleveland. But the Frenchman, stiffened and ghastly with horror, never moved limb nor feature, and was carried safe down the glacier, like a bale of goods. When he was set upon his legs, and the guide had returned to us, we proceeded a little higher up to the point of our destination, the same to which the unlucky Parisian had been bound ; and we were recompensed for our labours by the grand view it commands over the valley of ice of the glacier, and the towering heights of the Shreckhorn. Great must have been his mortification to have seen me, from the bottom of the glacier, prosperously proceed over the very ice on which he had sat himself down in despair. He waited our descent, and when we rejoined

him, the contortions which despair had produced upon his physiognomy having subsided, I recognised our old acquaintance of the C^ôche d' Eau, on the Rhone, M. Berger, the same whom we had surnamed the disconsolate shepherd, who was travelling expressly to cure himself of his love—and who, when we first saw the distant Alps, pronounced them to be ‘bien gentil.’

‘Ah Mademoiselle!’ exclaimed the hapless youth, with a piteous shrug when he saw me—‘Is it you!’—and straitway, with a most rueful countenance, he began to express, after the French mode, the inexpressible delight and happiness he experienced in meeting me again—even here; but woeful was his account of the ‘horreurs’ it had been his luckless fate to go through, in this horrible country; and bitter was his abuse of the Alps. I ventured to offer a word in their vindication—‘Mais mon Dien! Mademoiselle,’ he exclaimed—‘Quel vilain pays! Quelles montagnes affreuses! Quels rochers sauvages! Quels glaciers! Quel desert! O mon Dieu! Quel vilain pays, quel vilain pays!’ He then proceeded to abuse the people for a set of savages;—and then their language *barbare*—why

they did not even know French !—c' est incroyable !—Orpheus among the brutes, he declared, was not half so lost as himself amongst these Swiss savages. Pathetically did he complain of the dreadful perils he had encountered upon this glacier, vowing he never would venture upon another ; and adding, ' he supposed the reason Mademoiselle walked so well over the glaciers was, that I was used to them in my own cold country ! ' This exceeded all I could have imagined possible, even from the ignorance of a Badaud de Paris !

This glacier is certainly rather a perilous passage. In crossing it, a man of Grindelwald once fell into one of its deep fissures, when quite alone; but most providentially he alighted on a bed of snow, softened by the stream of water which flows beneath it ; and, by following its course, he made his way under the vault of ice, and issued forth with the source of the river, at the lower extremity of the glacier. His arm only was broken. An escape so miraculous would be incredible, was it not within the memory of most of the inhabitants of the valley. The man to whom the accident happened, by

name Christian Boren, is the innkeeper of Grindelwald, and himself related to us the history of his miraculous escape.

In former ages, the space now covered with the enormous glaciers which lie hid between the Shreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Vieschhorn, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, was occupied by verdant Alpine vallies, through which a road led into the Haut Valais.. A rural chapel which stood upon this pass, is buried beneath the ice—but they still shew you the ancient clock which belonged to it, with the date of 1144 inscribed upon it. The guide told us, as we were returning, that a bear has been seen very lately upon these far extended glaciers, which has excited great alarm in the valley, as it is the first which has appeared for many years. Colonel Cleveland, to whom I serve as interpreter, for the guides here speak their native German Patois only—on hearing this, most vehemently longed to have a hunt after the bear, and tried to persuade the guides to assemble some of the peasants to morrow morning for that purpose. I cannot say I seconded this scheme very earnestly in my interpretation

of it, for I knew it would frighten Mrs. Cleveland to death ; and besides, I really thought that he might break his neck upon the glaciers, in the ardour of the chase ; not to mention the chance of being swallowed up by the bear, for breakfast.

Very tired and very hungry, we reached the inn, and found Mrs. Cleveland alone, somewhat uneasy at our absence, and waiting dinner ^{for} of us. Lady Hunlocke had returned to Interlachen, to visit her old and most valued factotum of a manservant, who, instead of following her as she expected, to Lauterbrunn this morning, had sent a message to say that he was taken ill of an intermitting fever, and she could not feel easy without going back to see that he had the best advice and assistance, and also to leave her own maid to nurse him. She fixed to meet us at Meyringen to morrow, to which she is to proceed from Interlachen direct, by way of Brientz.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE MOUNTAINS—MORE MISHAPS.

—————Ye toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, which a breath draws down,
In mountainous overwhelming, will ye crush me?
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a fearful conflict—but ye pass.

Manfred.

Tendons une main bienfaisante
A cet infortuné que le ciel nous presente ;
Il suffit qu'il soit homme, et qu'il soit malheureux.

VOLTAIRE.

Fais ce que tu dois,—arrive ce qui pourra!

LETTER XVI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Sept. 10, Grindelwald—still !

MORE than one day has elapsed and still I am here,—and here for many days more I am likely to remain. Little did I think, — — but I must tell my tale from the beginning.

The morning following our arrival, as usual, rose bright and beautiful, though so cold that we found a good deal of snow had fallen during the night, upon the surrounding mountains.

Mounted on horseback, we all set off after breakfast to cross the great Scheideck to Meyringen. We diverged from the path to visit the great glacier of Grindelwald, and as Mrs. Cleveland, who had never seen an avalanche, expressed a strong desire to behold one, the guides led us to a neighbouring height, from whence she could look down upon their fall. We stood upon a flat ledge or terrace, from which sloped down a shelving declivity, as steep as the roof of a house, and about the same breadth ; beneath which was a precipice, whose stony sides, very nearly perpendicular, were jagged with rough rocks, partially covered with fresh fallen snow. But it was close to us on one side, and beyond this sort of shelf or terrace, on which we were standing, where the steep declivity of the mountain's top above terminated in a tremendous precipice, that we were directed to watch for the expected avalanche. While waiting for it, we heard the report of a gun,

which probably loosened a body of snow, for almost immediately it rolled down the declivity above, and fell over the brink of the precipice into the ravine beneath, with the noise of thunder. A second discharge of a gun very near to us, almost immediately followed, and a bird fell dead at our feet, on the shelving rock before us.

A gentleman with two guides now appeared in view, from the rocks behind us, who immediately made his apologies to Mrs. Cleveland for having, in ignorance of our vicinity, startled her with inadvertently firing so near her. At the first glance I saw, to my inexpressible confusion, that the stranger was no other than the identical knight of the rings. I turned my back to him, and threw down my veil, turning it up again, so as to fall double over my face, in the hope that he would not recognise me ; but while Colonel Cleveland talked eagerly to him about game, shooting, chamois, &c. he came forward and went down upon the steep and dangerous declivity before us, to examine his bird—although one of his guides was then in the act

of picking it up. He now turned round, and exactly faced me. I could not support his gaze, and moving away a few steps, I went down upon the steep shelf of the rock, and stooped, in order the better to conceal my face, to pick a beautiful flower, of a variety of the saxifrage, which was growing a little way over the ledge;—while stooping, I heard Mrs. Cleveland call out with a scream—‘Good God, Caroline!’ and at the same instant, Colonel Cleveland shouted, ‘The bear! the bear!’ Startled at this double alarm, I sought, with a hasty effort, to recover my footing on the ledge above, but the snow, which was quite soft and fresh fallen, gave way under my feet—I fell—and must inevitably have slipped over the edge of the precipice, had not the stranger, who was standing on the same shelving rock, a few paces from me, sprung forward and intercepted my fall;—his guide, at that moment, caught hold of me, and I was safe;—but, dreadful to relate, by the effort he made to stop my fall, he lost his own footing, staggered back a pace or two, and before our eyes, was precipitated over the edge of the preci-

pice, into the ravine beneath ! Never, while I live, shall I forget the feelings of that moment. I cannot yet recall it to my mind without sensations of shuddering agony, which no words can describe. Horror-struck by the fatal consequences of my rash folly, I stood transfixed to the spot in speechless despair. Nothing but the wild hope, for such it seemed to every one else, that he might possibly yet be alive and be saved, preserved me from distraction.

From the precipice not being perfectly perpendicular, he had rolled a long way down its side among the rough stones and rocks, with frightful rapidity, but his actual fall had not been so tremendous. Now however, he lay on the broken snows and icy bed of the last avalanche, still and motionless as death. The next avalanche must inevitably overwhelm him. The guides said it would take nearly an hour to go by the long circuit round to the bottom of the precipice, and I implored them to procure ropes without a moment's delay, and to let themselves down from the place where we were standing, to the bottom. 'It was to no use,' they said, 'he must be dead.'

But seeing a chalet on the mountain, at a little distance, I sent them there for cords and help, promising them a high reward for success and expedition. They flew like the wind, while we stood in fearful agony, straining our eyes over the precipice. Colonel Cleveland once broke the silence by calling out aloud to the unfortunate and insensible victim of my imprudence, but no answer was returned—and I prevented him from repeating it, knowing that any noise, even that of a human voice, in speaking, will cause avalanches—one of which every minute we trembled to think might bury him beneath its tremendous heaps, and destroy the faint glimmering hope I yet cherished that life might not be wholly extinct. The men returned with ropes and two shepherds, and one of the guides was immediately lowered down to the bottom of the precipice. He examined the poor lifeless being, and then said to us in German—‘He still breathes!’

The transport with which these words filled my heart, it is wholly impossible to express. Another and another man was lowered down—

and forming a rude sort of litter of the ropes, with great dexterity and expedition they carried him away.

Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland afterwards told me, that he had not been removed ten minutes, when a tremendous avalanche fell upon the very spot on which he had been lying. They witnessed its fall as they were descending the black mountain* of Bergelbach, to Grindelwald. Had the accident happened at a later hour in the day, when the avalanches are more frequent, he must have been overwhelmed beneath them.†

I learnt afterwards, that Mrs. Cleveland's scream had been caused by seeing me in a situation which she considered so perilous—near the brink of the precipice—and Colonel Cleveland's simultaneous shout of 'the bear!

* Black—because composed of a fine decomposing sort of black gray slate

† Avalanches among the Alps, during summer, are the most frequent from two to four, when the effect of the sun's rays is the most powerful. None take place during the night.

the bear! Look! the bear!—arose from his suddenly observing the footmarks of a bear—or what he took for them—in the snow. And these two screams, which coupled me and the bear together in the same breath, and made me suppose the animal was at my elbow—as I was stooping, and could not see around me—and was besides blinded with my veil, which like a fool I had doubled so carefully over my face—these two screams, certainly, were the cause of the hasty spring I made, by which I lost my footing, and should inevitably have fallen over the precipice, but for the rescue of this unfortunate young man—whose life, I shudder to think, may yet fall a sacrifice to saving mine. But this is no excuse for my rashness in venturing into such a situation, which I do not mean to exculpate.

You may believe at the time, however, I waited for no explanation of the cause of these ill-fated screams. Without stopping a single moment either to speak or to hear, the instant the unfortunate young man was removed, I hurried to the place where we had left our horses,

and with them Plait, who had staid behind, sagely observed—‘that she had no mind to see any more of these *Glass-ears*.’ I mounted that fair Abigail’s horse, leaving mine for her, which was broken-winded—and made the unweildy cart animal carry me at such a rate back into the valley, as I dare say it never went before, nor ever will again. I rode up to the Pastor’s house, where we had learnt from the guides this poor young man had been staying, and informed the Pastor’s wife of his situation, who immediately made every preparation for his accommodation, while I sent for fresh guides from the inn, with an excellent litter which they have here for such melancholy accidents—to meet and relieve the other bearers, and bring him home. I also dispatched a messenger for a man of the village who I heard could bleed, and sent off another express on horseback for the nearest surgeon.

Pale, bloody, motionless, and insensible—this unfortunate young man was at last brought into the Pastor’s humble dwelling, and laid upon the bed. Every one thought he was dead—but a vein was breathed, and after some difficulty

the blood was made to flow freely from the arm; he then heaved a long sigh, and opened his eyes, but immediately closed them. After the bleeding was over, he seemed to breathe more freely, but still betrayed no sign of consciousness. I kept the room perfectly quiet—and when at last the surgeon arrived, and examined the head, he immediately performed the operation of trepanning, and declared that the principal danger arose from a severe contusion of the brain. In answer to my eager inquiries, he said the chances were certainly against him, but that he might possibly yet recover. All however depended upon care and quiet. His left arm was broken by a compound fracture. Had he not fallen upon the snow, and with the weight of his body chiefly on this arm, he must, in all probability, have been dashed to pieces.*

After hearing the surgeon's report, which gave some faint hopes of his ultimate recovery,

* A similar fall and escape of a young Englishman actually took place among the Alps, during the Author's residence in Switzerland.

Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland prepared to set off for Meyringen. But great was their astonishment, when I told them, I had resolved to remain here, in capacity of nurse, until the fate of this unfortunate man was decided. I felt that it was my duty to do so, since the accident was caused entirely by my own rashness. It was in serving me that he fell, and his life, which was in most imminent peril, could only be saved by unremitting care and watchfulness. How then could I reconcile it to my conscience to abandon him in this critical state, with no one to watch over him—without even a servant of his own, and without any proper nurse? For the Pastor himself is at Berne, the Pastor's wife is entirely engrossed with nursing her young baby, and attending her other children and her house, in which only one servant is kept for all work. The Pastor's old mother who lives with them, is as deaf as a post, as stiff as a tree with the rheumatism, and nearly helpless with the manifold infirmities of age; so that he must inevitably be grossly neglected, and should he recover his recollection so as to speak, he would find

himself with foreigners, who cannot understand one word he says—for he speaks no German, (as the Pastor's wife told me), and she, and her old mother, and her servant, and all the people of the valley, speak nothing else. The surgeon had said that indefatigable care and attention might save him—and what would be my remorse if he died for the want of these?

I urged all these considerations, but still Mrs. Cleveland remonstrated against this measure, though in vain. I was, as you well know I always am, when I have once taken a resolution, perfectly inflexible. She represented, in the strongest colours, the flagrant impropriety of my remaining here alone with a handsome, fashionable young Englishman, and for the sole purpose of attending upon him night and day—while he was confined to bed. What would be said?—what would be thought of it?

‘I replied that I was well aware of all that she could urge on this head, but I would not suffer appearances to weigh against the life of a fellow-creature—a life which I myself had endangered, and which, through the blessing of

God, I might yet be enabled to preserve. To sacrifice every other consideration to this, was my paramount duty. If I met with censure, I must bear it, as the just penalty of the imprudence which had placed me in such a situation. But I could scarcely think that those who knew all the circumstances of the case, could blame me for acting as I did. Much more really blameable should I be, if, after being the cause of his danger, I abandoned him to perish without proper attendance. My peace of mind would be embittered for ever, if he should die. At least I would have the satisfaction of feeling, that I had *now* left nothing undone to remedy the evil I had done, and to save his life.'

'But, Caroline,' said Mrs. Cleveland, with some hesitation, 'there is another thing I am afraid of. Though he looks young—yet he may perhaps be married, or engaged, or'—

'And if he should ;' I exclaimed, in astonishment, 'surely that would only make his life more valuable !'

'Yes, yes ! I know that—but you don't understand me. I mean, if you should happen to—to'—

‘To fall in love with him, you mean!’ I said, as much disposed to laugh at her serious look of uneasiness about this danger, as any thing could make me at the present moment. ‘Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, dear Adeline. There is not the smallest danger of such a misfortune happening to me;—nay, I will *promise* not to fall in love with him; I will engage to refrain from it. Believe me, if I ever do fall in love with any man, it will not be for having broken his bones, nor any other bodily mischance—but for very different qualifications.’

‘Well, but Caroline, you know he has saved your life.’

‘I do know it, and I feel most grateful for that undeserved preservation. But I feel grateful to heaven—not to him. Perhaps I *ought* to feel gratitude to him also, but it would only be hypocrisy to pretend that I do. It was a natural unreflecting impulse that prompted him to start forward to stop my fall. He could not know that he should suffer by it. I can only consider him as the instrument of Providence, and I acknowledge that I can feel nothing, at this moment but gratitude to heaven—deep humility

for my own culpable folly—and extreme solicitude for his preservation ; and this last feeling, like Aaron's rod, almost swallows up the rest.'

'Ah ! Caroline, that deep solicitude !—Besides only think when he comes to his senses'—

'God grant he may !' I interrupted.

'Well ! but only think, in that case, how embarrassed you will feel when he sees you, and knows that it is the lady whose life he has saved, that is hanging over his bed.'

'But there is no occasion he should know that.'

'O ! but he *will* know it ; and he will certainly fall in love with *you*, at all events.'

'There is no chance of that. When a man is stretched on the bed of pain, and weakness, and danger,—love is the last thing he is likely to think of.—Besides, I don't intend he should know that I am 'the lady whose life he has saved,'—nor an English lady—nor a lady at all ;—I mean to pass myself off for a Swiss girl.'

'For a Swiss girl ! but how then can you speak English ?'

'O ! hundreds of Swiss speak English,—though nobody at Grindelwald does, unluckily.'

‘But he will hear who you are from the Pastor’s wife or mother.’

‘He will be very ingenious then, because he can’t understand a word they say. Nor would they tell him, I am sure. They are very sensible considerate persons, and will at once see the propriety of his not knowing who I am. And as to being left alone with him—*that* shall never happen. The Pastor’s wife has already promised to get immediately a steady woman, to act in the sick room, under my orders—and the Pastor’s old mother, who sits knitting stockings all day long, has promised to sit and knit them there the moment he recovers his consciousness in any degree; till which time I shall not allow a creature, excepting those absolutely necessary, to enter the room.’

‘Still Caroline, you don’t know how disagreeable it will be. You will have every thing about him, for instance, to explain to the doctor. A hundred unpleasant questions to answer.’

‘My dear Adeline, it won’t discompose me in the least. All my life I have been accustomed to consider the human race as divided

into three classes—men, women, and doctors. I don't look upon a doctor as a man.'

Mrs. Cleveland laughed and said—'Well, I have heard a doctor called an old woman, to be sure.'

'But I don't consider a doctor an old woman at all—quite different. A doctor is a thing quite distinct by itself.'

Finding I was quite determined upon staying, Mrs. Cleveland very kindly offered to leave Plait with me, but, besides that I would not, upon any account, have deprived her of Plait's services, Plait would only have been an incumbrance to me—neither speaking nor understanding a word of any language but her own.'

At last they set off to prosecute that delightful Swiss tour which now I shall never enjoy. But of this deprivation I must not complain. Small will be that, or any sacrifice—if I am saved from the horrible reflection of having been the cause of the death of a fellow creature. Colonel Cleveland shook me most cordially by the hand at parting, saying, in his warm-hearted manner, 'Good bye, Miss St. Clair! Good bye! You

are a noble hearted girl, and I honour you for it! God bless you!

The poor invalid seems, on the whole, better; the fever is mitigated, but his recollection has not yet returned—nor can he see at all, from the violent swelling produced by the contusions on the temples and face. He is now sleeping more tranquilly than he has ever yet done, while I am writing this in the darkened chamber, in which no eye but mine that is accustomed to its gloom, could see to trace a letter. But I must now conclude.

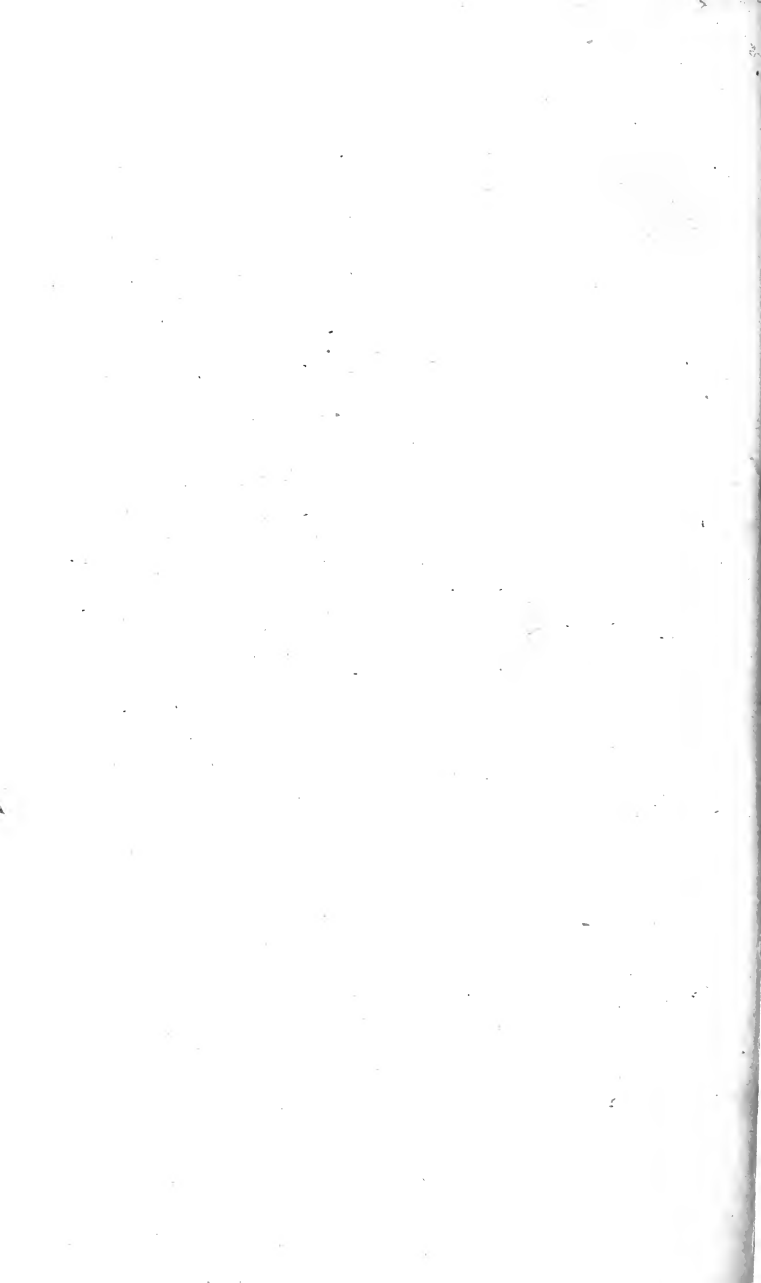
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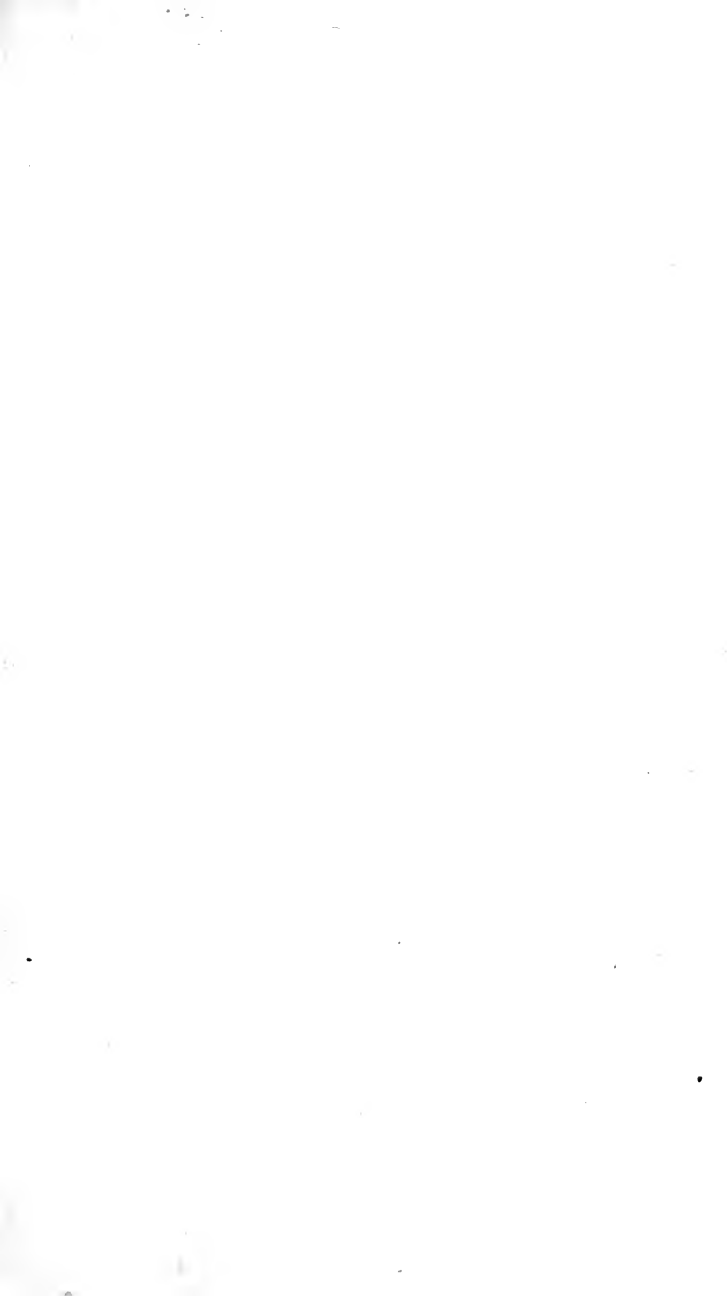
END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

The Reader is particularly requested to correct the following errors, which corrupt either the sense or grammar :—

- Page 5, line 5, for 'de' read la.*
— 60, — 3 *of the motto, for 'Ou',' read Ov'.*
— 64, — 2, *for 'in which was formerly,' read formerly*
part of.
— 79, *line 7, omit ' proffered.'*
— 84, — *last, for ' creca,' read cresca.*
— 140, — 10, *for ' realizes,' read realize.*
— 168, — 4 *from bottom; after ' arrived,' insert at Lausanne.*
— 188, — 9, *for ' purgation,' read infliction.*
— 194, — 9, *for quickly, read quietly.*
— 237, — 8, *for ' incersept,' read intersect.*
— 239, — 5 *of the note, for ' cliffs,' read clefts.*
— 311, — 2, *for ' rustic,' read rustics.*
— 353, — 2, *for ' hence,' read thence.*
— —, — 5, *after ' it,' insert at.*
— —, — 14, *after ' to,' insert cart.*
— 377, — 8, *for ' serving,' read saving.*



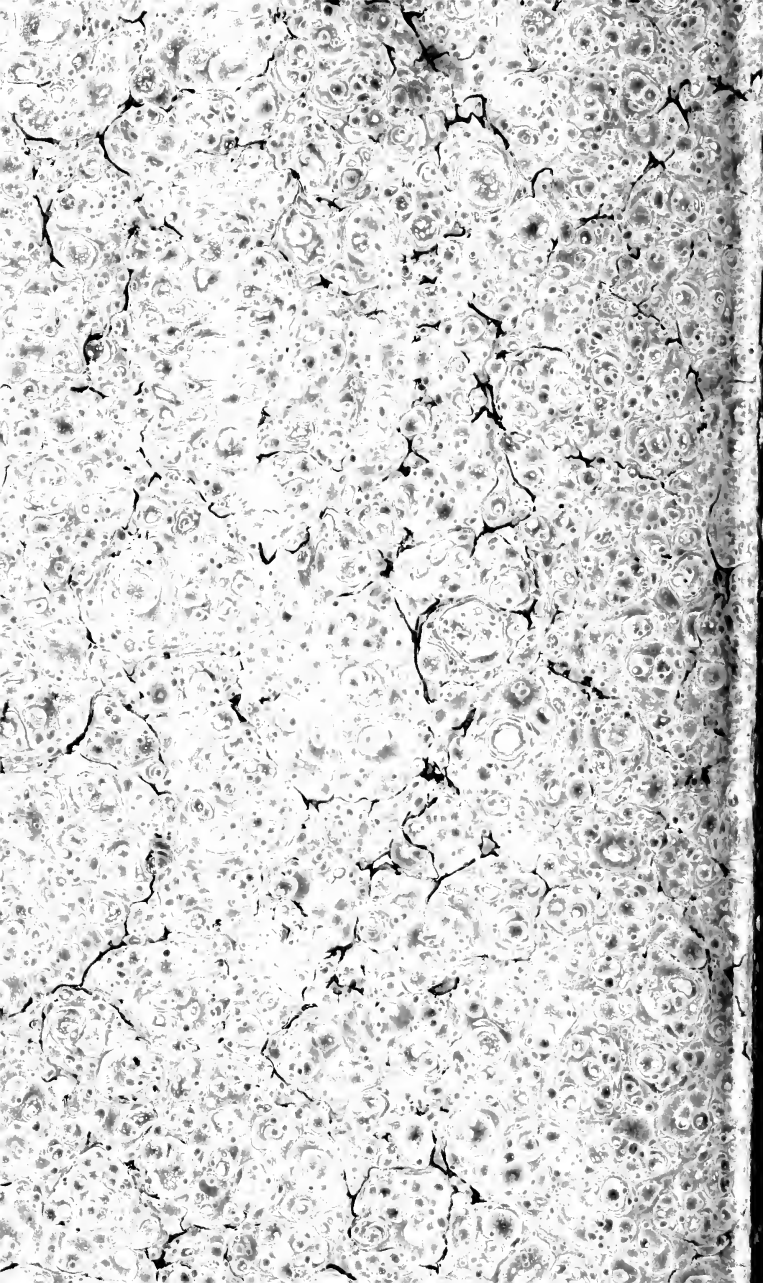








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